

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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[SIXPENCE { WITH SUPPLEMENT GRATIS.

## THE APPROACHING SESSION.

THE Session of Parliament which will be opened next week by the Queen of Great Britain will commence its labours under peculiar if not perilous circumstances. Whether at home or abroad, the "signs of the times" are of a nature to create solicitude. But it is chiefly the events of the Continent, and more especially those which are taking place in that great powder-magazine—the country which is our nearest neighbour—that will excite in the highest degree the earnest attention of men of all parties, and that will render the business of Parliament and the position of the Administration so important on the one hand and so delicate on the other.

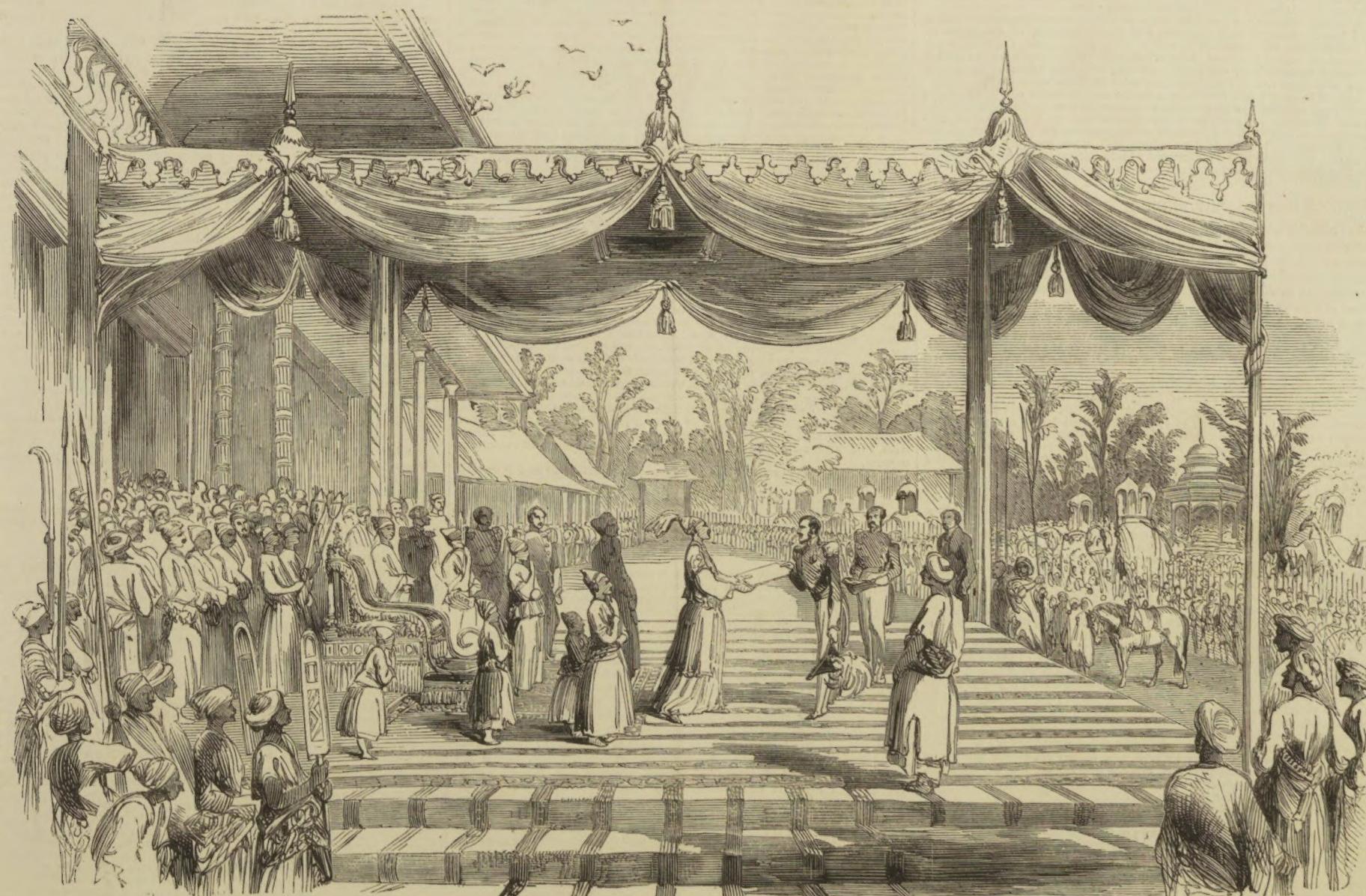
The British Parliament is, unfortunately for the great interests of civilisation, the only Parliament in Europe. Everywhere else, with the exception of Belgium and Holland, whose very existence is menaced by the needy adventurer and unscrupulous despot who sits in the Tuilleries, and of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, too remote and weak to be of any influence. The voice of opinion is either stilled or powerless. Anti-English ideas are in the ascendant throughout Europe, and this country stands almost alone in the Old World as the champion and exponent of rational liberty. A soldiery to overcome the people, and a people to submit until they have a chance to throw off the infliction, are the only classes permitted to exist in the most powerful and civilised states of the world; and designs of ambition and extension of territory, or of a military grudge against this country, are those which are most popular with, and most consonant to, the spirit of their warlike and aggressive rulers. Under these circumstances, it is a matter of the highest national importance to consider what is the character and what are the duties and intentions of the men who stand at

this moment in the responsible position of the advisers of the British Crown.

The character of the Russell Administration is certainly not of the highest. In losing the services of Lord Palmerston, by far the most popular, and beyond all question the most able, though possibly not the most discreet of his colleagues, Lord John Russell has lost the right hand of his Ministry. With the sole exception of his own name, and that only popular from the remembrance of services rendered twenty years ago, and by no means identified with any recent acts of statesmanship, the Administration does not boast of a single individual whose character, abilities, or achievements are in any degree commanding or even remarkable. In this commercial and industrial country it is of the highest importance that the Financial Minister should be a man of prudence, of business-like talent, and of far-seeing sagacity. In a nation boasting of a greater number of colonies, peopled by a greater diversity of races, than any other nation, either of past or present times, it is equally important that the Colonial Minister should command respect at home, and confidence as well as obedience in those near and remote dependencies of the empire which are entrusted to his care. We need not ask whether Sir Charles Wood and Lord Grey fulfil these conditions. The name of the one is almost synonymous with financial blundering, and of the other with haughty and unreasoning misrule. The Premier himself is respectable and able, but he has ceased to inspire affection or to command confidence; the Home Minister is respectable, and no more; while of the Foreign Minister all that can be said is, that he is a man of the highest promise and a credit to his order; but that, as yet, he has given no proofs that he has energies sufficient for the due and safe performance of the responsible duties of the very high position in which he has been placed. The other members of the Ministry, important as they

may be considered as members and connexions of the Grey and Russell families, are of no importance either to the Administration or to the country.

So much for the character of the Ministry, which, for the last three years, if not for a longer period, has only existed upon sufferance, and because no other body of statesmen was prepared to step into its place. We have now to consider what we know of the plans and intentions of these gentlemen for conducting the affairs of the country, through the remarkable crisis of European history at which we have now arrived. Of these intentions, with the exception of one, the world is absolutely in the dark. Whether they are on the point of disintegration from disagreement among themselves, or whether they have strengthened their position by the adoption of a line of policy to which they have pledged themselves, are points which none out of their own circle can at present determine. Whether they can carry on the Government by means of the present Parliament, or whether they have made up their minds, if defeated by the Parliament, to appeal to the country, is known but to themselves. All that the country has been permitted to gather of their plans and intentions is, that the Premier stands pledged to introduce a new Reform Bill, and that, if the House of Commons do not pass it, the probabilities are, that the Russell Administration will be forthwith numbered among the things and Ministries that were. We know also that the country is supremely indifferent to the promised Reform Bill, that it has not demanded it with any extraordinary vigour, or taken any particular interest about it, and that it even suspects that the Prime Minister himself more than half regrets that, in a fit of pique at the accidental defeat of his Government in a thin House in the session of 1851, he should have made so rash a promise for the session of 1852.



RECEPTION BY HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJA OF TRAVANCORE, OF THE LETTER OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

The attempt to get up a reform cry has proved a signal failure and although it may by some persons be thought a wise and safe policy to attempt to reform the admitted defects of our representative system, at a time when there is no popular or unnatural excitement upon the subject, it is, at least, somewhat doubtful in the minds of others whose opinions are equally entitled to respectful consideration, whether it is true policy for a Government to volunteer reforms that are not asked for, especially when the anticipated benefits are at best but problematical.

But although the country thus knows but little of the intentions of the Government for the year 1852, and although that little is not of a kind to excite any enthusiasm, it knows something of the duties that devolve upon its rulers at a time like the present. To maintain the honour of England, both at home and abroad; to tranquillize the well-founded apprehensions of the country, by placing it in a position not only to repel attack, but to prevent it by a preliminary display of strength, confidence, and self-reliance; in the midst of all undoubted peril, and of all possible treachery, to maintain inviolate the liberties of Englishmen, and the sanctity of the British soil; to call forth the warlike energy of the people whenever and wherever a display of it may be needed; and to do all this without impairing the national resources, or imposing unwise or unnecessary burthens upon the backs of the industrious—these are a few of the duties that devolve upon any Administration that, at a juncture like this, expects to retain or acquire the support of public opinion, and the gratitude of the present or a future generation. It is just possible that the members of the Russell Administration are aware of these duties, and equal to the discharge of them. It is to be hoped that they are, because changes of Ministry and dissolutions of Parliament are inconvenient, to say the least of them, at such a time, and under such circumstances. But, whatever may be the intentions or the fate of the Administration, the sentiments, opinions, and energies of the people are such as ought to, and must, inspire any Government with zeal and confidence. In this country the war of contending factions has all but ceased, and would cease as entirely as is consistent with a representative form of government at the first prospect of any real aggression upon the honour or security of the nation. But something better and more tangible than Reform Bills is just now expected. The country will not object to a Reform Bill if prudently and effectively set forth; but it will object, if nothing but a barren Reform Bill be offered to it. The present is no time for doctrinaire abstraction and legislative trifling, but for serious and urgent business; and any Ministry that will zealously and wisely set about it, even though every individual member of it should be a Grey or a Russell, would deserve and receive public support. As we have said before, it is possible that the present Government fully understands what is expected of it, and is as fully competent and prepared to do it. We sincerely hope that it may prove so, and that Lord John Russell and his colleagues may make amends for the lazy indifference and discreditable bungling of the past by zeal that shall not outrun discretion, and by discretion and judgment that shall leave nothing unprovided for, and that shall only undertake what can be well and thoroughly accomplished.

#### STATE RECEPTION AT TRIVANDRUM, THE CAPITAL OF TRAVANCORE.

THE interesting pageant pictured upon the preceding page is illustrative of Eastern ceremonials, and also is associated with our Great Exhibition of 1851. It represents the Court of his Royal Highness the Maharaja of Travancore, assembled in its utmost magnificence to do honour to a most important occasion—the reception (on the 27th of November last) by his Highness of an autograph letter of Queen Victoria conveying to his Highness her Majesty's most gracious acceptance of the very superb carved ivory chair, or throne, which was exhibited by her Majesty in the Crystal Palace, and formed one of our Engravings in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS for Sept. 6 (page 293).

The present Sketch is curious, as being descriptive of the gorgeous display observed in the East on such occasions; whilst it records the high sense entertained by the Eastern potentate of her Majesty's distinction and favour on this memorable occasion, it being an unusual mark of Royal consideration.

The Court of Travancore, however, it is well known, has long been perhaps the most loyal of our Eastern allies, although still independent, and has been marked by the very high degree of intelligence, of European tastes and accomplishments, attained by the late and the present rulers.

A correspondent on the spot describes to us the sumptuous display of "cloth of gold" and jewels; of state elephants and gilded howdahs, of camelleopards, of tamed tigers, and rhinoceros, as well as troops of the line and cavalry, which escorted the valued document the entire distance (two miles) from the British Residency to the Palace; and peals of artillery shook the old fort to its foundations, as General Cullen placed the same in his Highness' eager hands.

A grand banquet at the Residency, a nautch and fireworks at the Palace, in which loyal and appropriate mottoes, complimentary to her Majesty and the Prince Consort, were conspicuous, terminated this (to the capital of Travancore) most auspicious day; while the event, we are informed, is to be still more permanently perpetuated by a costly work of art from the pencil of an artist (Mr. Lewis) already well known by his Eastern productions, to appear in due time in England for exhibition and engraving.

#### THE NEW FRENCH MINISTERS.

M. Fialin de Persigny, the presiding spirit of the new Ministry, has been long quoted as the completest representative of the *Idées Napoléoniennes*, the *fidus Achates* of the President, his shadow, and through all administration his most intimate counsellor. Whatever Ministers were in office, the influence of M. de Persigny was behind the curtain. Born in 1810, he became a pupil of the School of Saumur, and entered in 1829 the 4th Regiment of Hussars. Having retired from the army, he founded in 1833 the *Révue de l'Occident Français*, in which he published an elaborate examination of the Imperial system. This publication first introduced him to the acquaintance of Louis Napoleon, with whom he formed henceforth the closest ties of intimacy. M. Fialin figured among the most sanguine adventurers in the expeditions of Strasbourg and Boulogne. In the latter he was taken prisoner, tried before the Court of Peers, and condemned to twenty years of imprisonment. He had already suffered more than a third of this term of captivity in the prison of Doullens, when he was released by the revolution of February. I need hardly say that M. de Persigny has not shown much gratitude to his great liberator; Bonapartism, of which he is the soul, having been one long campaign against the men and institutions of 1848. M. de Persigny's diplomatic missions to Berlin and other Courts are too well known to need further mention here. Meantime, it will be important to remember that this confidant of the President recently undertook a journey to Brussels, for the sake of urging upon Leopold certain measures for the expulsion or rigorous treatment of refugees, and for the coercion of the press. No one has been astonished, although many have been grieved, at the tame complaisance of the Belgian Government with the dictates of the Tuilleries. The expulsion of M. Carnot, of Alexandre Thomas, and several other estimable men, and the violence allowed towards the exiles liberated from Hanau within the Belgian territory, are sufficient evidence that the independence of Belgium is gone. M. de Persigny, it is thought, will soon succeed to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. It is to be hoped that his administration will be such as to give no colour to a fear very widely felt, and that the absorption of Belgium may not, like the confiscation of the Orleans property, be proclaimed to the world by a decree.

M. Abbatucci, the new Minister of Justice, has always been one of the leading advisers of Louis Napoleon. Until the appearance of his name in the same Ministry with M. de Persigny, he was esteemed one of the moderate party. Under the monarchy of July he was a member of the Chamber of Deputies and a Judge of the Court of Appeal at Orleans. After the revolution of February he became a Judge of the Court of Cassation and representative of the Loiret. In both Assemblies he was dumb, and is, therefore, consistently an advocate of parliamentary mutism. He is called M. Abbatucci père, to distinguish him from his son, the representative of Corsica, to which island the family belongs.

M. Bineau, the new Minister of Finance, was, as you are aware, Minister of Public Works in the Ministry of MM. Baroche and Fould. For the latter department he was not ill calculated, having been formerly head engineer of mines, and of diligent, business-like habits.

The "new and simple politique," as M. de Morny calls it in his circular, does not admit of discussion. The Ministers will learn the President's will through his Minister of State, who is charged with precisely the same functions that were discharged by Maret, Duke of Bassano, under the Emperor. M. Xavier de Casabianca, to whom this post is confided, was formerly the advocate of the claims of the Bonaparte family, and probably suggested some of the quicquaine considerations upon which the decrees of yesterday were founded.

M. de Persigny has appointed as his *chef du cabinet* M. Théophile de Montour, formerly one of the editorial staff of the *Partie*, then *rédacteur du Pouvoir*, and lastly of the *Public*, the halfpenny newspaper recently set up.—*Daily News*.

#### FOREIGN AND COLONIAL INTELLIGENCE.

##### FRANCE.

The decree of the President of the Republic confiscating the property of the Orleans family, the purport of which we gave in our late edition of last week, has produced so painful a sensation in the public mind, that an announcement in the *Constitutionnel* of Wednesdays, to the effect that the decree in question would be referred for final consideration to the Senate and Legislative Body, was received with great satisfaction by almost all circles, without exception, in Paris. An official note, however, communicated from the Government to the newspapers, has effectually dispelled all the hopes which the *Constitutionnel* had thus called into existence, for the communication states the announcement of that journal to be wholly without foundation, and that the decree is final. By this measure it is decreed that the members of the Orleans family, their husbands and consorts, and descendants, cannot possess any property (moveable or immoveable) in France. They are bound to sell them within the year, and in default they will be sold by the domain. Another decree cancels the donation of his private property made by Louis Philippe on the 7th August to his children, and enacts that their properties, of about two hundred millions of francs, shall be employed as follows:—Ten millions to societies of *secours mutuels*. Ten millions to the improvement of the lodgings for the working classes. Ten millions to the establishment of a fund for granting loans on mortgage in the departments. Five millions to a benefit fund for the poorer clergy. All the officers, sub-officers, and soldiers on active service will receive, according to their rank in the Legion of Honour, as follows; viz., the Legionary, 250 francs; the Officers, 500 francs; Commanders, 1,000 francs; Grand Officers, 2,000 francs; Grand Crosses, 3,000 francs.

Messrs. de Morny, Fould, and others of the Ministers, having refused to concur in this confiscation of the Orleans property, have resigned, and the Ministry, which has been re-modelled and re-organised (a new "Ministry of State" and a "Ministry of Police" having been created), now consists of the following members; viz. MM. Abbatucci, Justice; de Persigny, Interior, Agriculture, and Commerce; Bineau, Finances; de Saint Arnaud, War; Ducos, Marine; Turgot, Foreign Affairs; Fortoul, Public Instruction and Worship; De Maupas, Police; Casabianca, State; Lefebvre Durufé, Public Works.

The confiscation decree has called forth spirited protests from M. de Montalembert and M. Dupin, the eminent lawyer and President of the late Legislative Assembly. The former, together with MM. Merode, de Mortemart, de Moustier, A. Giraud, André, Mathieu, Baudet, Desrobert, and Hallez Chapered, have refused to countenance a Government which could be guilty of such a measure, and have accordingly tendered their resignations as members of the Consultative Commission. M. Dupin, also, has resigned his post of Procureur-General of the Court of Cassation, which high office he has filled for twenty-two years.

The following are the letters of MM. Montalembert and Dupin. They first appeared in the London papers, the Paris journals not being allowed to publish them:—

Paris, Jan. 23, 1852.

M. le Ministre,—In consequence of the decrees which appeared this morning, I consider myself called on to perform an imperative duty; and I beg you accordingly to be good enough to present, for the acceptance of the President of the Republic, my resignation of the functions of member of the Consultative Commission, created on the 2d of December last. Though that commission has not been consulted on any of the acts of the Executive, there does not the less exist, in the eyes of the public, for those who compose it, a species of *solidarité* with the policy of the Government, which it becomes impossible for me henceforth to accept. I appeal to your honour, M. le Ministre, and, in case of necessity, to that of Prince Louis Napoleon himself, to make my resignation public through the same channel as my nomination—that is, by its insertion in the *Moniteur*. Accept, M. le Ministre, &c.,  
To M. de Casabianca, Minister of State. CH. DE MONTALEMBERT.

To the President of the Republic.

I regret exceedingly, that, previous to the publication of the decrees which I have read this morning in the *Moniteur*, you had not heard my opinion with the same kindness you have sometimes manifested towards me. I should have tried to demonstrate to you, not merely in the private interest of the children, the greater part minors, of the late King, of whom I am one of the testamentary executors, but in the interest of your own Government, that those who have suggested that measure are not acquainted with the facts, and that they have disregarded all the rules of law and equity. In fact, there is an extreme exaggeration (at least to the amount of half) in the estimate made of the property of the Orleans family. In law the decree violates in its essence the very principle of property. The right of property was recognised, after a solemn discussion, in the person of the late King, by the 22d and 23d clauses of the law of the 3d of March, 1832; and in the person of his children by the very acts of the revolution of February, by the decree of the Constitutional Assembly of the 26th of October, 1848, and by the law of the National Assembly of the 4th of February, 1850, promulgated by your Government, and authorised the loan of 20,000,000 francs on that property by your Minister of Finance. Thus, public right, will, special laws, contracts—all have recognised in the hands of the Princes of the House of Orleans their right to the property which the decree of the 22d of January deprives them of all at once, and in a manner so absolute that the sacred rights of the tomb, the burial-ground of Dreux, are not even excepted. If the Constitution of the 16th of January was in *vigour*, the Senate might be appealed to in virtue of the 26th article, which permits that body "to make opposition to the promulgation of laws which are contrary to the inviolable character of property." In the present state of things, the only resource is to appeal to you, Prince, and to invoke your wisdom and the magnanimity of your own feelings when they are again consulted and more deliberately listened to. But, if these rigorous measures are to be maintained, a great scruple arises from the depth of my conscience. As Procureur-General to the Court of Cassation for nearly twenty-two years; as the principal organ of the law in that high branch of jurisdiction; charged as I am by the Government to proclaim the constant respect to right, and to require the reversal and the annulling of the acts which violate the laws, or which constitute the incompetence or the excesses of the Government—how shall I be able henceforth to exercise the same firmness if acts are introduced in our legislation which are in contradiction with those principles? I feel myself bound, therefore, to tender you my resignation. But I pray you, Prince, and in an earnest manner, not to misunderstand my motives. The resolution I have adopted has nothing to do with politics. As President of the late Assembly I rigorously kept myself apart from parties and their fatal divisions, and limited myself to maintain, as much as I individually could, the legal and moral doctrines on which the essential order of civilised society reposes. After the *coup d'état* of the 2d December, against which it became my duty to protest, as I have done, I awaited the judgment of the people appealed to by you. After that solemn judgment I adhered frankly to the immense powers which were the result of that appeal, considering them as the strongest guarantee that could be presented to preserve or re-establish those principles which a wild Socialism had endangered and menaced; and, as a public functionary, my co-operation was loyally given to you. But at the present moment, and on a question of civil right, and of private rights, of natural equity, and of all Christian notions of what is just and unjust, and which I cherish in my soul for more than fifty years as *jurisconsulte* and as magistrate, I feel myself absolutely called on to resign my functions of Procureur-General.

Be pleased, Prince, to accept the expression of my sentiments and respectful consideration.  
DUPIN.

In the early part of the week the uneasiness of the public mind was so great, in consequence of what all classes concurred in regarding as an attack upon private property, very Communist in its character, that the *Moniteur* published the following notice to allay any further apprehensions:—

The Government cannot refute all the rumours which malevolence does not cease to circulate. The rigorous measures which have been imposed by necessity have naturally made an impression on public opinion, which every day supposes that the Government will be obliged to take new and more severe measures. The state of the country is far from justifying such fears. Without in any way abandoning the necessary firmness against the enemies of order, the Government will have no occasion for the future for exceptional measures, and the normal action of the political bodies, of which the organisation is advancing rapidly, will suffice to consolidate the work of the 2d of December.

The week has been fruitful in organic laws. On Monday the *Moniteur* published the organic decree on the Council of State, which is divided into ten sections. M. Baroche is appointed Vice-President, and is to preside in the absence of the President of the Republic; M. Maillard is named President of Committees of Debate; M. Rouher, of Legislation, Justice, and Foreign Affairs; M. Delangle, of the Interior, Public Instruction, and Public Worship; M. Parieu, Finances; M. Magne, Public Works, &c.; Admiral Leblanc, Military and Admiralty. There are in all 34 Councillors of State, MM. Boulay de la Meurthe, de Thorigny, Waisse, and Luin included. There are to be 20 Masters of Requests of the first class, and 20 of the second; 16 Auditors of the first class, and 15 of the second. The salaries of the members of the Council of State are to be as follows:—The Vice-President receives a sum of 80,000f.; Presidents of sections, each 35,000f.; the Councillors of State, 25,000f.; Masters of Requests of the first class, 10,000f.; Master of Requests of the second class, 6,000f.; Auditors of the first class, 2,000f.; the Secretary-General of the Council, 1,500f.; the Auditors of second class receive no salary.

On Tuesday the constitution of the Senate was promulgated. Its members are 72 in number, and include the following names:—

General Achard, ex-member of the Legislative Assembly; Count d'Argout, formerly Minister of Finance, Governor of the Bank of France; the Marquis d'Andiffret, President of the Court of Accounts; General de Bar, ex-member of the Legislative Assembly; General Baraguay d'Hilliers; M. de Beaumont (de la Somme), ex-member of the Legislative Assembly; Prince de Beauveau, ex-peer of France; the Marquis de Belbeuf, formerly first president of the Court of Appeal at Lyons; M. Charles Berthier, Prince de Wagram; M. Boulay (de la Meurthe), ex-Vice-President of the Republic; Count de Breteuil, ex-peer of France; M. de Cambacérès, sen., ex-peer of France; Count de Castellane, General-in-Chief of the army of Lyons; Admiral Cacy, member of the Council of Admiralty; Count de Caumont-Laforce; M. François Clary, the Marquis de Crof; Baron de Crouseilhac, formerly Minister of Public Instruction, ex-member of the Legislative Assembly; Count Curial, ex-member of the Legislative Assembly; M. Drouyn de Lhuys, formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs, ex-member of the Legislative Assembly; M. Dumas, formerly Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, member of the Institute; M. Charles Dupin, member of the Institute, ex-member of the Legislative Assembly; General Count d'Hautpoul, formerly Minister of War, ex-member of the Legislative Assembly; Admiral Hugon; General Husson, ex-member of the Legislative Assembly; M. Lacrosse, formerly Minister of Public Works, ex-member of the Legislative Assembly; General de la Hitte, formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs, president of the Committee of Artillery; General Count de Lestrange, Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard of Paris.

Besides the seventy-two senators named, all marshals of France and cardinals, who are Frenchmen, and members of the episcopal bench in France, are *ex-officio* senators. The list published contains 18 generals, 3 vice-admirals, 14 ex-ministers, and 5 judges; the rest are ex-peers of France and ex-representatives. It is remarked, however, that among them there is not one who has rendered himself illustrious as a statesman, or whose name would be naturally looked for in such a body. The list of senators includes, however, the name of M. Thibaudeau, "ex-Councillor of State of the Empire." This M. Thibaudeau is one of the Conventionists of the Great Revolution, and is the last, or nearly the last, survivor of the regicides. He voted for the death of Louis XVI.!

The officers of the Senate are as follows. Their names were made known on Thursday; viz. Prince Jerome Bonaparte, Field-Marshal of France, President of the Senate; M. Meynard, Senator, First Vice-President; Vice-Presidents, MM. Drouyn de Lhuys, Troplong, and General Baraguay d'Hilliers; General d'Hautpoul, Grand Referendary; M. Lacrosse, Secretary; MM. Maillard, Rouher, Delangle, Magne, Admiral Leblanc, M. de Parieu are appointed Presidents of the six sections of the Council.

The Consultative Commission has been dissolved.

The *Courrier de Marseille* announces the arrival in that city of M. Antoine Bonaparte, *en route* for Italy, where he is charged with a special mission by the Government of Prince Louis Napoleon.

A party of the political prisoners in the prisons of Bordeaux were embarked on board a steamer on Sunday last, and taken to Blaye, where they will be joined by a band which has been brought from Agen. Those who have now left Bordeaux are about fifty in number, and are principally agricultural labourers from the department of the Lot et Garonne. Among them are also an *avocat*, a landowner who is said to be rich, a *huissier*, and a printer.

The *Messager des Chambres* of Brussels contradicts a report that MM. de Girardin, Schœlcher, Versigny, and Bancel were about to publish there a journal, called the *Bien-Etre Universel*, which had existed for some time in Paris, and that M. Victor Hugo and Madame de Dudevant (Georges Sand) were to be the principal editors.

#### UNITED STATES.

Intelligence from New York, dated the 17th inst., announces a diplomatic misunderstanding between the Austrian Minister at Washington and the Honourable Mr. Webster, one of the Secretaries of State. The former gentleman had taken exception to the tone and sentiments conveyed in Mr. Webster's speech at the congressional banquet to Kossuth, and had considered it necessary to remonstrate to the President of the United States on the subject. Mr. Webster's reply had not yet made its appearance; but it was generally supposed that the Austrian diplomatist, Chevalier Hulsemann, would be handed his passports.

Kossuth had left Washington for the western states, and arrived at the capital of Pennsylvania, where he was received with immense applause.

A despatch received by Mr. Secretary Webster from Mr. Lawrence, the United States Minister at the British Court, contradicts the report that Lord Palmerston had communicated with the American Government regarding the firing into the *Prometheus* by the brig of war *Express*; but states that he had laid the letter of Mr. Webster upon the subject before Lord Palmerston, who had not had time, however, to give it his attention before surrendering the seals of office to his successor. Mr. Lawrence adds, that he has received assurances from Lord Granville of his most friendly disposition, and that the subject in question would receive his prompt attention. The despatch also states that the private claims of American citizens before the Foreign-office would receive the early attention of the British Government.

A bill having for its object to facilitate the establishment of a line of steam-vessels between New York and the west coast of Ireland has been laid before Congress.

The general features of the miscellaneous news in the New York papers are eminently characteristic—violent snow-storms, steamer explosions, out-of-the-way methods of murder, loss of life from false alarm of fire, destructive hurricanes, intense cold in all quarters, navigation stopped by ice, &c. From the details of those respective disasters we learn that thirteen persons were killed, and several others wounded, by the explosion of the steamer *Magnolia*, near Darien, Ga.; that a girl named Sarah Gerber was convicted, in Philadelphia, of having caused the death of an infant, by compelling it to swallow pins and needles; the prisoner, who is only thirteen years of age, was found guilty of murder in the second degree, and will be sent to the Penitentiary; that the false alarm of fire was in an emigrant's home at New York, and that the number of lives lost in the rush to escape was six, while several were wounded and crushed severely; and with respect to the weather, that the snow-storms had been experienced at the very remote points from each other of Buffalo and New Orleans; while the whole state of Louisiana had been visited by a hurricane, which did immense damage to life and property. The Hudson river is closed with ice, and the railroad between New York and Albany is doing an enormous traffic. Lola Montez has written a vindication of her life and character.

From California there are advices to the 16th of December. The news from the mines is favourable. Two arrivals of gold dust, one amounting to 500,000 dollars, the other to 1,400,000 dollars, had been

## THE PROPERTY OF THE HOUSE OF ORLEANS.

The decree of the President of the French Republic, which arbitrarily strips the Orleans family of a large portion of its fortune, will not fail to arouse the indignation of every honest mind. This act of spoliation, from which the Provisional Government of 1848 had shrank, even in moments of the greatest financial embarrassment, has just been consummated by a power which affected to make a stand against rampant Socialism, and to be the firmest supporter of social rights and property. As to the true motives which have prompted the wicked notion to dispossess the Princes of Orleans of a portion of their patrimony, nobody will be deceived: there can be no illusion as to the considerations of public interest on which the decree is based; and everybody can read them clearly, despite the tissue of sophisms by which it is sought to justify a fact which one feels must be only prompted by resentment and personal apprehension. Let us broadly declare that the decree will remain a monument of the most monstrous iniquity, and of an abuse of authority which has no parallel except in the bad epoch of 1792; that is to say, at a period when the most sacred laws of society could be violated with impunity.

During the reign of Louis Philippe, the unquestionably very considerable fortune of the Orleans family was much exaggerated, and this exaggeration exactly suited the purpose of those who reproached the deceased Monarch with parsimony. It will be easy to prove this by the estimate which we are about to submit of the property of the House of Orleans, and to show how chimerical, or at least ill-founded, are the fears which the President of the French Republic appears to entertain as to the influence which the possession of estates can give to the exiled Princes, mistakenly valued at 300,000,000 francs (£12,000,000).

During the reign of Louis Philippe his revenues were thus fixed:-

	Francs.
Estates of the Crown—comprising the Louvre, the Tuilleries, Versailles, Fontainebleau, Compiegne, St. Cloud, Meudon, St. Germain, the Forest of Sénart, of Bricon, of St. Germain, &c., of main,	12,000,000
Appanage of the House of Orleans (lands set apart for the maintenance of younger children), the benefit of which had been left to the King, and which was valued at 100,000,000 francs, yielding a net rental of	3,500,000
Private property ( <i>domaine privé</i> ) of the King, castles, lands, forests, and valued at the sum of 104,000,000 of francs, a rental of	2,500,000
Shares, Stocks, and all employed money, valued at 90,000,000, yielding an income of	3,000,000
Giving a total of £1,000,000 sterling, or	4,000,000

We have given the general income, in order to show that it is not on a rental, relatively so small, that Louis Philippe—after having paid the household expenses of his family, the state outlay to keep up the proper dignity of royalty, and all the charges which fell on him, to keep up the royal residences, the museum, and royal manufactures, such as those of Sèvres, the Gobelins (tapestry), and Beauvais, which produce nothing—could make savings, as has been so often asserted from pure malevolence.

When Louis Philippe ascended the throne, he made a gift to his children of his patrimonial property. The ancient French law prescribed that all the estates of the person called to the throne became incorporate with the domain of the State; but it must be remarked that it is not by virtue of this law that Louis Philippe was called upon to reign, but by virtue of a new law, sprung from a revolution. Consequently, the dispositions of the old law could not be in any manner applied to him. Moreover, a later law had sanctioned, at the date of March 2d, 1832, the use which the King had made of his personal fortune, and reserved to him the property thereof, under conditions specified in the donation made to his children, and according to the terms of which he kept for himself only the enjoyment of the profits (*usufruct*), the original property in which he abandoned to the Princes his sons.

The decree of which we have spoken strikes at the distribution of that donation, which it annuls somewhat too late as we have shown, inasmuch as it received the sanction of a law, and that it is, in fact, in some degree protected by its antiquity. The decree disputes the validity of the donation in the name of the interests of the nation which consented to it by the representatives at another epoch, and represents it as fraudulent. We have indicated that it was authorised by legislative enactment. We would add, that it is an insult to equity and common sense to invoke a law of state, in order to rob the Princes of Orleans which is not applicable to them, because having been passed under the sway of the principle of hereditary monarchy it could not even admit a new right contrary to its principle, the right of Louis Philippe to reign. It is, then, to the private domain of the former King that the decree applies, for, as to the estates which formed the ancient appanage of the House of Orleans, they have followed the lot of those which composed the dotation of the Crown: they have returned to the State. We will give here a statement of this particular property.

The real estates of the private domain consist in the residences of Neuilly, of Eu, of Bize, of La Ferté-Vidame, and of Dreux. Besides the farms and lands attached to these châteaux, Louis Philippe possessed, by his patrimonial title, in all about 430,000 acres of forest, in the following departments:—Ardennes, Eure, Eure-et-Loire, Haute-Marne, Indre-et-Loire, Loiret, Loire, Manche, Seine, Seine-Inférieure, Seine-et-Oise, and Somme. The value of these altogether is estimated at the sum of 104,000,000 francs, to which must be added, as we have already stated, 90,000,000 in capital or shares of the canals of Loing and of Orleans. The furniture and objects of art having belonged to the family of Orleans, and of which the greatest part is now sold, may represent about 1,000,000 francs, on account of the depreciation which this property suffered from the forced sales which were made of it. Thus, for the private property, a total sum of 195,000,000, or nearly £8,000,000. The entire fortune of Louis Philippe having been placed under sequestration, has remained in the hands of the French Government; but the sum we have indicated does not represent, by a great deal, the exact amount of the real property of the late King. Nearly 40,000,000 of admitted debts must be deducted from it, and which are guaranteed by the private property, which reduces it, first, to the sum of 155,000,000.; and it is necessary to observe, next, that the estimates we have given were made at a time when landed property had a greater value than it has now in France. According to the scale of depreciation which has been observed, it is not too much to affirm that the private domain does not represent, in reality, at this moment, a much higher value than 100,000,000, or £4,000,000 sterling.

This fortune, divided amongst the children of the ex-King, with the exception of the Count of Paris, who is excluded as the son of the Duke of Orleans, the eldest of the family, from the donation, would give to each of the children a fortune of nearly 15,000,000 to 16,000,000 francs; and it is consequently a like sum that each of the Princes of Orleans loses through the President's decree. The personal fortune of the members of the Royal family will be remarkably reduced by the confiscation. It is known, in fact, that, with the exception of the Duc d'Aumale, who has alone inherited immense property from the Prince of Condé, the income of which is 4,000,000 francs, there remains to the other children of Louis Philippe only the fortune of their aunt, the late Mme. Adelaide, amounting to 90,000,000 francs, yielding a rental of scarcely 4,000,000. It is the property coming from that succession which a second decree of the President prescribes to the Princes to sell within a year.

Let us remark, in conclusion, to show the inconsistency of the decree which denies the Princes of Orleans the possession of a private domain, that a Senatus-consulte of the year 10 of the Republic had admitted in favour of the Emperor Napoleon the formation of a private domain, besides an extraordinary domain composed of the property taken in the war, which amounted to 1,200,000,000 francs, and which was left at the Emperor's disposal.

In respect to the sense of feeling and delicacy of the decree, it will suffice to call to mind, that in 1847 Louis Philippe gave orders to his Ministers to demand from the Chamber a annual credit of 150,000 francs, to constitute a pension for Prince Jerome, formerly King of Westphalia, and uncle of the President, to revert in part to his son Jerome Napoleon. More than this, the personal munificence of the King had already protected another Bonaparte. A young member of the Emperor's family travelling in Belgium, away from his friends, being pressed by his creditors and on the point of being incarcerated for debt, having made known to Louis Philippe his embarrassments, the Royal Treasury soon saved the liberty of the nephew of the Emperor.

EMIGRATION FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM.—A Parliamentary paper, printed on Wednesday, contains a return of the total number of persons who have emigrated from the United Kingdom to British possessions or to foreign countries from 1846 to 1850 inclusive. It appears that the total number of emigrants during the five years was 1,216,557. Of these, 53,434 were despatched by the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners, leaving 1,163,123 as the number who have actually emigrated at their own expense. The number of adults who embarked from Deptford was 22,690; and from Plymouth, 29,338. The expense of conveying emigrants sent for embarkation from London within the same period amounted to £6334 14s. 4d., and from London to Plymouth £52 is. 6d.

DEATH OF AN ECCENTRIC LITERARY CHARACTER.—On Wednesday an inquest was held at Camberwell on the body of Mr. Richard Alfred Davenport, aged 75, author of histories of America and India, and several poems. On Sunday, about four o'clock, the attention of police-constable Dwyer was attracted by low moans issuing from Brunswick Cottage, Park-street, Camberwell (the residence of the deceased). He knocked at the door, but could obtain no answer, and he, therefore, broke into the front parlour, and found the deceased lying in the passage nearly dead, with a bottle that had contained laudanum in his hand. A surgeon was sent for, but a few minutes after his arrival the deceased expired. Several bottles were found in his bed-room containing laudanum, of which he was in the constant habit of taking large quantities while writing. Upon the jury going to view the body, the house presented a most extraordinary appearance—the rooms were literally crammed with books, manuscripts, pictures, ancient coins, and antiques of various descriptions. The deceased has resided in the house for upwards of eleven years, during which time it had never been cleaned; and the books, beds, and furniture were rapidly decaying, everything being covered with dust. The windows of the house (of which the deceased was the freeholder) were all broken, the whole place presenting a most dilapidated appearance. Verdict—"That the deceased died from inadvertently taking an overdose of opium."

## OBITUARY OF EMINENT PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

## SIR JOHN DEAN PAUL, BART.

This venerable Baronet died at his seat, the Hill Stroud, on the 16th inst., in the 77th year of his age. Sir John was elder son of the late John Paul, M.D., of Salisbury, by Frances his wife, daughter of John Snow, Esq., of Hendon, banker in London; and grandson of Dean Paul, Esq., brother of Sir Onesiphorus Paul, Bart., of Rodborough, county of Gloucester. He was himself created a Baronet 3d Sept., 1821. He married, first, 2d April, 1799, Frances Eleanor, daughter of John Simpson, Esq., of Bradley Hall, Durham, by Anne his wife, daughter of Thomas, eighth Earl of Stratmore; secondly, in 1835, Mary, widow of Berkeley Napier, Esq., of Pennard House, county Somerset; and, thirdly, in 1844, Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Dr. Horsley, Bishop of St. Asaph. By his first wife only had he issue: by her, who died 15th April, 1833, he leaves three sons and four daughters. Of the former, the eldest is now Sir Baronet: he has been twice married, and has issue. Of the daughters, the youngest, Jane, is the wife of Edward Fox Fitzgerald, Esq., only son of the late amiable and ill-fated Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

## SIR WILLIAM OGLANDER, BART.

The death of this gentleman occurred on the 17th inst. The family of Oglander has been established at Nunwell, Isle of Wight, ever since the Norman Conquest. Their Dorsetshire seat of Parham was acquired by the marriage, in 1699, of Sir William Oglander, third Baronet of Nunwell, with Elizabeth, daughter and sole heir of Sir John Strode. The sixth Baronet, the gentleman whose death we record, was born 13th Sept., 1769, and married, 24th May, 1810, Maria Ann, eldest daughter of George Henry Duke of Grafton, by whom he had two sons and one daughter. Of the former, the elder and only survivor, the present Sir Henry Oglander, Bart., was born 24th June, 1811, and is married to Louisa, youngest daughter of the late Sir George William Leeds, Bart.

## ARCHDEACON BERNERS.

The Venerable HENRY DENNY BERNERS, of Woolverstone Park, county of Suffolk, representative of the ancient family of Berners, one of Norman origin, was the second son of Charles Berners, Esq., by his wife Katherine, daughter of John Laroche, Esq., of Egham, M.P. for Bodmin, and was born in 1769. Having entered into holy orders he became Archdeacon of Suffolk, and was most popular in that county from his private and public worth. To his numerous tenantry in Woolverstone, Erwarton, and Harkstead, and to the poor in general, the Archdeacon's kindness and liberality were unbounded. As an instance of the charity of his nature, it may be mentioned that it was his custom to allow his labourers never less than ten shillings a week; they lived rent-free, and had all the small wood they needed, were frequently supplied with coals, and, whenever sickness invaded them, had only to apply to their benevolent master to be relieved as far as his aid could mitigate their sufferings. The Venerable Archdeacon succeeded to the family estates at the decease of his eldest brother, Charles Berners, Esq., who died unmarried the 19th August, 1831. Archdeacon Berners had married, in 1799, Sarah, daughter of John Jarrett, Esq., of Freemantle, Hants, and by her he leaves three sons, of whom the second, Hugh, is a Captain in the Royal Navy, and the third, Ralph, is in holy orders, and rector of Harkstead, Suffolk. The eldest, John, is the Archdeacon's successor; he married, in 1832, Henrietta, daughter of the Rev. Joshua Rowley, rector of Berg Holt, Suffolk, and niece of the late Sir William Rowley, Bart. The Venerable Archdeacon Berners, to the deep regret of all who knew him, and especially of all who lived near or under him, died, after a few days' illness, on the 25th instant, at his seat, Woolverstone Park. The Archdeacon who died in the commission of the peace for Suffolk. His youngest brother, who died in 1841, was the eminent London banker, William Berners. Berners-street, Oxford-street, takes its name, as part of their property, from the family of Berners.

## FREDERICK RICCI.

This Italian composer, who was rising into reputation, was the brother of Louis Ricci, the well-known composer of "Una Aventura di Scaramuccia," and many other comic operas. The recent death of Frederick Ricci, in the flower of his age and talent, was of a melancholy nature: he was struck with a fatal blow of apoplexy while travelling in a postchaise from Warsaw to St. Petersburg.

## GENERAL SIR LEWIS GRANT, K.C.H.

This gallant officer entered the British army as an ensign in the 95th Foot; he served under Sir Ralph Abercromby at St. Vincent, and was for some time actively employed in Martinique, Barbadoes, and other West India colonies. In 1829 he was appointed Governor of the Bahama Islands, and knighted in 1831. He became a Lieutenant-General in 1837, and obtained the colonelcy of the 96th Foot in 1839. Sir Lewis Grant died suddenly on the 26th inst., of a disease of the heart, whilst journeying in an omnibus towards his residence, 31, Harley-street, Cavendish-square. He was at the time in his 71st year.

## LORD LOUGHBOROUGH.

JAMES ALEXANDER GEORGE, Lord Loughborough, was the eldest son of James Alexander, present Earl of Roslyn, by his wife Frances, daughter of the late Lieutenant-General Wemyss, of Wemyss. He was born the 10th May, 1830. Lord Loughborough, who was an officer of the 2d Life Guards, died of fever on the 28th ult., on board the schooner *Mary Elizabeth*, whilst that vessel was entering the port of New Orleans on its way from the Havannah. As his Lordship was never married, his younger and only brother, Robert Francis, becomes Lord Loughborough, and heir apparent of the Earldom.

## BARON OSTEN.

This gentleman, a member of the family of Von der Osten, of high military and judicial fame in Hanover, earned his early laurels in the British service. He was first in King George III.'s German Legion, and afterwards in the 16th Lancers; he was in the Peninsular campaigns, and at the battle of Waterloo. He had a Waterloo medal, and also a silver medal of seven clasps for having shared in seven victories in Spain. He retired from the British army in 1834. The gallant Baron, who was a general in the Hanoverian service, died suddenly on the 24th inst., whilst on a visit at Lord Scarborough's.

## GEORGE WILBRAHAM, ESQ., OF DELAMERE HOUSE, COUNTY CHESTER.

This gentleman, the representative of the ancient and eminent Cheshire family of Wilbraham, died on the 24th inst., aged 72. He formerly sat in Parliament for Stockbridge, from 1826 to 1830, and subsequently became knight of the shire for the county of Chester. In politics his vote was with the Whigs.

His immediate ancestors, known as the Wilbrahams of Nantwich, sprang from Randolph, second son of Thomas Wilbraham, Lord of Radnor, by Margaret his wife, daughter and heir of John Golborne, Lord of Woodhey, in Cheshire; and were possessed of considerable estates in the Palatinate. At the Restoration, George Wilbraham, of Nantwich, was one of the intended Knights of the Royal Oak, his landed property being then valued at £1000 per annum, a very large sum for that period. The gentleman whose death we record was son and heir (by Maria his wife, daughter of William Harvey, Esq., of Chigwell, M.P. for Essex) of the late George Wilbraham, Esq., of Nantwich, High Sheriff of Cheshire in 1791, who removed his abode to Delamere House, an elegant stone mansion erected from the designs of Wyatt.

He married, 3d September, 1814, Lady Anne Fortescue, third daughter of Hugh Earl Fortescue, and leaves several sons, the eldest, George Fortescue Wilbraham, Esq., being now of Delamere House.

Edward Bootle-Wilbraham, Lord Skelmersdale, is the representative of a junior branch of the Nantwich family.

## MR. GEORGE HERBERT RODWELL.

This amiable and clever composer and writer was member of a family long connected with the stage. He began life under very favourable auspices, and at one time possessed considerable property. He was formerly part proprietor of the Adelphi Theatre, and for many years was musical director and composer of that establishment. His opera of "Valimondo" was produced at the Adelphi; and he also wrote the music of the "Pilot," the "Flying Dutchman," "Jack Sheppard," and many other popular pieces. His opera, the "Bottle Imp," had much success at the Lyceum and Covent-garden Theatres. His opera of the "Lord of the Isles," brought out at the Surrey Theatre, contained some beautiful melody. Mr. Rodwell was an author as well as a composer. He wrote the farce of "Teddy the Tiler," for Power, in 1830, which had an extraordinary run. The "Chimney-piece," the "Pride of Birth," "Student of Lyons," "My Wife's Out," "Adèle," and other light afterpieces and some pantomimes were also his productions. He was subsequently musical director at Covent-garden and at Drury-lane Theatres. He wrote three novels, "London Bridge," "Memoirs of an Umbrella," and "Woman's Love." His last drama for the stage was the burlesque of "Asæl," at the Olympic Theatre. Some of Mr. Rodwell's detached ballads will live, such as "O charming May," "Let the toast be dear woman." Mr. Rodwell married a daughter of Liston, the celebrated comedian. The match proved very unfortunate, Mr. Rodwell having latterly to live separate, with his children. Other adversity, also undeserved, came upon him, which no doubt tended to shorten his life. He died on the 22d inst., at his residence in Upper Clapton-street, Pimlico. His demise is much regretted by the many friends whom his kind disposition, agreeable manners, and worth had obtained for him. His name deserves to last upon the roll of English composers and musicians.

## MR. WILLIAM CLEMENT.

[We have been favoured with the following memoir from an intimate friend of Mr. Clement, who, we regret to state, died suddenly, at Hackney, on Saturday last.

Of a man so long connected with the London press as Mr. William Clement, more than a mere notice in our Obituary is due. But of a great portion of his life there is little known; and even during the period of his greatest influence

as an extensive proprietor of newspapers, he occupied so small a space in the public eye, that few beyond those who were connected with him in the way of business could be said to possess his acquaintance.

His origin must have been humble. He seldom spoke of his outset in life, but it is believed he was born in the metropolis. When a young man, he must have been in Portugal, as he used sometimes to allude to his knowledge of Lisbon. Whether he followed any pursuit in the metropolis before becoming a news-vendor, is not known. In that occupation, his industry and attention were rewarded with deserved success; and when he resigned his business to Mr. Smith, he was one of the most extensive news-vendors in London. He first became a newspaper proprietor through the purchase of a share of the *Observer*, then owned by a gentleman connected with the Post-office. The *Observer* was at that time a comparatively obscure paper; but Mr. Clement soon succeeded in obtaining for it a large circulation. He organised an extensive corps of reporters, who for the most part had engagements also on the daily newspapers, so that he was enabled to give full accounts of all proceedings of interest which occurred on the Saturday on the following morning, and thus to anticipate the morning papers (who alone at that time gave reports) by a day. He was at the same time exceedingly attentive to what ever occupied the public attention; and his liberal scale of remuneration obtained for him the ready assistance of several distinguished writers, and among others that of the Rev. George Croly.

When the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act, during the Liverpool and Castlereagh Ministry, drove the late William Cobbett to the United States, Mr. Clement made liberal advances to him to enable him to defray the expenses of his own removal, and maintain his family in London. For some time Cobbett's "Register" was published by Mr. Clement, to whom copy was transmitted from America. Though Mr. Clement was rather reserved in speaking of transactions with individuals, he used to complain of the usage he experienced from Mr. Cobbett.

The success of Mr. Clement in conducting the *Observer*, and the capital which he had thereby acquired, inspired him with the ambition of being at the head of a morning newspaper. Before the death of Mr. James Perry, so well known as the editor and proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*, he had made several overtures for its purchase, which were declined by that gentleman. But the death of Mr. Perry, in the latter end of 1821, threw the paper into the market; and Mr. Clement soon afterwards acquired the property of it for the sum of £40,000. His capital was far from being equal to such an advance; and for the greater portion of the purchase-money he was obliged to raise funds by bills, which the credit of Sir John Key enabled him to negotiate.



KAFFIR QUEEN.—FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING.

## KAFFIR QUEEN.

EVERY trait of the natives of Kaffraria is especially interesting at the present moment. This characteristic Portrait shows us one of the women of rank in Kaffraria, and affords a good specimen of the female costume. It is far from destitute of ornament : the lappets of the front of the dress, and the longest portion of the robe, being thick set with metal studs. The rings worn upon the wrists are also of metal. The upper portion of the head-dress and the band worn round the bust are white, with broad blue stripes. The necklace is of coral and dead-white beads ; and the ear-drops are of the latter.

Mrs. Ward, in her entertaining "Five Years in Kaffirland," tells us that the Kaffir women carry their love of ornament to such an excess, that they have certain fancies relative to their beads, which have as much sway over the notions of the sable belles of Kaffirland as any flat, or caprice, from the divan of a Parisian *modiste*, or the penetralia of a Mayfair beauty. One year the leathern bodice of a Tambookie bride is *parsemented* with beads of a dead white; another season the T'Slambie girls will quarrel for a monopoly of bright blue, and the Gaikas set up an opposition in necklaces of mock garnet and amber. Birmingham buttons ornament the skin cloaks of the women of Kaffraria, and brass bangles from our manufactories conceal the symmetry of their arms, which are models for sculpture.

## INSURRECTION IN CHILI.

VALPARAISO has lately been the scene of a sanguinary struggle to overthrow the constituted authorities, the result of which has been a complete victory on the side of the Government. The focus of the conflict was Daguerreotyped by Senor Helsby, has been lithographed with considerable spirit, and has supplied us with the accompanying Illustration. It shows the contest between the Government troops and the insurgents on the evening of October 28 (5.20 p.m.). The details, from the *Valparaiso Mercantile Reporter*, are as follow :—

On the 28th of October, two days after the sailing of the steamer for Europe, Valparaiso was alarmed by the information that one of the military barracks had been attacked and taken by a band of men, consisting of about three hundred of the lowest rabble congregated on the hills, main top, and similar places. They took possession of 500 muskets and three cannon, marched down to the Plaza, and placed their guns in different directions. Our worthy Governor, General Blanco, immediately placed himself at the head of about 180 men of Regiment No. 3, stationed here, and marched to the Plaza to attack the mob, which he found without a leader. This small number, but brave troops, with their old General to lead them, surrounded the Plaza from the different streets leading out of it, whilst the mob were firing their cannons and muskets, attempting to force an entrance into the city, which they intended to rob and plunder. The soldiers, however, stood like a wall, and advanced in spite of great superiority in

the number of the mob, and after a short fight the three cannons were in their possession, and the Plaza was cleared. The mob then ascended again to the quartel, and dispersed over the hills, firing down upon the Plaza and adjoining streets : the soldiers followed, and secured the barracks.

The greater part of the mob, intoxicated and without a leader, sought their safety in flight, and, though a great many chance shots were fired for an hour after, the battle was decided within half that period.

The fire of the mob was so badly directed, and so unaccustomed the greater part seemed to be in the use of firearms, that most of the balls either found their way into the balconies of the houses, or into the lower part of the legs of the soldiers.

It is difficult to state the number of killed and wounded on both sides ; we are only able to ascertain it on the side of the soldiers, the mob having hidden their wounded, and buried their dead secretly. The Governor issued a decree demanding the delivery of muskets within twenty-four hours. The greater part were soon given up, and within a day or two peace and order were restored and maintained.

## THE KAFFIR BUSH.

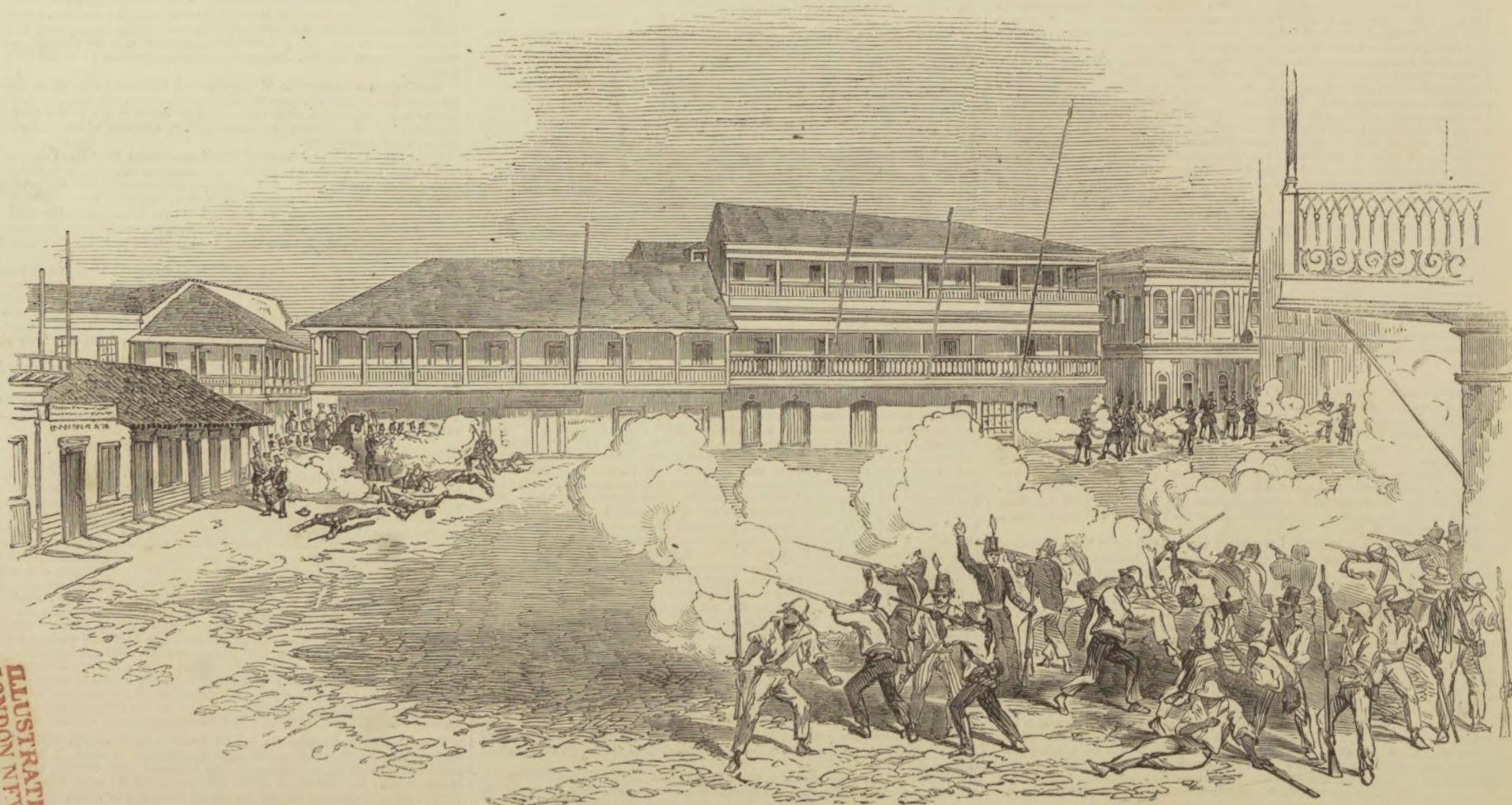
(*Acacia horrida*, Wildenow; *Acacia capensis*, Burstall.)

THIS specimen, lately presented to her Majesty the Queen and his Royal Highness Prince Albert at Osborne, was brought to England by S. W. Webb, Esq., surgeon of H. M. S. *Retribution*, from the Cape of Good Hope. This species is called by the Dutch boers the "Wait-a-bit," or "Kaffir Bush." It grows from six to twenty feet in height, chiefly near springs, ravines, &c. : it bears a small globular yellow flower. The frontier, at present the scene of the Kaffir warfare, is thickly covered for several miles with this bush, presenting an impenetrable barrier to regular troops, and an excellent cover to the Kaffirs, who creep along the ground underneath it, from which it is impossible to dislodge them several attempts to destroy the Bush by fire have been made, but without

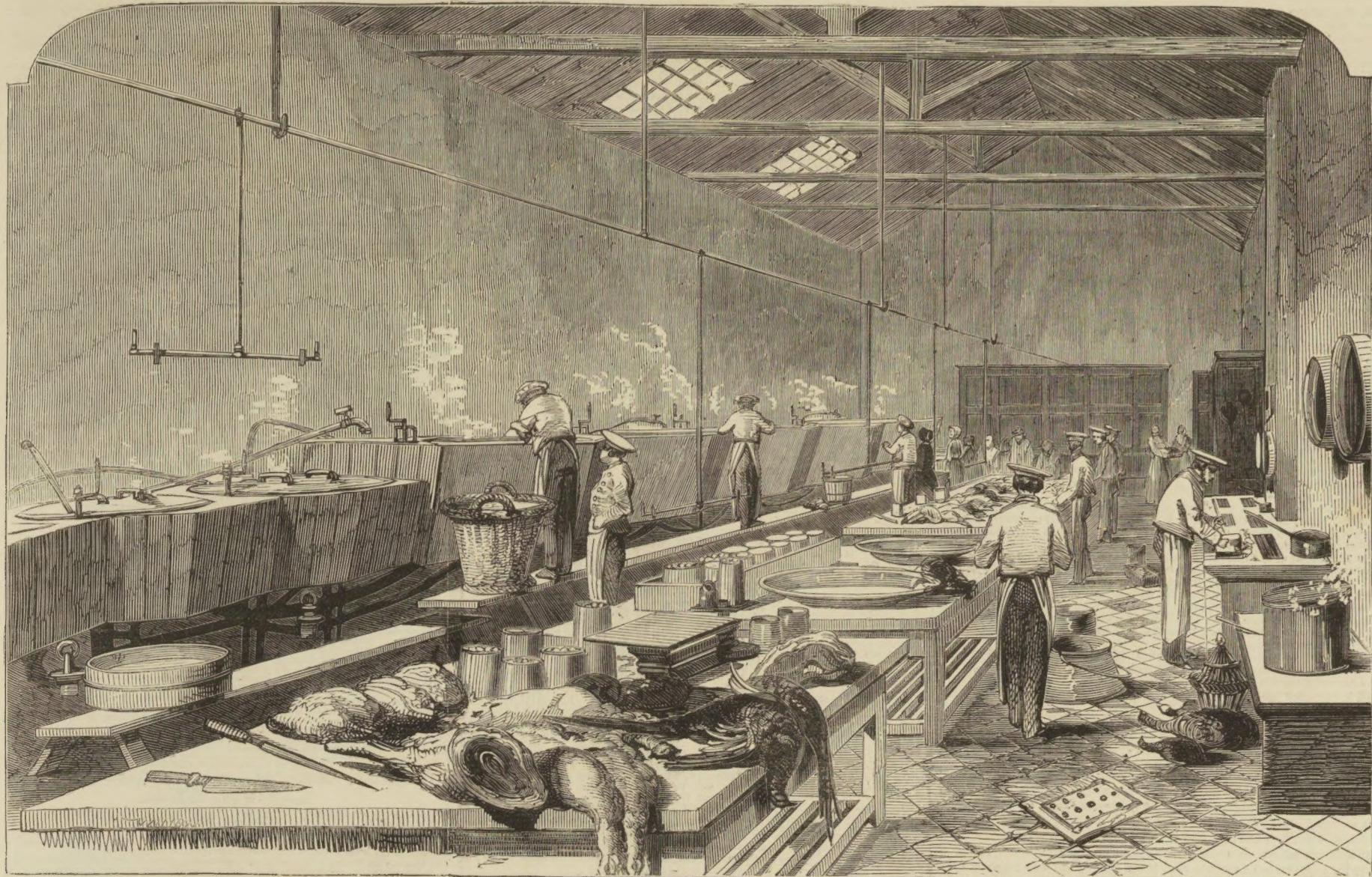


SPECIMEN OF THE KAFFIR BUSH.—(ACACIA HORRIDA.)

success, from its peculiarly succulent properties, and from its growing chiefly in moist places. It is also this natural means of defence which enables the Kaffirs to keep under cover so near Graham's Town with impunity.



INSURRECTION IN CHILI.—CONTEST BETWEEN THE GOVERNMENT TROOPS AND THE INSURGENTS, IN THE PLAZA DE LA MUNICIPALIDAD, VALPARAISO.



RITCHIE AND MC CALL'S PRESERVED MEAT ESTABLISHMENT, HOUNDSITCH.—THE KITCHEN.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

## GOLD IN AUSTRALIA.

We have been favoured by a Correspondent with a letter just received from Turon River, dated August 25—the locality of the most recent discovery of gold in South Australia. The writer describes his visits to his sheep station at

there were no fewer than 3000 persons here. Scarcely had they been settled there a month when my overseer and another went to the river, and there set to work, at the spot marked H, where they found about an ounce of gold by washing in a tin dish. Upon receipt of this information I joined them, and remained there two days. In less than a fortnight the neighbourhood was crowded with drays and carts of every description. This was about the last week in June, and now there are at least 5000 persons on the river. The small dots are intended to represent tents, some formed of sheets of bark, and others of canvas, in which the men with their wives were *rocking the cradles*, and in some cases the whole family were at work. No profession, trade, or calling seems to keep persons from the diggings; and Sydney, as well as most other towns in the colony, is left almost entirely to the women. For a time it had the effect of raising provisions to a fearful price.

"You will take it for granted that I am hard at work at the diggings; but such is not the case. The land on which this discovery has been made had been my sheep run ever since I have been in the colony; all the sections adjoining my purchase I have rented from the Government from year to year. I find it will take up all my time and attention in looking after my sheep. I think I shall be better off for labour than many, and hope to be able to pick up some disappointed diggers; but how the large sheepholders at a distance will manage, remains to be seen.

"It must not be supposed that all who come to the diggings make fortunes: certainly, many have done well; but hundreds are disappointed. It is a strange life, and a hard one. We have had a great deal of rain lately, which has made the work more miserable; although a gold-washer must not mind a little wet, as he has to rock the cradle, and at the same time throw water in, which keeps him continually wet in the feet. The soil is taken in buckets, bags, or any other convenient way, from the banks of the river; a bucketful at a time is put into the sieve, and the man, while rocking with his left hand, dips the water with his right, and continues pouring it into the sieve till the earth is clear; and then, casting a longing eye into the sieve to see if there be a 'nugget' too large to go through the holes, he unships the sieve, and throws out the stones. Another basketful is then taken up; and when from 50 to 60 sieves have been washed the rocker is cleared out, and what is deposited at the bottom is put into the washing-pan I have shown, when the gold, being heaviest, settles. Most of the gold found in the Turon is in small pieces; but there also are large ones. Since the hundredweight was discovered, about thirty-five miles hence, many seekers have gone there, and companies are forming to crush the quartz. I saw this gold weighed at our bank at Bathurst—a most wonderful sight.

"I have been a purchaser of gold for a house in Sydney, at from £3 3s. to £3 4s. 6d. per ounce, on commission; I get 2½ per cent. for any quantity. The extent of my purchase to this time has been 517 ounces in about a month.

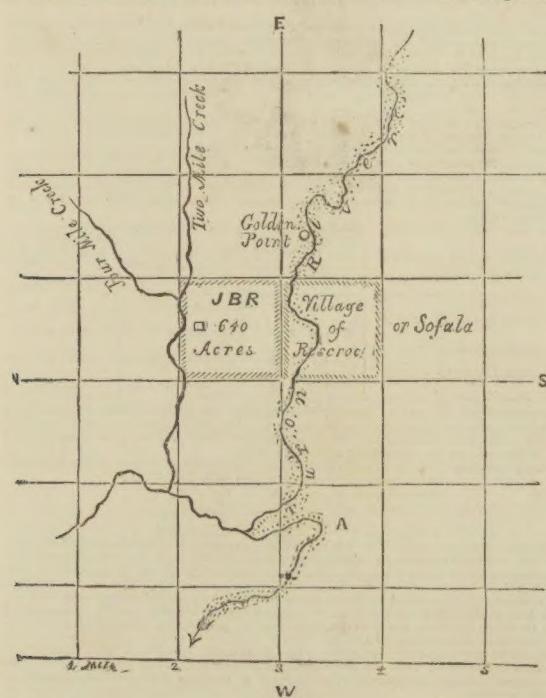
I bought from three men who came from the Hunter, and had worked twelve clear days, 72½ ounces, £233 13s. 5d. What will this discovery be thought of in England? We are all very anxious to hear. I look upon the transportation question as settled; the Home Government will never think of sending convicts to a gold country, unless they are mad."

The writer then describes the greatest art in the washing to be in cleansing what comes from the rocker into the pan; for the gold is not easily seen until it has been worked and shaken in the pan, taking care every time it is dipped into the water that it takes away some of the sand and the gravel without letting the fine gold escape with it.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.)

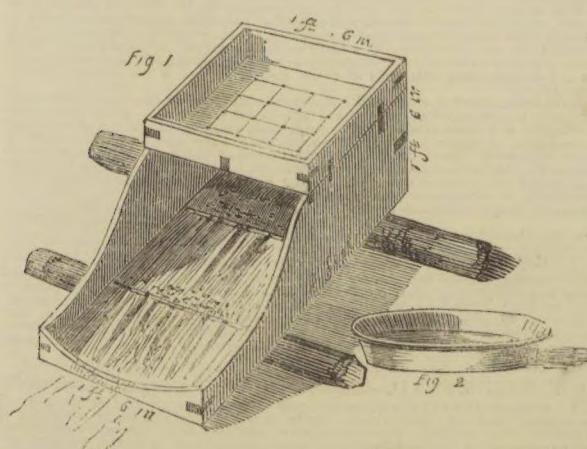
SIR,—I have long thought that the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEW might become the means of directing the attention of gold-searchers to valuable gems often found with that metal, but possibly thrown aside owing to a non-acquaintance with their appearances in the natural state: I therefore send the following figures of the natural appearances of diamonds, corundum, spinel, ruby, garnet, topaz, tourmaline, beryl, and quartz.

The Diamond.—Figure 1 is an octohedron; Figure 2 an octohedron having six planes on the edges; Figure 3, dodecahedron with rhombic faces; Figures 4, 5, and 6 are rarer forms. Out of 1000 diamonds I have generally found about one of the form Fig. 6; about ten like Fig. 5; fifty like Fig. 4; and the remainder like 1, 2, 3, in about an equal proportion. With regard to the size and weight of diamonds, 500 out of 1000 which came in the same parcel were found smaller than Fig. 1, which is the exact size of a diamond weighing half a carat; 300 were of the size 3, 4, 5, and 6—none of these exceeded a carat in weight; eighty of the size 2 weighed a carat and a half; only one was as large as Fig. 16—this weighed 24 carats. The remainder varied from 2 to 20 carats, a carat being equal to three grains and one-sixth troy. Fig. 7 consists of a conglomerate mass of quartz pebbles rounded through having been water-worn, two crystals of diamond (one the size of a small pea, the other not larger than the head of a small pin), and various grains of gold; the whole cemented together by oxide of iron. This specimen is peculiarly interesting at the present time, as showing the association of diamonds with gold; it was brought by the late Mr. Mawe from the bed of a river in Brazil, and there is a reduced figure of it given in his "Treatise on Gems and Precious Stones," plate 2; and it is thus described:—"Cascalho: siliceous pebbles, aggregated and enveloping diamonds." He sold it to the late Duke of Buckingham, and it came into my possession as part of the extensive collection which I bought at the Stowe sale in 1848. Mr. Mawe states that when diamonds were discovered in the Brazils they were used as counters in playing



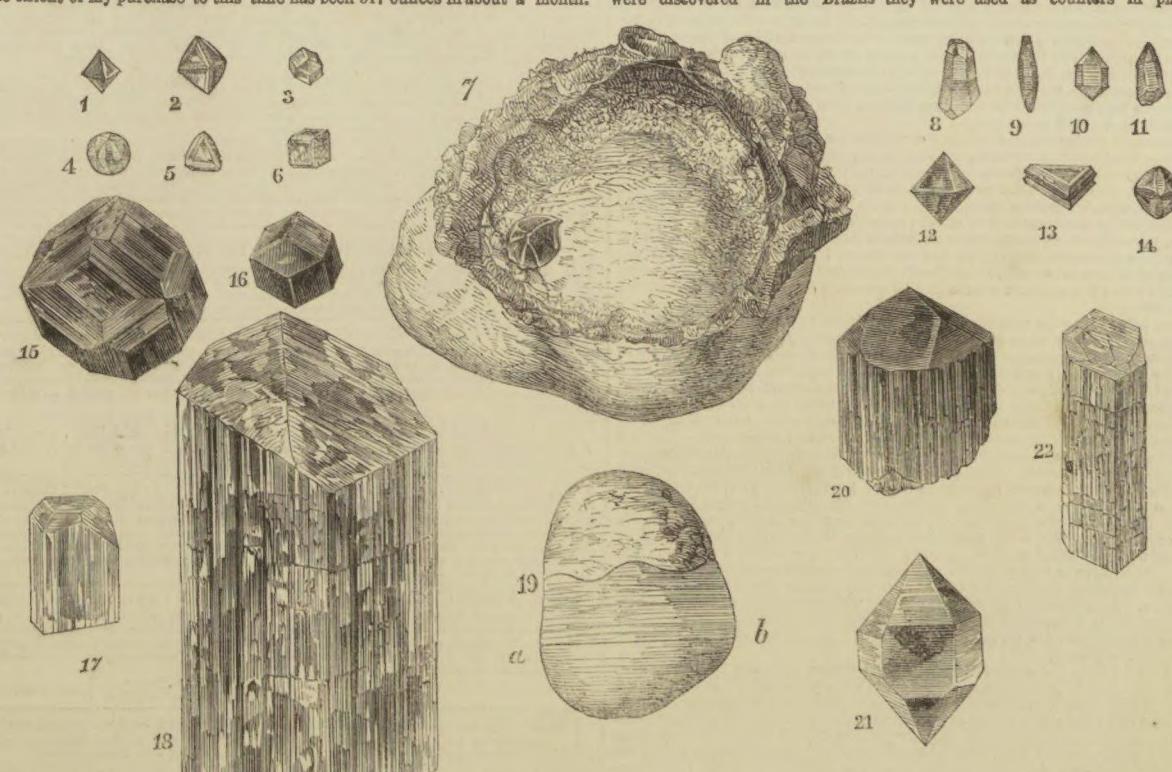
THE BATHURST GOLD DISTRICT.

this place to have been unusually dull and lonely until within the preceding two months, in which the whole face of the country has become altered; "and in New South Wales, or, perhaps, in the world, there is not a busier spot than the banks of the Turon River, for a distance of from forty to fifty miles." He adds:—"My little farm here, which I purchased many years since, is situated about a mile and a half from the



GOLD-SEEKER'S CRADLE.

richest part of the river. I send you a Sketch, which will make the position clearer to you. By the time this reaches you the papers will, doubtless, have told you of the wonderful discovery of gold in this country. It was first found at a place about thirty-five miles west of Bathurst, and in less than a month



1 to 7. Diamonds.—8 to 11. Corundum.—12 to 14. Spinel-Ruby.—15 and 16. Garnet.—17, 18, and 19. Topaz.—20. Tourmaline.—21. Quartz.—22. Beryl.

GEMS OFTEN FOUND WITH GOLD.

cards, the inhabitants being ignorant of their value until the arrival of an officer who had been in India, and who, being struck with their geometrical symmetry of form, took a quantity of them to Portugal, where their true nature became ascertained. I have recently been informed by two respectable persons from the Brazils, that in 1844 a slave was searching for gold in the bed of rivers in the provinces of Bahia, and discovered diamonds. It being a new locality for diamonds, 297,000 carats were collected in two years, which produced upwards of £300,000. I see no reason why diamonds should not be found in Australia, Canada, California, as well as in those other gold districts from which they have hitherto been obtained. The value of the most inferior diamonds, unit for jewellery, is £50 per ounce. Could they be found in sufficient abundance to be sold at £5 per ounce, the benefit to the arts would be incalculable. Not only would the seal-engraver, watchmaker, lapidary, glazier, &c., be able to procure them at easier prices, but numerous substances would be rendered useful which at present cannot be profitably worked owing to the high price of diamonds.

Figures 8 to 11 represent four crystals of *Corundum*. This substance is commonly found in six-sided prismatic crystals, and frequently terminated at each end by six-sided pyramids. When transparent, and of a blue colour, it is known in jewellery as the sapphire; when merely of a red colour, it is called Oriental ruby; and when this colour is of a rich depth, the stone is more valuable than even the diamond.

Figures 12 to 14. Three crystals of *Spinell-Ruby*.—It is of various shades of red, and is easily distinguished from corundum by the peculiarity of its crystalline form and inferior hardness.

Figures 15 and 16. Crystals of *Garnet*.—These are chiefly found in the dodecahedron form; are occasionally of a beautiful red colour; when semi-transparent, are called by the jewellers "carbuncles." These are of comparatively little value.

Figures 17 and 18. Two rhombic prisms of *Topaz*.—It is found in rivers, frequently with all the edges and angles of the original crystal worn off, and presenting a round appearance, in which state it is often mistaken for the diamond, owing to the colour and specific gravity of each being the same. It may, however, easily be distinguished from it by the difference of the hardness and fracture, like Fig. 19. The diamond yields readily to mechanical division parallel to all the planes of the regular octohedron; the topaz only at right angles to the axis of the crystal indicated in Fig. 19 by the darkest straight line, with a smooth brilliant surface, as if polished by the lapidary; and slices of it may readily be separated parallel to the same dark line, each having the same brilliancy.

Fig. 20. *Tourmaline*.—A crystal having six sides, deeply striated in the longitudinal direction, and terminated by a three-sided pyramid; colour varying from black to brown and green. Transparent specimens are useful to the philosopher in experiments on polarised light.

Fig. 21. Crystal of transparent *Quartz*, or "Rock Crystal," frequently called a "diamond" in the mining districts, as "Bristol diamond," "Cornish diamond," &c. The crystal represented by this figure was brought from California by a person who refused £200 for it, under the impression that it was a real diamond, because it scratched glass and could not be scratched with a file. Its real value, however, is not more than 2s. 6d. The crystalline form would at once indicate the difference, and when broken the fracture would resemble the curved fracture of broken glass.

No. 22, *Beryl*, presents an hexagonal prism, and is usually of a green colour. I have refrained from giving any description of the chemical composition, relative hardness, specific gravity, and other characters of minerals, because I would not trespass upon your space, or give information which would be useful to the scientific reader only.

January 22, 1852.

I remain yours, &c.,  
JAS. TENNANT.

**THE MANUFACTURE OF PRESERVED PROVISIONS.**  
Those who are conversant with the medical literature of the past century need not be told the ravages which scurvy formerly worked among sailors long confined on board ship. Peculiarity of diet was the sole cause of this—a too long restriction to salt beef and pork, and the total absence of all vegetable food. A great step was gained when sailors were supplied with lime-juice: attacks of scurvy then became less frequent; nay, if the lemon-juice was taken in sufficient quantity, sea-scurvy might be kept absolutely at bay.

Agreeable though lime or lemon juice may be, taken as landsmen take it, at no very frequent intervals, as a grateful adjunct to their drink, its habitual daily use becomes so unpleasant, that the most stringent discipline of a man-of-war has often been necessary to enforce its use amongst a crew: this lime-juice, as daily administered on shipboard, became no better than an agreeable physic, against which, although scurvy threatened with a penalty, the sailor often rebelled. It was not until M. Appert's discovery of preserving unsalted provisions by soldering them into an air-tight canister, that a possibility existed of furnishing the sailor for months or years together with unsalted animal and vegetable food. This discovery was patented in England by M. Goldner, whose name has recently come very prominently before the public, in connexion with certain stores of provisions intended for the use of the British navy, but condemned, after scrutiny, as being totally unfit for food. As the whole subject of these preserved provisions has naturally engrossed a large amount of public attention, and as the process itself is publicly attacked as though it were bad in principle and deserving of reprobation, we have thought that our readers may be interested by a popular account of the mode of preserving these provisions, and a short exposition of the principles on which their preservation depends.

Most persons, however superficial their information may be, are aware that the exclusion of atmospheric air is an efficient means of retarding putrefaction. The housewife instinctively avails herself of this principle when she covers her potted ham or potted beef with a layer of mutton suet: it is done for the purpose of excluding the atmospheric air. But the housewife does not apply the principle quite far enough; she only effects a compromise: the external air can no longer touch her viands, it is true, and therefore their period of decomposition is delayed; but, were it not for the preservative agency of salt and other condiments, the air lingering between the fleshy interstices would have been quite sufficient to set up the most destructive putrefaction. Appealing still to domestic operations, we will now direct the reader's attention to the ordinary method of preserving gooseberries. Being put into a bottle with sugar and water, the bottle is placed in a saucer of boiling water, and kept there until the gooseberries soften, and the surrounding fluid gives off steam, when a cork is tightly fitted in, and being smeared with sealing-wax the air can no longer get in. Now, these domestic operations only effect a compromise after all: the atmospheric air is only partially excluded, and were it not for the assistance of salt and spices in the first domestic instance, and sugar in the second, the processes would not succeed.

That which the housewife accomplishes in part, Messrs. Appert and Goldner accomplish absolutely. They dispel every lingering trace of atmospheric air (or, rather, they can and ought to do so), and, then rapidly soldering the canister, the provisions will keep good as long as the surrounding tin plate.

Such is the theory of the process. Let us now detail the practice, and, for the purpose of concentrating our ideas on a specific case, let us follow the various stages of preserving in a canister some one individual article of food: suppose we say turtle soup.

The various ingredients, then, which enter into this mystic compound—we do not pretend to be versed deeply enough in culinary science to know what they all are—being elaborately concocted according to the usual precepts of aldermanic cookery, are put into a tin canister similar to those conjuring-boxes of the modern grocery trade in which three pounds of coffee are squeezed into the space of two, and the canister top is accurately soldered on. All access of the external atmosphere would now be entirely cut off were it not for the existence of a minute hole penetrated through the canister top. This little aperture is all-important, as we shall soon perceive.

The canister is now put to stand half way deep in a cast-iron trough containing a solution of chloride of calcium, through which passes an abundant ramification of pipes containing steam. The result is, that the steam-pipes in question heat the chloride of calcium to a degree considerably above that of boiling water; therefore the turtle soup is once more brought to a violent state of ebullition, and a fierce current of steam issues from the little aperture.

Now, the slightest consideration is enough to prove that the current of steam could not issue without driving all the air before it; therefore, so far as our canister of soup is concerned, immediately the current of steam is seen to issue, we might touch the aperture with a drop of soft solder and hermetically seal the case at once.

Soups, indeed, are the very easiest of all provisions to preserve by the canister process, and it is only when we have to deal with large joints, or poultry, that the manufacturer is required to be on the alert. Suppose, for instance, we had a fowl to deal with, instead of the turtle soup, then we must not forget that the bones of birds are hollow and contain air; hence the steam aperture must not be soldered down until the fowl has been maintained in a state of ebullition for such a time as in the operator's judgment may have sufficed to drive out every lingering trace of air from the interior of the animal. This is a process of universal application, and from the neglect of which a decomposition of the viands would result. Finally, after soldering the steam-hole, the canister is not immediately removed from the source of heat, but its contents are raised under a pressure to a degree of temperature considerably above the boiling point. This part of the operation is essential to success, and by no means devoid of danger. We well remember hearing recited to us the story of an operator who was killed most ridiculously and ignobly by a boiled turkey. The canister in which the bird had been soldered was exposed to the proachs of heating under pressure, and steam was generated beyond the power of the canister to endure. As a natural consequence of this, the canister burst, the dead turkey sprang from his coffin of tin plate, and, killing the cook forthwith, made him at once a candidate for a leader one, to illustrate in another way the effects of atmospheric exclusion.

There is a proverb of somewhat general acceptance touching the purchase of a "pig in a poke." A bargain of this kind is usually considered to be inconsistent with that love of safety which characterises ordinary transactions of purchase and sale; yet there seems to be at first sight no alternative as regards the purchase of canister-preserved foods. People are usually content to open some four or five per cent. of a lot, and to assume that, as these are found, so will the rest be: for our own part, we shall not want any such proof as this; mere inspection of the outside of a canister would convey to us an absolute indication of its inside condition. Now, on account of the air soldered into lead coffins, their contents decompose, gas is generated, and the coffin sides bulge out. Well, the sides of a canister of preserved meat will bulge out too if any decomposition is going on within, and by this infallible sign may a good canis-

ter be known from a bad one. Of course, some little time after the preserving process has been concluded is necessary to develop this appearance, and hence it is far from a safe plan to purchase these preserved provisions immediately after they are prepared.

Supposing no such bulging out to be evident, but that, on the contrary, the sides of the canister are collapsed by the force of external atmospheric pressure, then the case may be pronounced good, then will its contents last, perhaps, as long as the tin plate itself. All that is now necessary is to protect the tin from rust, which is accomplished by coating it thickly with paint.

Now, as regards the condemned Government stores, referred to in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS for January 17th, they were prepared in Moldavia, and hence the time occupied in their voyage here would have been quite sufficient to have set up decomposition, and to have caused that bulging out of the canister sides of which we have spoken. We should like to be informed, then, whether this appearance were recognised by the Government Inspectors? If it were not recognised—did not in point of fact exist—if the present condition of the food is attributable to a perforation of the tin from subsequent causes, that perforation must be visible. We desire to know, then, whether such perforations really exist?

As for the principle of the process, it is irreproachable, and cannot fail to be successful when applied with moderate care: we consider it one of the most valuable applications of chemistry to the necessities of man that modern scientific men can boast of.

Our Sketch represents the establishment of Messrs. Ritchie and McCall, of Houndsditch, whose preserved provisions are excellent, as we can testify from experience, having examined the contents of canisters taken at random from their stores.

#### CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, February 1.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.

MONDAY, 2.—Purification. Candlemas Day.

TUESDAY, 3.—Blaise. Sun rises 7h. 39m., sets 4h. 50m.

WEDNESDAY, 4.—Stoppage of United States Bank, 1840.

THURSDAY, 5.—Agatha. The late Sir R. Peel born, 1788.

FRIDAY, 6.—Dr. Priestley died, 1804.

SATURDAY, 7.—Half-Quarter Day.

#### TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 7, 1852.

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
M 9 55	A 10 28	M 11 8	M 11 44	No tide	M 0 18	M 0 45

#### ROYAL PRINCESS' THEATRE, OXFORD-STREET.—

Under the Management of Mr. CHARLES KEAN.—On MONDAY, FEB. 2, will be performed Shakespeare's Play of the MERCHANT OF VENICE, and the Pantomime, TUESDAY, 3d, Shakespeare's Comedy of Twelfth Night, with the Swiss Cottage (as acted at Windsor Castle, by Royal command, and the Pantomime. Wednesday, 4th, Shakespeare's Tragedy of Hamlet, and the Pantomime. Thursday, 5th, Shakespeare's Comedy of the Merry Wives of Windsor, and the Pantomime. Friday, 6th, this Theatre will be closed, in consequence of the Royal Performances at Windsor Castle. Saturday, 7th, To Parents and Guardians, the Swiss Cottage, and the Pantomime.

**S. J. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE** will commence a Series of READINGs of SHAKESPEARE, at the St. James's Theatre, on TUESDAY EVENING Next; on which occasion will be given MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, with Mendelssohn's Music. C. J. Lucas; assisted by full Orchestra and Chorus.

**A STLEY'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.—Proprietor and Manager, Mr. W. BATTY.**—On MONDAY, FEBRUARY 2d, and during the Week, the Performances will commence at Seven, with the gorgeous Oriental Spectacle of BLUE BEARD. To be followed by the astounding Performances of Monk Frant Bensoo. The Scenes in the Circle will be of the most novel and pleasing description. The whole to conclude, each evening, with the popular and only Equestrian Pantomime in London, entitled MR. AND MRS. BRIGGS; or, Punch's Festival—Mirth, Wit, and Jollity. The last JUVENILE FETE this season will take place on FRIDAY next, February 6th, on which occasion the entertainment will commence with the Pantomime, concluding at an early hour with "Blue Beard." Tickets may be had at the Box-office, from Eleven till Four daily. Stage Manager, Mr. T. Thompson.

**ROYAL MARIONETTE THEATRE, ADELAIDE-STREET, WEST STRAND.**—Continuous Novelties, Continuous Success, Continuous Applause, and overruling Indulgences. Great and the BOTTLE IMP.—MONDAY, FEBRUARY 2d, and every Evening during the week, after Gratulatory ADDRESS, admission and delivery by Mr. Albany Brown: the MANAGER'S ROOM, in which Signor Bartone sings the "French Commemoration on Shakespeare." The Grand Melodramatic Roman of the Bottles Imp." First time of a new Neapolitan grotesque Divertissement, called "Arlequin Pantunato," with the new Italian Mimes. Doors open at Half-past Seven; to commence at Eight o'clock. A MORNING JUVENILE PERFORMANCE on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY next, upon which occasion the doors will be opened at Half-past Two, and commence at Three o'clock. Private Boxes and Stalls to be had at the Box-office of the Theatre, and of all the principal Librarians.

**ROBIN'S SOIRES PARISIENNES et FANTASTIQUES,** 232, Piccadilly.—Third Programme. Inimitable Novelties. Every Evening, at Eight o'clock, M and Madams Robin will repeat their inimitable SOIRES. Every Wednesday a Morning Performance, at Half-past Two. Children under ten years of age, half-price. Places may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, Mr. Sam'l Royal Library, Ebers, Andrews, &c. N.B.—The entertainments will be concluded with the marvellous performances of Antonio Diavolo and his Clown (two automaton of unrivalled perfection); and also the Last Moment of a Bloomer.

**RECITATIONS MUSICALES.—SECOND SEASON.—** PROGRAMME of Mr. W. BINFIELD'S RECITATION, NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Queen Anne-street. TUESDAY EVENING, Feb. 3, at 8 o'clock.—Trio, Beethoven, Arias, Handel, Duet, Harp and Piano, Rossini, Rode's Air, varied. Grand Fantasy, Harp, Alvars, "La gitana Gondola," Alary, Nocturne, Chopin, Etude, Moschelles. "Soave sia il vento," Mozart, Fantasy, Concertina, from "Lucia," Vocal Duet, Mendelssohn, Sestet, Oberon, Vocalists, the Misses Pyne and Mr. W. Binfield. Miscellaneous Misses Margaret and L. Binfield, Messrs W. R. H. and A. Binfield.—Tickets, 4s; Double, 5s; Reserved, 7s; at 20, Regent-street.

**M. ALEXANDRE BILLET** begs to announce that his THIRD ANNUAL SERIES of SIX PERFORMANCES of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place at ST. MARTIN'S HALL on TUESDAY, FEBRUARY the 10th and 24th, MARCH the 9th and 23d, APRIL the 10th and 20th. In the course of which he will perform specimens of all the great Pianoforte Composers, included never before performed in public. Select Works of the following Masters will be introduced: Bach, Scarlatti, Händel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Dussek, Steibelt, Pinto, Clementi, T Field, Moschelles, Kalkbrenner, Hummel, Kramer, Woelfl, Mendelssohn, Spahr, F. Heller, Chopin, Macfarren, S. W. Bennett, Stephen Heller, &c.—Tickets for a Single Concert, 2s; Reserved Seats, 3s; Subscriptions to Reserved Seats, One Guinea. To be had at the Hall.

**LOVE'S ENTERTAINMENTS at CROSBY HALL** having been received on Monday last by an audience crowded to the ceiling, while numbers were unable to obtain places, Mr. LOVE will appear again on MONDAY, FEB. 2. He will present his Entertainment entitled LOVE'S LENTEN LUCUBRATIONS, with Vocal Experiments, &c. To be followed by PAST TEN O'CLOCK and a CLOUDY NIGHT, and other Entertainments. Pianoforte Herr Lutz. Begun at Eight. Stalls, 3s; Hall, 2s; Gallery, 1s. Books, containing Programmes, &c., 6d.—On Thursday, Feb. 5, Mr. Love will appear at the Assembly Rooms, Woburn, on Wednesday, Feb. 11; and Thursday, Feb. 12, at the Assembly Rooms, Cambridge.]

**NATIONAL DEFENCES.—An EXPLANATORY DESCRIPTION of WILKINSON'S STADIA, the PRUSSIAN MUSKET, the LANCASTER and MINIE RIFLES, the IMPROVED CONICAL BULLET, and FIREARMS of the Earlier Periods, will be given at the ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, by Mr. CRISP, DAILY, at Three o'clock, and at Half-past Eight in the Evenings.—A LECTURE on the MUSIC of MANY NATIONALS, with Vocal Illustrations, by T Thorpe Feed, Esq, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings; in addition to the usual Exhibitions, Lectures &c., Admission, 1s; Schools and Children under ten years of age, half-price. Open daily from Eleven to Five, and every Evening, except Saturday, from Seven till Half-past Ten.**

**M. GOMPERTZ'S GIGANTIC PANORAMA** of the ARCTIC REGIONS is now Exhibiting at the QUEEN'S ROOMS, PORTSMOUTH, to the most crowded audiences ever assembled within the walls of those Rooms.—This Panorama will next be exhibited in the Town of Brighton.

**ELECTRO-BIOLOGY.—Last Week but One, at EGYPTIAN HALL.**—Rev. T. FISKE will continue his LECTURES NEXT WEEK, at 165, ALDERS-GATE-STREET, on MONDAY EVENING, at the Music Hall, Store-street, on Wednesday Evening; and at the Commercial Hall, King's-road, Chelsea, on Saturday Evening, at Eight o'clock, with a great variety of Extraordinary Experiments upon persons in a perfectly safe state. Dr. Darling will Lecture and Experiment every Evening, at the Egyptian Hall.

**GALLERY of ILLUSTRATION, 14, REGENT-STREET.—**Last Four Weeks of the Crystal Palace as a Garden, the Overland Mail to India, and Taj Mahal, now Exhibiting Daily, at 3 and 8 o'clock (for the production of the New Drama, the Military Achievements of His Grace the Duke of Wellington). Admission, 1s, 2s, 6d, and 3s. Doors open half an hour before each representation.

**HINDOSTAN.—This Grand MOVING DIORAMA** is now OPEN Daily, at 12, 3, and 8, at the Asiatic Gallery, Baker-street Bazaar, Portman-square. Admission, 1s, 2s, and 2s 6d. "The spectator is made to ascend the stream from the flat region of Calcutta to the glorious range of the Himalayas, and everything of interest in the way is mapped and pictured with the fidelity of a geographer and the skill of an artist." The Atheneum."

**ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.—The HIPPOPOTAMUS**, presented by H. H. the Vicerey of Egypt, the ELEPHANT CALF, and many recent additions are exhibited daily.—Admission, 1s.; on Mondays, 6d.

**CALDWELL'S ASSEMBLY-ROOMS, DEAN-STREET, SOHO,** capable of accommodating 2000 persons.—SOIRES DANSAINTES every Night. Admission, 6d; per quarter, 1s 1s.—Mr. Caldwell undertakes to teach any Lady or Gentleman unacquainted with the Ronse of the Ball-room to enter with grace and freedom, and take part in this fashionable Amusement, in six private lessons, for 1s 1s. Glass Plates, forming twice a week. The next LONG QUADRILLE NIGHT will take place on TUESDAY, FEB. 24. Admission, 1s.

**THE ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION** (with the Collection of Materials, Patents, Processes, &c., connected with Architecture) is NOW OPEN, from 10 till dusk, at the Portland Galleries, opposite the Polytechnic Institution, Regent-street.—Admission, 1s, including a Catalogue; Season Tickets, including a Catalogue, admitting the holder from the 10th of January to the 18th of March, 2s. Free tickets may be had for workmen on application at the Galleries.

RIFLE CLUBS, a necessary DEFENCE for ENGLAND in her present unprotected condition.—HINTS and SUGGESTIONS for the IMMEDIATE, ENROLMENT and FORMATION of RIFLE BRIGADES throughout the Country, Uniform, Practice, Drill, &c. Price One Penny; post free for two stamps.—London: JOHN KING, 120, Fleet-street. Most liberal terms to the trade.

THE LOCK-MANUFACTURERS of WOLVERHAMPTON versus CHUBB.—We, the undersigned lock-manufacturers at Wolverhampton, who have been awarded Prize Medals at the Great Exhibition, in conjunction with Messrs Chubb, have seen with considerable surprise the pretensions put forth by them in their advertisements in the "Wolverhampton Chronicle" of Oct. 23 and 29, that their locks are the best and most secure before the public, and founding their claims to superiority on the ground of having special approbation annexed to their award. We hereby protest against such pretensions, and question their right to superiority either for principle or workmanship; we declare our belief that, as locksmiths, we are equal in every respect to Messrs Chubb, and we are authorised, on the authority of Dr Lyon Playfair, to state that the award of Special Approval was intended to indicate that the collection shown by the exhibitors generally merited approval, in addition to the objects especially included in the medal award. It was also distinctly stated by His Royal Highness Prince Albert, in his speech at the close of the Exhibition, that the Juries did not attempt to decide on degrees of merit, but they rewarded all who had attained a certain degree of excellence. Now, we cannot, and do not, believe the public will have the same difficulty to discover the grounds for such boasting (so different from the conduct of Messrs Bramah, who also received Special Approval with their Prize Medal), and we think that Messrs Chubb should have been the last persons to put themselves forward after the great humiliation they must have experienced in having their locks picked by Mr Hobbs.

We hereby challenge Messrs Chubb to test their claims to superiority before a competent tribunal, as the only mode of arriving at the truth, the judges to be chosen partly by ourselves and partly by Messrs Chubb, and the locks to be those shown by each of us at the opening of the Exhibition on the 1st of May last.

HENRY YATES JOSEPH TAYLOR  
BENJAMIN WALTERS CHARLES AUBIN  
JAMES GIBBONS, Jun. GEORGE HARLEY  
WILLIAM AND JOHN LEA

The above has twice appeared in the "Wolverhampton Chronicle" without being replied to by Messrs Chubb; we therefore leave it to the discerning public to draw the inference.

## OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

Next SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7,

## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

will contain a Series of splendid Engravings of

## THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT,

The Victoria Tower, the Royal Staircase, the Victoria Hall, and the New House of Commons.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

WITH

## A SUPPLEMENT, GRATIS,

Containing a full Report of the Debates in Parliament, &c.

WITH THIS WEEK'S "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"  
IS GIVEN A SUPPLEMENT, GRATIS.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—The back Numbers of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS for 1850 and 1851 are now Reprinted, and may be obtained by order of all Booksellers and News-agents at the published price. The Numbers previous to 1850 can be had only in Parts or Volumes.

## BOOKS, &c., RECEIVED DURING THE WEEK.

The Heir of Ardennes, 3 vols.—The Ark and the Deluge.—Murray's Handbook of Church and State.—A Short Account of the late Disc of Gold in Australia. By John Ernestine Erskine, Captain R. N.

MUSIC.—A Hymn from Sawyer's "Morceaux de Plaisir."—Olivia.—Vocal Excerpts.—"Mother's Shadow."—The Sister's Wedding."—All Hall to the Magyar."

## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1852.

NEVER had a man entrusted with high authority so noble a chance as that which was offered to the President of the French Republic on the first day of the present year. He had summarily destroyed a Constitution which had the fatal demerit of being unworkable; he had appealed to the people to ratify his violent act, and to grant him fresh powers for the government of the country; and the people had answered this appeal by a majority, possibly exaggerated, but most undoubtedly triumphant and decisive. Up to that period, though there was much to condemn in his conduct, there was also much to be said in extenuation, or, at all events, in explanation, of it. But his success, probably so much greater than he anticipated, appears to have turned his head; and every individual act, the whole aggregate of his acts, between the first day of the year and the period at which we write, has not only been a mistake as regards his own position, but a crime against his country and against the public and private morality of all Europe. History offers no example of such prodigious and wanton tyranny as he has exhibited, of such gratuitous cruelty and wrong, or of such suicidal and parricidal outrage—suicidal as regards his own prospects, and parricidal as regards the interests and liberties of that generous and unfortunate nation to whom he owes everything. The wholesale deportations to Cayenne; the banishment of many of the most illustrious of living Frenchmen without trial, and without even the allegation of a crime or an offence; the utter annihilation of all freedom of speech, writing, and action; and the establishment of a grinding, unconscionable, and bloodthirsty despotism, successively astonished and alarmed Europe; and for all these acts he found, unfortunately, that the men by whose aid he effected his *coup d'état* were, if not ready and zealous, at all events obedient instruments. But there was a point to be reached in his career to which not even these men could consent to follow or to be dragged after him. M. de Morny, who served him so effectually in December, discovered his own conscience in January, and, much to his credit, refused to sign the decrees for the confiscation of the property of the Orleans family. Even M. Dupin, whose politics were of the colour of the religion of the famous Vicar of Bray, and chiefly consisted in maintaining his own position at the Cour de Cassation, whatever might be the Government and whomsoever might be the ruler of France, could not reconcile it to his honour, his dignity, or his self-respect to hold a judicial office under a tyrant who outraged justice and common honesty in so glaring a manner. In a remarkable and very spirited letter, which the newspapers of Paris have not been permitted to publish, but which has been given to the world by the journals of London and Brussels, that eminent functionary has administered a rebuke which the French President, callous as he appears to be, must acutely feel, and for which it is probable that M. Dupin may, some fine morning, find himself an exile in Leicester-square, or, worse still, in the pestilential swamps of Cayenne. But such breathless races as Louis Napoleon is running are of necessity short ones. The moral sense of mankind can never be outraged with impunity. It was not so much the mis-government of Louis Philippe, or the ungovernableness of the French people, that caused the revolution of February, 1848, as the public disgust at the meanness of his conduct towards the unhappy Queen of Spain. It was the "Spanish marriages" which rendered all hands powerless to preserve his throne, and which deprived him of the courage to strike a blow for the maintenance of his authority. The Orleans family would, in all human probability, have still been on the throne of France, if it had not been for the disgraceful intrigues which transformed the Duc de Montpensier into a Spanish Prince, and gave his children a claim to the crown of Spain. Louis Napoleon, in confiscating or endeavouring to confiscate the property of the Orleans family, has committed

an act still meaner than that was, and sooner or later he will meet his reward for it. There is a moral grandeur in public opinion, and in the public sentiment of what is right and generous, which no man, however exalted, and however powerful, can brave with impunity. Louis Napoleon is, even now, almost isolated; he has no friends except among the needy, the desperate, and the profligate; and what their friendship is worth—if it be not a dereliction of the name to apply it to the feelings of such people—the records of all human experience abundantly prove. At the first symptom of a change for the worse in his fortunes, the whole crew will desert him, and those who now eat the crumbs from his table will, we may be sure, be the first under such circumstances to consign him to the swamps where he has sent so many of his countrymen, or to expedite a sharper and more fatal catastrophe. That a man who for upwards of three years played so prudent a part, and who in difficulty and adversity appeared to show heart as well as head, should in the days of his prosperity exhibit so lamentable a want of both, is the most extraordinary incident of our times. The old and trite proverb, "Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat," has received a new exemplification; and all Europe repeats it at each new freak of tyranny on the part of the President, and expects at no distant day the inevitable consummation.

## COURT AND HAUT TON.

### THE COURT AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

The Queen and the Prince Consort continue in the enjoyment of excellent health. The Royal hospitalities have undergone no diminution during the past week.

On Saturday the Baron and Baroness Brunnow and a numerous party of the nobility left the Castle. Major-General the Hon. George Cathcart, the newly-appointed military Governor of the Cape, arrived in the afternoon on a visit to her Majesty.

On Sunday her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, and the domestic household, attended Divine service in the private chapel of the Castle.

On Monday the Queen and the Prince Consort took walking exercise in the Home Park and Slopes. His Royal Highness afterwards went to London, and presided at a meeting of the Surplus Committee of the Great Exhibition.

On Tuesday, at an early hour, his Serene Highness Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, who had been on a visit to the Queen and Prince during the previous fortnight, left the Castle, on his return to the Continent.

On Wednesday morning the Queen walked in the Home Park and Slopes. The Prince Consort enjoyed the sport of shooting during the morning; and in the afternoon the Earl of Aberdeen and the Earl of Carlisle were added to the circle of Royal guests.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent has been a daily visitor at the Castle.

It is expected the Court will arrive in town for the opening of Parliament on Monday next.

The Marquis of Lansdowne (Lord President) will give a full-dress dinner to a party of Peers on Monday, the 2d of February, at his residence, Lansdowne House, Berkeley-square.

The Countess Grey has issued cards for an assembly on Monday next, at the noble Earl's mansion on Carlton House-terrace.

The Countess of Ellesmere has issued cards for soirees every Thursday during Lent, at the family mansion in Belgrave-square.

Lady John Russell received a select circle of the aristocracy and corps diplomatique on Wednesday evening, at the residence of the Premier in Cuesham-place.

The Lord Chief Justice entertained a select party of friends at dinner on Saturday evening, at Stratheden House; after which Lady Campbell received a small party of friends.

M. Thiers has left town on a visit to Lord and Lady Ashburton, at the Grange.

ENGLISH EMBASSY AT PARIS.—LORD NORMANBY.—It is announced that the Marquis of Normanby has, since his return to this country, resigned his appointment as British Ambassador at Paris; and that Lord Cowley, Minister at Frankfort, will succeed to the post which is become vacant by the resignation of the Marquis of Normanby.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—On Tuesday the marriage of the Hon. Richard Cornwallis Neville, eldest son of Lord Braybrooke, and the Lady Charlotte Graham Tozer, sixth daughter of the late Earl of Norbury and the Countess Dowager of Norbury, was solemnised at St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, in the presence of a large circle of the friends of both families.

## OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

Preparations on a very extensive scale have been made on the works of the new Houses of Parliament for the approaching session, which will be opened by her Majesty in person next Tuesday. The old House of Commons and adjacent buildings in Abingdon-street, and the temporary wooden erections and hoarding in Palace-yard, facing the entrance to Westminster Hall, have been pulled down, and the whole space thrown open, affording an uninterrupted view of the end wings of the new palace. The entrance to the House of Commons will be through Westminster Hall, a noble flight of steps at the western end leading to the main corridor or avenue of the chambers. The hall will be lighted by several gas illuminations of a spiral circular form, which will have a most charming effect upon the fine and stately proportions of the structure. The entrance of the Victoria Tower will be used for the first time by her Majesty on the opening. The state carriage will proceed under the tower, and her Majesty alighting will be conducted along the Royal corridor to the House of Lords. The entire line of quay, or promenade, fronting the Thames, has been lighted by some 40 or 50 gas-lamps, and from the water has a very pleasing effect.

The Earl of Derby will entertain at dinner a number of the Peers of the Country party on Monday next; and on the ensuing Wednesday and Saturday the noble Earl will give dinner parties to the members of the Lower House who at present sit at the Opposition side of the Commons.

MEETING OF THE PROTECTIONISTS.—Several of the leaders of the Country party were entertained at Burghley House, Stamford, during the past week, by the Marquis of Exeter, previous to the commencement of the Parliamentary session. Amongst those present were the Earl of Derby, the Duke of Montrose, the Earl of Malmesbury, the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Burghley, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Herries, Major Beresford, Mr. Newdegate, Captain Vyse, and Sir Charles Knightley. The Countess of Derby and Lady Burghley were amongst the visitors at Burghley. The party assembled on Thursday, and separated on Monday.—*Morning Herald*.

MINISTERIAL DINNERS.—The usual official dinners will take place on Monday, at which the Royal Speech will be read.

PRESENT ASPECT OF PARLIAMENT.—DOD'S PARLIAMENTARY COMPANION.—The varied changes which the personnel of both Houses of Parliament present from year to year render necessary almost every session a new edition of this valuable little work, which has now maintained its position, as the sole standard authority on the subject, for twenty years with the public. Amongst the more prominent of the new features comprised in the edition for 1852 are the following; viz.—Notices of twenty-nine members wholly new to Parliament, or not included in the previous edition, a corresponding number having retired from Parliament, or died; a minute revision of that part of the volume entitled "Constituency," which now exhibits the number of registered electors and £10 householders in the United Kingdom entitled to vote, according to the latest Parliamentary returns; the numerous promotions which have occurred both amongst Peers and Commoners, in consequence of the last brevet, duly registered; notices of four Irish bishops who come into the House of Lords this session, and who had no seat in that assembly last year; also of four Peers who have this year attained their majority; whilst the several changes, or new appointments, amounting to thirteen in number, which have taken place amongst the Ministers and officers of state, within the last twelve months, are chronicled; and the respective salaries of Ministers, officers of state, and ambassadors have been inserted, in accordance with the regulations which have recently taken place. The political opinions and pledges of members also have, as usual, been carefully stated on every important question, and altogether Mr. Dod has imparted to his "Parliamentary Companion for 1852" an amount of valuable information which renders it indispensable to that large section of the community to whom an intimate knowledge of the personal and political constitution of both branches of the Legislature is either requisite or a matter of interest.

EFFECTS OF THE ENGINEERS' STRIKE.—The *Patrie* states that, in consequence of the dispute in England between the working engineers and their employers, important orders for machines have been received in France from various countries.

## CHURCH, UNIVERSITIES, &c.

### CAMBRIDGE.

DEGREES TO MEMBERS OF KING'S COLLEGE.—The Syndicate appointed Nov. 26, 1851, "to consider the steps proper to be taken by the Senate for carrying into effect the purposes announced in the communication received by the Vice-Chancellor from the Provost and Scholars of King's College on May 1, 1851, and to report to the Senate," and also authorised Dec. 10, 1851, "to consider and report upon the grace offered to the Senate on the 29th of October last," have reported:

That, having considered the matters referred to them, they recommend to the Senate that every undergraduate Fellow of King's College proceeding to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, who shall have been admitted Scholar after May 1, 1851, upon whom, therefore, it will be incumbent to pass the examination entitling to admission *ad respondentum questionis*, shall be required, upon his application for such admission, to submit to the *caput* the usual certificate of terms, duly signed and sealed, and to present the same *supplicat*, and to pay the same fees, as a member of any other college.

Also, that every such person, upon his application for admission to the degree of Master of Arts, shall, in like manner, present the same *supplicat*, pay the same fees, and proceed according to the same form and rules as a member of any other college.

The Syndicate further recommend, that any undergraduate Fellow of King's College admitted Scholar before the 1st of May, 1851, who may, with permission of his college, offer himself to be examined at one of the Questionists' examinations, shall be bound, before admission *ad respondentum questionis*, to satisfy the Vice-Chancellor that he has passed all the examinations entitling to such admission. And that to every such person admission shall be granted to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts, upon a grace for allowing him to enter the Regent-house being shown to the Vice-Chancellor, and approved by the regents, as at present; and that no certificate of terms, or *supplicat*, or additional fees, shall be required of such person.—RICH'D. OKES, Vice-Chancellor; H. Philipps, James Cartmell, Joseph Romilly, R. H. Wilkins, Geo. F. Reyner, W. F. Witts.

A grace to confirm the above report will be offered to the Senate at the congregation on Wednesday, the 18th of February; at which time the Vice-Chancellor will read to the Senate the communication of the Provost and Scholars of King's College, dated May 1, 1851.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, BIRMINGHAM.—The Royal assent has been given to the supplemental charter of the Queen's College in this town, and the great seal attached to it. Amongst other privileges conferred on the town and midland district by this act of Royal favour, the supplemental charter enacts, in order to promote the mining and manufacturing interests, "That students who have completed not less than a three years' course of instruction in the engineering and architectural departments of the said college, and have passed, to the satisfaction of the examiner or examiners to be appointed by the council of the said college, three public examinations, shall be entitled to the academic rank of civil engineer in the said college, and receive from the principal a diploma under the seal of the college." Her Majesty's further will and pleasure is, that two members of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers and two members of the Architectural Society established in Birmingham, to be elected by their respective societies previously to the annual general meeting of the governors of the said college, shall be members of the council of the said college." It is also enacted, "That two members of the Law Society established in Birmingham, to be elected by the said society previously to the annual general meeting of the governors of the said college, shall be members of the council of the said college." Her Majesty has likewise been graciously pleased to nominate a committee of council of the theological department, with important privileges, and powers to act in such a manner as shall appear to them best calculated to promote the purposes intended by the said department.

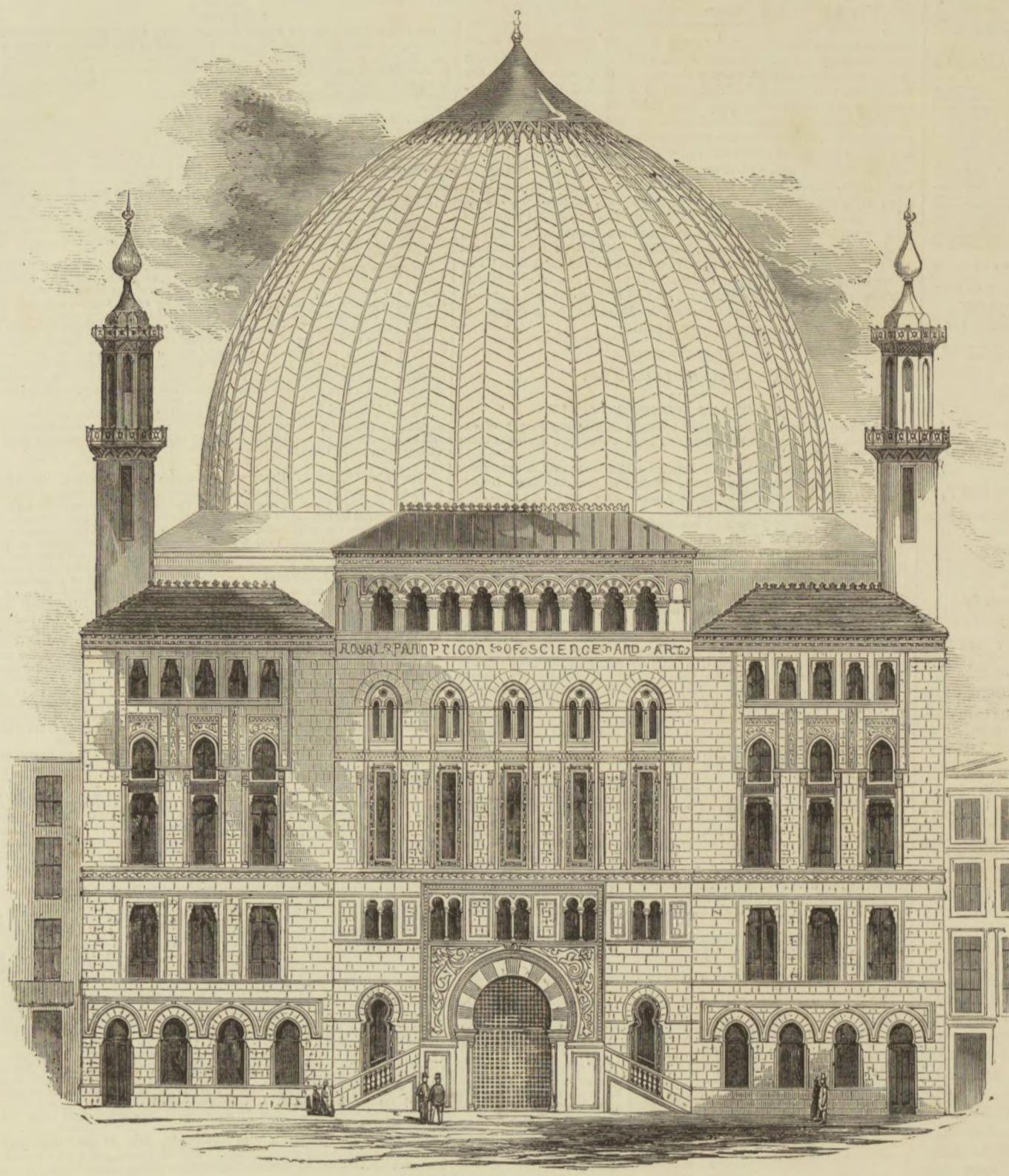
PREFERMENTS AND APPOINTMENTS.—The following preferments and appointments have recently taken place:—*Rectories*: The Rev. Frederick George Blomfield, to St. Alphege, London; the Rev. E. Brafsford, to Fordwich, Kent; the Rev. Richard Syndercombe Bryan, to East Worlington, Devon; the Rev. H. A. Bowles, to Merrow, Surrey; the Rev. Henry Charles Thornton Hildyard, to Rowley, in the county of York; the Rev. W. Y. Nutt, to Col. Overton, Leicestershire; the Rev. R. Pugh, to Llanycil, Bala, Merionethshire; the Rev. R. Surtees, to Holtby, Yorkshire; the Rev. J. Parkinson Bayly Young, to Wilsford, Lincolnshire. *Vicarages*: The Rev. C. F. Cook, to Diseworth, Leicestershire. The Rev. Dr. Woolley, to be Principal of University College, and Professor of Classical Literature in the University of Sydney, New South Wales.

TESTIMONIALS.—The following clergymen have recently received testimonials of esteem and affection:—The Rev. Isaac Urban Cooke, vicar of East Lulworth and vicar of Coombe Keynes with Wool, Dorset, from the inhabitants of the new district incumbency of Wool Chapel, on his retiring from amongst them; the Rev. Thomas George Postlewhite, from the parishioners of East Stonehouse, Plymouth, on his retirement from the curacy; the Rev. Dr. Mills, on his resigning the mastership of the grammar-school and incumbency of St. John's, Exeter, from the parishioners and the pupils; the Rev. R. Paul Bent, late curate of St. Matthew, Wolverhampton; the Rev. Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D., vicar of Leids, from a few of his attached parishioners; the Rev. Francis Humphrey, late curate of Hensingham, Cumberland; the Rev. H. Sutton, rector of St. Paul's, Covent-garden, London; the Rev. John William Laughlin, curate of Christ Church, Bermondsey, Surrey; the Rev. Evan Lewis, curate of Llanlliechid, Carnarvonshire; the Rev. Irwin Lloyd, minister of St. Peter's, De Beauvoir-town, London; the Rev. Henry Lloyd Oswell, late perpetual curate of Stoulton, near Worcester; the Rev. A. G. Pemberton, incumbent of St. John's, Kensal-green, Middlesex; Rev. J. M. R. Rawlins, curate of Hurstbourne Tarrant and Verham Dean, Hampshire; the Rev. Thos. Kearsey Thomas, late vicar of Weybread, Suffolk; the Rev. W. M. Schnibben, from some of the parishioners of Wigton, Cumberland.

The Rev. James Brown, who has lately resigned the chaplaincy of Norwich Castle (which appointment he held 27 years), has been awarded an annuity of £150 per annum, in consideration of his services during that long period.

## LAW INTELLIGENCE.

MILLER v. SALOMONS.—THE JEWS IN PARLIAMENT.—In the Court of Exchequer, last Monday, at the sittings in Banco, Mr. Serjeant Channell (with whom was Mr. M'Namara) appeared for the plaintiff to argue the special verdict as agreed upon at the trial before Mr. Baron Martin. The action was in form of debt for three penalties of £500 each, alleged to have been incurred by the defendant by reason of his having sat and voted three times as member for Greenwich, without having previously taken the oath of abjuration in the form prescribed by law. The special verdict found that the name of her present Majesty had been substituted in the form of the oath tendered to the defendant, by the authority of the House of Commons, in lieu of that of King William, and that the defendant had taken that oath, omitting the words "on the true faith of a Christian," after having taken the oath of allegiance and supremacy on the Old Testament, as the form of oath binding on his conscience, and that he had then sat and voted. Mr. Serjeant Channell submitted, at great length, in a very able argument, that the defendant had not, under the above facts,



THE ROYAL PANOPTICON, LEICESTER-SQUARE.

THE ROYAL PANOPTICON OF SCIENCE AND ART,  
LEICESTER-SQUARE.

THE building now in course of erection on the eastern side of Leicester-square, by the Corporation of the Royal Panopticon of Science and Art, will, it is expected, present a finished specimen of the Saracenic style of architecture, a style which has as yet no perfect exemplification in the metropolis; and, while on the one hand the erection in question will attempt to convey to the spectator a model of Moorish grandeur, it will, at the same time, be no servile copy of any existing edifice. The splendid remains at Cairo have afforded much that is now reproduced; and it is from an actual Daguerreotype of one of the mosques that the model of the dome has been taken, whose intrinsic beauty in this instance affords an ample apology for the strict adhesion of the architect to the magnificent original. The imposing facade which this structure will present towards Leicester-square will be by no means diminished by the two lofty

minarets which rise on either side to a height of upwards of 100 feet; and from which, we understand, it is proposed to exhibit powerful lights.

Passing through the vestibule or entrance, the spectator will be at once ushered into a grand circular hall of a diameter of ninety-seven feet, surrounded by three galleries, placed one above the other in the circumference of the building; and destined, as well as the centre, for the reception of works of art and industry, models of manufactures and scientific apparatus, and thus to afford the most agreeable opportunity to the sight-seer to mingle instruction with amusement. We must not forget, however, to mention that a very considerable space in the great circular hall will be allotted to an extremely large and powerful organ, to be built for the Corporation by Messrs. W. Hill and Co., whose success at Birmingham warrants every expectation which the most sanguine can form as to the compass and execution of the instrument entrusted to their construction.

The other portions of the building, though less striking, will nevertheless be first-rate of their kind: the lecture-rooms, laboratory, and offices will be of such dimensions and finish as will well warrant the beauty of the external edifice.

The original promoter of the institution is Mr. E. M. Clarke, who, having obtained the Royal charter under which the institution has been founded, has parted with the same to the gentlemen now forming the Council, at whose deliberations he, however, assists.

## REMAINS OF AN ECCLESIASTIC DISCOVERED IN ST. STEPHEN'S CRYPT, WESTMINSTER.

On the afternoon of Saturday week, the body of an ecclesiastic, presumed to have been of some eminence from the position in which the corpse was found, was discovered by the workmen employed in removing part of the north wall of the crypt, necessary to the restoration of the edifice, which is intended to serve as a chapel to the House of Commons.

The body was found lying with the feet to the east, on the right hand of the altar—a situation appropriated only to a founder or other personage of superior dignity. The remains are those of a tall man, measuring full six feet. They are closely wrapped in linen, sewed longitudinally, and tied round by strings at-

tached to the seams. The right arm was accidentally broken off a little below the shoulder when the discovery was made. The left leg still remains embedded in the rubble of the wall. On the right foot are the remains of a leather shoe. A pastoral staff, probably of cedar, lies diagonally from the left shoulder to the outer side of the right foot: the head of the staff is carved in an elegant foliage, and the stem cusped. The remarkable feature in this discovery consists in the circumstance of the body having been literally built into the masonry of the wall, without coffin or any enclosure, except the linen shroud in which it is wrapped; and by this it would appear to have been there deposited at the erection of the edifice; but whether translated to this situation or originally so buried, cannot be conjectured. The body lies a little obliquely to the line of the walk.

The accompanying View of the north angle of the east end of the Crypt shows the situation in which the body was found.

St. Stephen's Chapel was founded by King Stephen, in the seventh year of his reign, and dedicated to the martyr of that name. King John granted the custody of the Chapel to Baldwin, Clerk of his Exchequer. It was rebuilt by Edward III. in 1347, and a dean, twelve secular canons, thirteen vicars, four clerks, six choristers, a verger, and a keeper were appointed to serve in it. In modern times the Crypt was appropriated as a refectory, having been used for the Speaker's dinners. The ornamentation of this edifice is in the best style of the fourteenth century, and the bosses are remarkably large and fine, containing representations of the martyrs of saints. They have originally been elaborately enriched with painting and gold.

A correspondent of the *Globe* suggests that the body is that of William Lyndwoode, Bishop of St. David's and Keeper of the Privy Seal, who founded a chantry in the chapel of St. Stephen by deed, and died in 1446, as on reference to the patent roll of 32 Henry 4, m. 4, there will be found an entry of a licence, dated 19th of July, from the King to "Robert Pyke, clerk, and Adrian Grenbough, executors of William Lyndwoode, lately Bishop of St. David's and Keeper of the Privy Seal, for the foundation of a perpetual chantry in the under chapel of St. Stephen, within the King's Palace of Westminster, for two perpetual chaplains, or at least for one perpetual chaplain, to celebrate Divine service daily in the aforesaid chapel, or one of them in the under chapel (St. Mary's), and the other at the chapel of St. Mary de la Perva, situated near the King's said chapel of St. Stephen, for the healthful estate of the King and his consort Margaret, Queen of England, and their souls when they shall die; and also for the soul of the aforesaid Bishop, whose body lies buried in the said under chapel," &c.

## WATCH OF KING CHARLES I

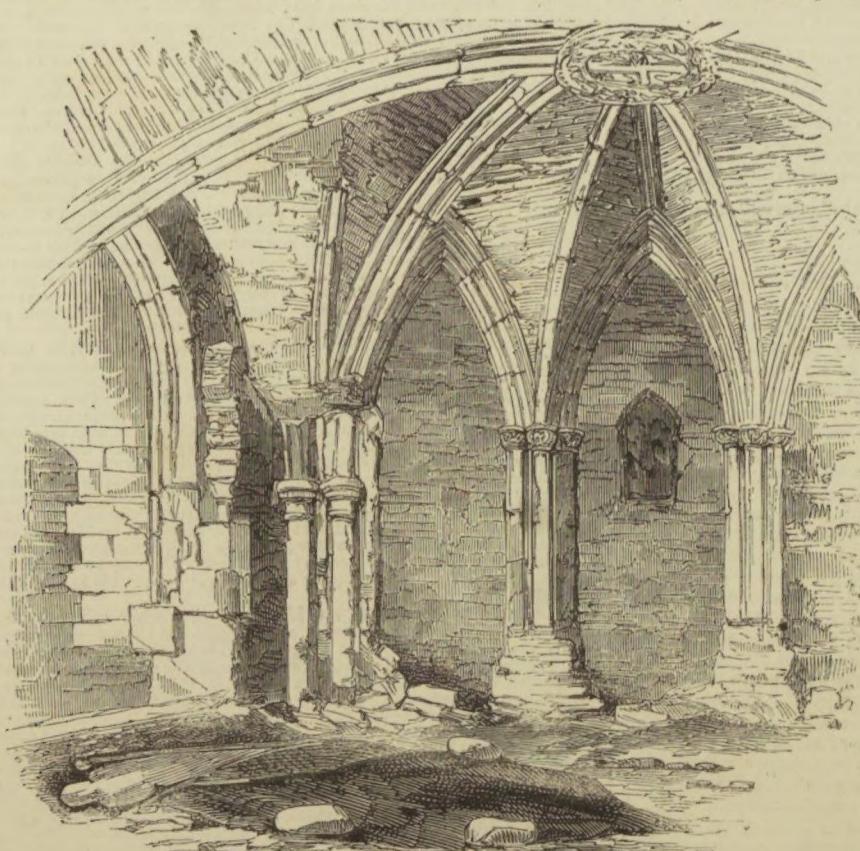
In the Exhibition of Mediæval Art, held in the rooms of the Society of Arts, in 1850, was shown the interesting relic which forms the subject of our Engraving. It is the silver Clock Watch which had been constantly used by King Charles I., and given by him to Sir Thomas Herbert on the morning of his execution, Jan. 30, 1649. It has descended as an heirloom to its present possessor, W. Townley Mitford, Esq., by whose kindness it was shown at the Society of Arts.



WATCH OF KING CHARLES I.



The face of the Watch is beautifully engraved, and the back and rim are elaborately engraved and pierced with foliage and scroll-work. From its undoubted authenticity, this is probably one of the most interesting relics of King Charles I. now remaining; and from its being one of his last gifts, it is the more historically interesting.



CRYPT OF ST. STEPHEN'S, WESTMINSTER.



REMAINS OF AN ECCLESIASTIC, FOUND AT ST. STEPHEN'S, WESTMINSTER.



STATE BALL AT THE TUILERIES.—RECEPTION IN THE SALLE DES MARECHAUX.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

## PARIS FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

The New Year has been commenced in Paris with a series of ceremonies which have been characterised by the most brilliant toilettes. The inauguration at Notre Dame, the ball at the Hôtel de Ville, and the representation at the Opera, presented rare displays; but the grand ball at the Tuilleries outshone them all. The Notre Dame ceremony brought out the walking and morning dresses. The bonnets were of exquisite

freshness, and were generally trimmed with feathers, flowers, and jet. We noticed that the richer Cashmere shawls had been somewhat laid aside, and that cloaks entirely of velvet predominated. Jet, lace, embroidery, braids, &c. covered them almost all over. The long shawls are found to be rather heavy, and to crush the richly-trimmed toilette which is now in fashion: the fronts of the bodies, which are trimmed with lace, puffs of ribbon, and the slight quillings, cannot bear the weight of a shawl. The cloak, which is lighter, is accordingly preferred; and beneath it a guess may be made of the elegance of the waist. The materials for dresses are still the same; except that the antique watered silks, which were made plain or with large patterns, are to be seen at balls and parties striped and coloured, after the well-known Pompadour taste—a fashion till now applied to lighter fabrics. A few years back, jewellery was only worn on the head, and the varure

of other days was composed of the necklace (the most important part), the comb, the earrings, and the diadem. This jewellery was afterwards laid aside, and bracelets alone were to be seen, several being worn at the same time. In the present day people have gone back to the Gothic



PARIS FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

and *Renaissance*; and in the invention of artistic jewellery it has been ascertained that the jewels which ornamented the portraits of the great ladies of other days, in the pictures by Rubens, Janet, and others, were quite equal in value to the comb set with diamonds of our time.

Jewellery is now more than ever worn, and is allowed even with the simplest indoor toilet; we have thus the *châtelaine*, which carries the watch, its key, and a thousand other fancies, called *bracelets*. The waistcoats have introduced buttons; and there are the studs for the wristbands, cap pins, shawl pins, rings, and bracelets—all which remind one of the past, and have brought back the lost fashion of colour stones, as emeralds, rubies, &c. For evening, however, diamonds as head-dress are alone tolerated: the fancies for colours are restrained to bracelets and rings, to which have been added, for richness and brilliancy, the lustre and variegated hues of enamel.

The dresses worn are very pretty and graceful; they threatened last year a complete copy of Louis XV., without introducing the changes necessary for our time or our habits of life, not to speak of our actual good taste, which must be allowed to have made some progress in the past centuries, since we draw from them all they possess that is beautiful, rich, and graceful, to compose our toilets of the day. Gold is very much in fashion; the head-dresses are covered with it—gold sequins, gold blond, gold beads, and gold grapes.

#### THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Antique watered silk dress, with running pattern; body in a point, trimmed with a quilling, grandmamma fashion, and fastened in front by three ribbons, similar to the quilling, and closed by a round knot; sleeves large, also trimmed with a quilling; with under-sleeves of Malines lace; the *fichu* is open in front, and of the same lace; head-dress of ribbons.

*Evening Costumes for Children*.—The little girl's hair raised behind, the two plaits forming a crown on the head; dress of grey taffetas, and little paletot of the same; body with small skirts. Trousers of cambric muslin, trimmed with English embroidery; black satin *bottines*.

*Boy's Dress*.—Velvet dress, trimmed with a braided embroidery, as well as the petticoat. White quilted waistcoat, lace collar, and frill; trousers of English embroidery, and black velvet gaiters. This dress may be worn of any shade of velvet.

*Cap of Malines lace*, trimmed with flat bunches of ribbon; dress quite open in front, cambric muslin waistcoat, buttoned straight down the middle, with a row of diamond buttons; lace forming a quilling on each side of the middle fold.

*Head-dress of Ribbons à la grecque*, with flat bunches; head-dress of feathers on each side, and fulling.

#### GRAND STATE BALL AT THE TUILERIES.

On Saturday night Louis Napoleon gave his first grand ball at the Palace of the Tuilleries. The number of guests was exceedingly great. The first arrivals were as early as nine o'clock, and from that hour until nearly twelve the carriages were, without intermission, engaged in setting down guests. The President entered the room about half-past nine, accompanied by the new Ministers in their official costume, and by about forty or fifty personages of distinction, such as members of the Consultative Commission, generals, and others. He gave his arm to the Marchioness of Douglas, and appeared in excellent spirits. He was dressed in the uniform of a general of division of the French army, and wore the grand order of the Legion of Honour, with a magnificent crachet in diamonds. He walked four times through the rooms in the course of the evening, saluting with marked graciousness such of the guests as he happened to recognise.

The President did not dance. Prince Poniatowski, the Tuscan Minister, at the request of Louis Napoleon, opened the ball with a waltz, the Marchioness of Douglas being his partner. The Princess Matilde was present, and wore her magnificent diamonds, but it was observed that she conversed but little with the President. The President conversed for a length of time with his uncle, the ex-King Jerome, who has been for some time on bad terms with his daughter, the Princess.

It was remarked that the principal men of the former Chambers were absent. No Legitimist was present, nor, in general, were the ladies of the French aristocratic circles. On the other hand, foreign ladies of rank were in great numbers, and particularly those from Russia. The Princess Worontzoff, the Countess Narischkin, and several pretty Polish ladies, were frequently spoken to during the evening by the President.

The number of military men present was very great. There were, however, several Prussian and Swedish uniforms, and a considerable sprinkling of English ones.

Though the rooms were splendidly lit up, and the display of diamonds magnificent, the crush was so great as to spoil the general effect, and to destroy at once the ladies' toilettes. Substantial refreshments of *pâtés de foie gras*, hams, fowls, &c., were provided in the long gallery facing the gardens. A railing ran down the whole centre of the apartment, so as to divide it; and along each side buffets were arranged. But the regulation was that all the ladies were to pass down before one line of tables, and all the gentlemen down the other; thereby preventing the possibility of all those pleasing attentions which ladies have a right to expect from the other sex.

Our Artist has engraved the reception in the Salle des Maréchaux: the walls contain in compartments portraits of the marshals of France; and busts of distinguished generals and naval commanders are placed round the room.

#### THE THEATRES.

##### DRURY LANE.

The lessee has commenced his operatic campaign brilliantly. On the 23d inst. one of the three grand musical operas of Meyerbeer, and, in the opinion of many judges, his finest production, the mystic "Robert le Diable," was performed with signal success; and on the 24th "Fra Diavolo," one of the earliest and most delightful comic operas of Auber, was executed with an excellent ensemble. In these two works the talents of two different companies of singers were put in requisition, and the capabilities of orchestra and chorus were fully tested. Four débuts in one evening, and not one failure, must be assuredly cited as a remarkable fact in lyric history.

In the admirable interpretation of "Robert le Diable," and in its enthusiastic reception by an English audience, the true lover of art progress must sincerely rejoice. It shows how much has been gained in executive skill in this country, and it proves that the faculty of just appreciation has also made immense way. On no former occasion has "Robert le Diable" "gone off," according to the conventional phrase of theatres, with such animation and evident enjoyment of its superlative beauties. And yet the result did not so much arise from the genius of any of the principals as from the general closeness and conscientiousness of the rendering. Schira directed the performance with the greatest tact—he had made himself master of the points of the elaborate and marvellous score, and he inspired his forces with the spirit and precision to do justice to the composer's conceptions. Where the whole was so excellently given, it would be indeed hypercritical to point out the few deficiencies in this remarkable execution. There are some first-rate soloists in the band, and the *obligato*, therefore, of the violin, flute, oboe, clarinet, violoncello, bassoon, &c., came out forcibly and truthfully: a little additional strength in the violas and contrabassoon, and criticism would be dumb.

As regards the new vocalists, that which we have long predicted, as to the self-creative character of national opera, came to pass, curiously enough, on the first night, for it produced a new English *prima donna*. Miss Crichton, on the morning of her début in the *Princess Isabelle*, was an unknown pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, or rather of the famed Manuel Garcia, the master of Jenny Lind and of his sister Viardot, and on the morning after her first appearance she awakes and finds herself famous. Without a single dramatic requisite for the lyric stage, she achieved one of the most brilliant triumphs on record, such was the irresistible sympathy of one of the most magnificent voices ever heard. Scarcely able to move an arm or limb from fatigue and inexperience, provoking an involuntary smile by her most awkward action and bashful gestures, yet did the house rise *en masse* and cheer her, as the rising star of the operatic horizon. Much has she to learn and acquire, but nature has given her such a lovely organ, that study and practice will soon set her at ease, and she has already won the public, ever kind and indulgent for the trembling novice. Her method and execution are, of course, unexceptionable, and her success was the event of the night. Mlle. Evelina Garcia was the *Alice*. She was born in Spain, but is no relation to the Malibran and Viardot Garcias. She has had considerable stage experience, is a clever and intelligent *artiste*, with a thin soprano, the upper notes of which tell in concerted pieces; but her intonation is defective, and the deficiency of middle notes is vexatious, compelling her in the solos to abandon the text of Meyerbeer for divisions which are no improvement. M. Féodor is a Russian by birth, who has sung in Italy with success. It was a daring act to make his début in such an arduous and ungrateful tenor part as that of *Robert*, in which we have witnessed the failures of Duprez, Mario, Fraschini, Gardoni, and a host of *débutants*, at the Grand Opera in Paris, two of whom broke down in the cavern scene, after the duo "Les Chevaliers de ma patrie." M. Féodor, prudently reserving his powers in the declamatory recitatives, reached the trio finale without a break of any kind, singing many portions of the part with so much skill and effect, and commanding an *encore* in the celebrated "Sicilienne." There is much charm in the quality of his voice, and he will be, no doubt, a valuable acquisition. Mr. Drayton is a native of Philadelphia, and was a pupil of the Parisian Conservatoire, an indication of which was manifested in his *Bertram* being based on the Levasseur reading of that tremendous bass part. Although he was suffering from severe indisposition, which caused, indeed, the repetition of the opera to be postponed from Monday last to last night, the outline of the sketch was sufficiently dramatic and impressive, and he will, doubtless, fill it out in more elaborate details on a future occasion. He has a powerful voice, the upper range of which is best in quality, and he displayed finesse in the use thereof in the subdued passages. The unaccompanied trio in the cavern scene

was extremely well sung by Mdlle. Garcia, M. Féodor, and Mr. Drayton, and unanimously encored—the three voices being in good tune to the last.

The *mise en scène*, under Mr. West's judicious direction, was picturesque; the groupings were characteristic; and the orgies of the nuns, at the head of whom Miss Annie Payne gracefully distinguished herself, were well executed.

Auber's charming opera, "Fra Diavolo," was originally produced at the Opéra Comique in Paris, in 1829. On the 3d of November, 1831, it was adapted to the English stage by Mr. Rophino Lacy, and had a great run: Misses Romer and Cawse, Messrs. Braham, G. Penson, Wilson, Morley, G. Stanbury, and Reynoldson, were in the original cast. "Fra Diavolo" is a very captivating production; it was composed the year after the distinguished composer had brought out "La Muette" ("Masaniello") at the Grand Opera in Paris, and sixteen years before he produced "Le Philtre" for the same establishment. From the well-known lively overture to the concluding grand scena of the bold brigand, the interest of the music is ever gay, melodious, and animated; the weight of the admirable *soli* falling on the tenor part, *Fra Diavolo*, in whom, in fact, is centred the interest of the opera, both musical and dramatic, the characters of the two *prime donne* being but of very inferior importance. At Saturday's revival, for the first appearance this season of Mr. Sims Reeves, who made his début on the Drury Lane boards, after his return from Italy, in "Lucia," under Julian's short career as a manager, *Fra Diavolo* was of course enacted and sung by the great English tenor, who has played the part with great success in the provinces. Mr. Whitworth also was heard for the first time as *Lord Alceste*, the *Lady* being allotted to that very clever *artiste*, Miss P. Horton. Mrs. Sims Reeves appeared as *Zerlina*, whose lover, *Lorenzo*, was supported by Mr. Manvers. The two robbers, *Giacomo* and *Beppo*, were assigned to Messrs. Dehaga and Rayman, who were very inefficient representatives of the part. Miss P. Horton and Mr. Whitworth acted and sang extremely well, developing the points of imbecility and eccentricity in their characters without caricature, and keeping up always the tone of good society as people of rank. Mr. Manvers, whose *Rainbault* deserves an especial word of praise, will be a very useful tenor. Mrs. Sims Reeves has intelligence and tact, and is a good musician, but has scarcely sufficient vocal and dramatic powers for a large theatre. In a certain range of light comic opera characters her abilities may, however, be available, if not adapted for the highest-class parts of the lyric drama. Mr. Sims Reeves, in *Fra Diavolo*, achieved the greatest success he has yet accomplished, either on English or Italian boards. It is in every respect suitable to his powers. His singing of the serenade, "Agnes," was perfectly beautiful, and elicited a most rapturous *encore*, and his delivery of the concluding scene was replete with vigour. He well earned the distinctive honour of being called before the curtain alone at its fall.

The prospects of a National Opera are now cheering, if our singers will but set aside their caprice and jealousies, put their shoulders to the wheel, or rather not refuse their "sweet voices" when wanted, and really look to the promotion of art. There is evidently a strong disposition on the part of the public to uphold an English opera-house, and it is to be hoped that there will be no occasion to enlighten the public as to the real reasons why there are such difficulties in providing amateurs with musical amusement and recreation.

"Fra Diavolo" was to have been repeated on Thursday night, and the audience assembled in the theatre expected the curtain to draw up for the opening chorus, when Mr. Bunn came on the stage, accompanied by Mrs. Sims Reeves, and announced the incapability of Mr. Sims Reeves to sing that evening. Mr. Bunn had a medical certificate, and appealed to Mrs. Sims Reeves for its truth; but the cry of "Wolf!" apparently in public opinion had been raised once too often, and the lessee had the greatest difficulty, with all his tact, to restore calm for "Roberto le Diable," which was substituted, and in which the magnificent voice of Miss Crichton had the power of soothing the "savage breasts." Meyerbeer's work was given last night, and will be repeated to-night.

Miss Faust made her first appearance for the season on Wednesday. The character selected for her present début was *Juliet*, Mr. Anderson enacting the *Romeo* of the evening. Never was Miss Faust more finished and artistic in her delineation of the young and fair Italian. The softness, delicacy, and intensity of the passion were exemplified with the most exquisite art. The balcony scene was perfectly delicious; and in the scene with the nurse, consequent on *Pylat's* death and *Romeo's* banishment, the agony and the despair were depicted with a blending of tenderness and power that reached the highest points of the histrionic art. In a word, Miss Faust's acting was throughout charming—wonderfully elaborated, but everywhere beautiful. That so captivating an actress had not succeeded in attracting a more numerous audience, demonstrates with unquestionable force that the attention to scenery, costumes, and other stage accessories, now common at smaller establishments, is as necessary at the national theatre as at the Princess' or Sadler's Wells.

##### HAYMARKET.

Mr. Howard Glover's two-act comic opera, "Aminta the Coquette," the author of the drama having prudently concealed his name, produced on Monday night, will not immortalise his name as a composer. Making due allowance for one of the most ill-conceived and dismal books—we will not say poem—ever wedded to music, the composition is of that nondescript class which belongs to everybody and nobody. Mr. Howard Glover is a composer in search of a style: he borrows from every school, and his music is therefore neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. If one listened to the unaccompanied quartet in the first act, so well sung by Miss Louisa Pyne, Mrs. Caulfield, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Harrison, there was not the slightest difficulty to trace its paternity in the English glee school; and if the hearer's attention was for a moment fixed in the concerted piece in the last act, in which Mr. Harrison, as *Fernandez*, is condemned to death as a smuggler, because Miss Louisa Pyne, as *Aminta*, has jilted him, the striking resemblance in the ideas and forms to Donizetti and Verdi was unmistakable. When Mr. Howard Glover essays originality, his music is ugly, as the ungrateful passages written for Miss Louisa Pyne's wondrous faculty sufficiently proved. Whether it was in irony or in earnest, we know not, but a double *encore* attended the flimsiest and most commonplace air in the opera, "What a thing is love!" sung by Mrs. Caulfield. Of course, the life of the tender tenor is spared, as the village alcalde (*Weiss*), who condemns him to death is proved to be a receiver of contraband goods himself, and, to save his own life, he pardons *Fernandez*, who is united to the remorseful coquette. The scenery and dresses had been carefully attended to; but we fear "Aminta" will be a waste of time and energy for all concerned therein.

##### OLYMPIC.

A new piece was produced on Saturday. It is called "A Conspirator in Shape of Himself." A schoolmaster, *Inigo Inkhorn* (Mr. Farren), ignorant of French, is employed to copy treasonable papers relative to the exiled Stuarts. One of the leaders of the Jacobite plot, *Randolph Hastings* (Mr. W. Farren, Jun.), falls in love with the schoolmaster's adopted daughter, *Bertha Deneva* (Miss Louisa Howard). Among the papers there happens to be one in English, disclosing the full particulars, which *Inkhorn* lays before the Government. The traitors are accordingly arrested, including *Hastings*. The conflict of feelings here brings out the character of *Inkhorn*, and certain touches of pathetic acting on the part of Mr. Farren. Things, however, are not desperate, after all; for *Inkhorn* recollects that he possesses a letter written by the late King to *Bertha's* father, promising to grant any request, in consideration of some important services. The requisite request is, of course, made and granted. Mr. Farren was efficiently supported by Miss Louisa Howard.

##### SURREY.

A new piece by Mr. T. J. Searle was produced on Monday. It is entitled "Annie Tyrrell; or, Attree Copse." The subject is somewhat out of date—poaching being the fault that leads to the misfortune. *Rivers*, the hero (Mr. Creswell), though released from gaol, yet cannot succeed in life because of the brand inflicted by his imprisonment; and, consequently, soon becomes again guilty, and suffers for his crime. All this is homely enough, and was rendered touching by the skill of the author and actor.

##### CROSBY HALL.

On Monday Mr. Love gave a polyphonic entertainment, which was witnessed by a crowded audience. Mr. Love had added to his delineations many characteristic points, and has also yielded to the spirit of the age in the getting-up of the pieces. He has availed himself to the full of accessories in costume and ventriloquism; and, in his selection of pieces, is careful to supply his audience with incident, jest, and great variety of dialogue. His astronomical examination of his supposed grandson is an exceedingly humorous scene; while that with old Charley the watchman, in indicating vocal distances, is perfect in its illusion. Mr. Love is, beyond doubt, an artist; and his art, by long and constant practice, has ripened into excellence.

##### MARIONETTE THEATRE.

New pieces have been added to the performances here. The "Bottle Imp," with a piquant address, by Mr. Shirley Brooks, in particular, has been remarkably successful. "Bombastes Furioso" and "Pauline" continue to be attractive. The scene accessories tend much to the popularity of the Marionettes.

##### WINDSOR THEATRICALS.

On Friday week Leigh Hunt's "Legend of Florence" was performed, the play of "King John" being deferred until next Friday. Mr. Phelps acted the character of *Agolanti*, and Mrs. Kean that of the passive and ill-used wife. This lady, it is believed, will take the part of *Constance* in Shakespeare's tragedy; the other two principal characters will be personated as we have already stated. We may add, that Mr. Wigan is named for *Faulconbridge*. In connexion with these interesting items, we may mention, to the honour of the profession, as well as to that of the distinguished *artistes* themselves, that Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keen had on Saturday a private audience of her Majesty.

**ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.**—Mrs. Fanny Kemble will commence a series of readings of Shakespeare at this theatre on Tuesday next, with "Midsummer Night's Dream," accompanied by Mendelssohn's music, and an efficient orchestra and chorus.

**WHITTINGTON CLUB.**—Mrs. T. C. Foster delivered on Monday her lecture on "Costume," accompanied with illustrations delineating female dress from the hoop to the Bloomer. Mrs. Foster is possessed of a very pleasing elocution, and, being of an interesting person, the lecture was listened to with a sort of charmed attention. The subject was well treated, and as a composition her discourse had great literary merit. The room was numerously attended, and the applause well merited.

#### MUSIC.

##### SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

On Wednesday night Exeter-hall was crowded, to listen to Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," and his music to Racine's lyrical tragedy of "Athalie." Both works were executed, under Costa's able direction, most efficiently. The overture to the "Lobgesang," and that to "Athalie," with the war march of the Levites in the last-mentioned composition, were played to perfection by the band. The introduction of the six harps in the "Athalie" overture had a magnificent effect, only to be compared with the wondrous use made of those instruments in the trio finale of Meyerbeer's "Huguenots," as it is done in Paris, where eight harps are employed. Mr. Vandenhoff recited the illustrative narrative with dignified feeling. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Endersohn, Miss M. Williams, and Mr. Lockey in the "Lobgesang," with the addition of Miss Dolby in the "Athalie."

From the annual report for 1851, submitted to the general meeting last Tuesday, we learn that the receipts for the year amounted to £10,327 2s. 4d., of which no less than £9012 10s. 6d. were the proceeds of concerts. After paying all expenses, the surplus, £1227 19s., has been invested in additional stock. For professional aid go less than £5300 had been expended last year. Considerable additions have been made to the musical library. At eighteen of the concerts during the time the Exhibition was open the number of persons present exceeded 2000 each time, and at seven of them above 2100 persons attended. We published the number of performances, and the works performed, at the close of last season, which was the most brilliant since the formation of this admirable institution.

##### MUSICAL WINTER EVENINGS.

Under the management of Mr. Ella, the director of the Musical Union, a series of six concerts of instrumental music commenced on Thursday night, at Willis's Rooms. These entertainments are conducted on the same principle as the fashionable morning meetings of the Musical Union. The director strives to obtain the co-operation of the most eminent executants, and his first scheme was in every way calculated to inspire confidence in his tact and judgment. The opening selection comprised Haydn's quartet in D minor, No. 78; Mendelssohn's posthumous quartet in E, Op. 81; Spohr's quartet in E, Op. 83; Beethoven's duet in E, Op. 5, for piano and violoncello; and Herr Paner's capriccio, "La Chasse," Op. 34. The executants were M. Stanton (first violin), Herr Schmidt (second violin), Mr. Hill (viola), Signor Piatti (violoncello), and Herr Pauer (pianoforte). With such a galaxy of executive skill, and with the singing of Herr Reichart between the pieces, the "Evenings" have begun brilliantly.

##### MUSICAL EVENTS.

Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was performed last night, at Exeter Hall, by the London Sacred Harmonic Society, under Mr. Surman's direction. Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Miss L. Baxter, Miss Stewart, Messrs. Lockey, Cotterell, Frost, Temple, and Phillips, were the vocalists; Mr. H. Blagrove, leader of the band; and Mr. Jolly, organist.

The English Glee and Madrigal Union gave their second concert at Willis's Rooms on Monday evening.

The fifth and last of the London Thursday Concerts took place on the 29th.

The musical entertainments for next week will be the English Glee and Madrigal Union, on Monday; Mr. W. S. Bennett's *soirée* on Tuesday; that of Mr. W. Bin

## COUNTRY NEWS.

## CONFLAGRATION AT MANCHESTER.

A most destructive fire took place in this city on Saturday evening last, which will have the effect of throwing a large body of operatives (about 300) out of employment for some time. The scene of the disaster was the large cotton-mill belonging to Messrs. Thomas Ogden and Sons, in Dicksen-street. The mill closed as usual on Saturdays (three o'clock), and the workmen, having cleaned their frames, got away from the premises by four o'clock in the afternoon. There was, however, a shafting in the third story which had worked badly, and a mechanic employed at the mill was directed to remain after the other hands had left, to see that this portion of the machinery was got in proper working order for Monday. It was expected he would be able to do this before the day closed. The man appears to have worked till after five, when, no longer able to see, he went into the street and asked a watchman to go and hold his lamp for a few minutes to light him whilst he completed his task. The watchman did so, but, whilst he was assisting the mechanic to lift the shaft into its place, his lamp was struck out of his hand by the hammer of the mechanic accidentally coming in contact with it. The lamp fell amongst the cotton in the creel, between two self-acting spinning-frames of 300 spindles each, and at once the cotton in the frames was ignited: the flames ran along rapidly from frame to frame, for it was an immense building, eight stories high, full of frames and spindles for spinning fine numbers of mule yarn, such as are chiefly used in the Nottingham lace trade. The men at once raised an alarm, and the fire-engines, being within half a mile from the mill, were hastily sent for. This was at ten minutes to six o'clock, and about ten minutes after six the whole town of Manchester was lighted up by the immense blaze, which had burst through the building in the brief interval. Although not less than thirteen engines were speedily brought into operation, neither the masses of water poured forth from these nor the copious deluge which was dropping from the clouds at the time, appeared to check the destructive element for a single moment. By half-past six o'clock the entire mill was on fire, exceeding sixty yards in length by twenty in breadth, and the flames were streaming forth from 160 windows at each front of the lofty pile, till they met and formed an immense single sheet of fire over the roof. The building, though of fine construction for the period it was built, was 27 years old, had no fire-proof floors, but simply boarded ones, which would, of course, be saturated with oil, and these materials burnt with a fury almost inconceivable. The sight of such a blazing mass when the fire was at its height was magnificent, and it lighted up the heavens for miles round. The destruction of the mill was accomplished very rapidly. Floor after floor gave way in quick succession, each falling through with its heavy masses of machinery; and the roof and large portions of the walls were also destroyed at the same time. In less than an hour all that was left was a few shattered walls enclosing a huge heap of broken, disjointed, and blackened ironwork, mingled with masses of bricks, charred wood, and smouldering cotton, the mere debris of an establishment which had been amongst the wonders of the age for the collection of mechanism and the results of ingenuity and skill brought together within its walls. The machines included the self-actors, so wonderful in their productive power, and when at work apparently almost instinct with life and motion, and requiring but little superintendence from human agency compared with the great quantity of work they turn off. Mr. Frost, the managing partner of the millowners, was present at an early period of the fire, and directed steps to be taken for saving some cotton in an outhouse. The crowds of people who gathered round the premises gave willing aid at the engines, but the police were compelled to act with some vigour to keep back the masses so as to enable the firemen to operate with freedom.

The only portion of the mill saved was the engine-house, with a valuable new ninety-horse engine and boilers at the south end. The books were also saved. The property was insured in the Royal (Liverpool office), for £3250; in the Royal Exchange, for £6500; in the Phoenix, for £6500; and in the Liverpool and London, for £10,000: total, £26,250. The loss is estimated at from £40,000 to £50,000. The safe has been dug out, and the contents are not in the slightest degree injured.

**EMIGRANTS' HOMES IN LIVERPOOL.**—The Liverpool Dock Committee are at present deliberating what protection they can legitimately afford to emigrants in transitu, these poor people at present being greatly imposed upon by the lower class of lodging-house keepers. It has been recommended to the committee to erect an emigrant's home upon one of the dock quays, but this scheme is warmly opposed by a large number of owners of property at the north end of the town, who deem that the committee, by taking such a course, would interfere with the trade of the decent and well-conducted lodging-house keepers, who are chiefly tenants of such property, and with the operations also of other parties concerned in the emigration trade. A petition has been presented to the dock committee to this effect, signed by about 880 owners of property and ratepayers. The petition has been referred to a sub-committee of the general dock committee for consideration.

**ST. ALBAN'S BRIBERY COMMISSION.**—Monday was the day appointed by the commissioners for resuming the examination of witnesses at St. Albans respecting the bribery and corruption practised in the borough; but no proceeding took place, an intimation having been forwarded to the Mayor by the commissioners that it is not their intention to resume the inquiry, it being now closed in so far as the examination is concerned.

**FLOGGING YOUNG CULPRITS.**—According to the *Glasgow Herald*, the Home Secretary and Lord Advocate have approved of certain regulations necessary to the working of the recent Prisons Amendment Act, by which magistrates will now be enabled to inflict flogging as a punishment upon young culprits. A pair of taws are to be provided to the satisfaction of the sheriff, and the punishment is not to exceed thirty-six lashes. The flogging is to take place in the prison in sight of the surgeon; and the age at which young culprits, and those only of the male sex, may be whipped is limited to fourteen.

**FATAL COLLIERY EXPLOSION.**—A colliery explosion occurred on Monday morning at Ringley, near Manchester, in the Cannel mine, belonging to Messrs. Knowles and Stott, which resulted in the immediate death of three colliers, and in fourteen others being more or less burnt, of whom two are at the point of death, and three others in a dangerous state. The shaft is from 130 to 140 yards deep, and the workings extend about 200 yards from the shaft, which was generally very badly ventilated. On Monday morning the workmen, 30 to 40 in number, descended soon after six o'clock, and had scarcely got to their workings when the explosion occurred, a vivid flame rushing through all the workings from the direction of the shaft, accompanied with a rush of air and a noise like low thunder, which lasted several minutes. It knocked down many of the colliers, and threw about the tubs and waggons with such force that they were broken to pieces. It is believed that a collier named Henry Page had fired the gas. He had last been seen with a naked candle, going to an old working only eight or nine yards from the bottom of the shaft, and where there was likely to be a quantity of gas collected, to look for a piece of clay with which he might make a socket for his candle. After the explosion all the colliers made directly for the shaft, some of them wrapping their flannel jackets round them for protection, and running on hands and feet to escape as much as possible the suffocating effects of the sulphur. Page was found within a few yards of the shaft, quite dead; and Thomas Lindley and George Grundy, two other men, were taken out quite dead. Page and Grundy have each left widows and five or six children.

## NATIONAL SPORTS.

If the turf and steeple-chase fraternity are satisfied with one meeting next week, viz. the Lincoln Spring, on Tuesday and Wednesday, coursers will have their hands full. Their engagements stand thus: Tuesday: Malton, Baron Hill (Beaumaris), Eccleston (Cheshire), North Berwick, and Dirleton Park (each one day), and Spelthorne (two days). Wednesday: Red Dial (Cumberland), and Ilfracombe (Northumberland), the latter two days. The racing and speculative classes are on the quietus for the acceptances for the great handicaps, which close at twelve o'clock on Monday night. They are expected to be fully up to the average.

## TATTERSALL'S.

**MONDAY.**—A liberal outlay on Hobbs Noble, Claverhouse, Orello, Filius, and Homebrewed, who were severally on the rise, which was the characteristic of the betting this afternoon; in other respects business was dull and unimportant.

25 to 1 agst Nancy	40 to 1 agst Cockerow	109 to 1 agst Urbanity (t)
33 to 1 — Ariosto	63 to 1 — Duran Duras (t)	100 to 1 — Surprise (t)
33 to 1 — Kingalder (t)	66 to 1 — Noasham (t)	100 to 1 — The Muse (t)
40 to 1 — Scarecrow (t)		

## DERBY.

5 to 1 agst Hobbs Noble (t)	16 to 1 agst Orello (t)	25 to 1 agst Filius (t)
13 to 1 — Augur	17 to 1 — Kinerton (t)	30 to 1 — Homebrewed
14 to 1 — Claverhouse	25 to 1 — Lapidist (t)	

## LINCOLN TRIAL STAKES.

3 to 1 agst Lady Agnes	4 to 1 agst Lanthe
4 to 1 — High Sheriff	6 to 1 — Maid of Lincoln

## LINCOLN HURDLE RACE.

2 to 1 agst View Hallo	3 to 1 agst Melford
12 to 1 agst La Gazzza Ladra	20 to 1 agst Hardwick

## CHESTER CUP.

25 to 1 agst Nancy	40 to 1 agst Cockeroow	109 to 10 agst II Homburg (t)
33 to 1 — Ariosto	40 to 1 — Illohorpe	109 to 10 — Wryneck (t)
33 to 1 — Scarecrow	66 to 1 — Duran-Durras damc (t)	1000 to 10 — Burndale (t)
	1000 to 10 agst Galvanium (t)	

## DERBY.

8 to 1 agst Hobbs Noble	29 to 1 agst Kingstoun	25 to 1 agst Filius
12 to 1 — Augur	23 to 1 — Alfred the Great	30 to 1 — Homebrewed (t)
14 to 1 — Orobo (t)	23 to 1 — Lapidist (t)	30 to 1 — Chief B. Nicholson

**RUNNING MATCH FOR THE CHAMPION'S BELT.**—A clever view of this exciting race in Copenhagen-fields has been painted by A. F. Prades; and is announced for publication by Moore, corner of West-street, St. Martin's-lane

**THE STEREOSCOPE.**—The maker of the cheap and portable stereoscope alluded to in our article of last week is Mr. Holmes, 15, Alfred-street, Bedford-square.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

KIESERITZKY, Paris.—Will M K be good enough to forward the December number for 1850, as before request? d7

TYRE MODESTUS is a very inappropriate designation for the person who could believe such an offering deserving publicity. Pray spare us the infliction of any further attempts until you have a better study have given you some insight into the game

R W—Butter that is still; but, as you must be aware, it is only a *riacimento* of the famous Italian problem.

J 11—The article on "Chinese Chess" was duly received, and shall be examined.

ST EDMUND, JUDY—in the Enigma No 710, place the White Kt at K Kt 2d, instead of K 2d

MAJOR J, Warsaw.—The last communications crossed each other. We are impatiently waiting the collection of games played by M Petroff. We know of none others so likely to create an interest here.

J C and T M, Calcutta.—The packet required was sent by the last overland mail but one

URGENCIA—You should write earlier in the week. One half of the communications sent do not reach us until too late for notice.

HONORARY SECRETARY, Preston.—The game played by correspondence between Preston and Lancaster is very creditable to those two young clubs. The latter portion forms so instructive an end-game, that we shall endeavour to find room for the moves shortly.

W B: E G, of Birmingham; and others—All Problems sent this week shall be reported in our next.

ARGENT.—The anniversary dinner of the Liverpool Chess Club takes place on the 11th of February. Address the treasurer, Morton Sparko, Esq., Liverpool.

IRACUNDUS—You labour under a great error. A collection of Chess Games cannot be got through the press with anything like the celerity of ordinary letterpress. To say nothing of the repeated revision of every page of the former by the author to ensure correctness, the capital letters in printing are too large, and the e must be printed, to release the type, because any progress can be made with the next batch; and so on to the last.

JAN.—The distinguishing marks on the King's pieces in the "Staunton Chess-men" render them so vastly superior to all others in playing games over from book, or in recording them, that no person desirous of improving should be without these men.

A COLLECTOR.—The Games and Problems of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can only be obtained by purchasing the back Numbers.

SUBSCRIBER TO THE TOURNAMENT—See the notice to "Iracundus." We have no doubt the delay is quite unavoidable.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No 417, by R M, Beppo, S S; T A, of Hamilton; R E S, Dublin; M E R, Carlo.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No 418, by Mons, St Edmund, Philo-Chess, T W, P T N, M P, Mitre, Sigismund.

SOLUTIONS OF ENIGMAS, by Judy, St Edmund, P T N, St George, Veda, are correct.

All others are wrong.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 418.

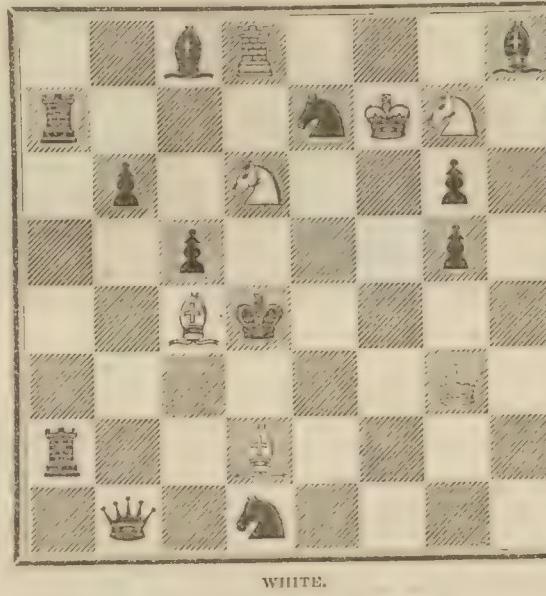
WHITE. BLACK. WHITE. BLACK.

1. K R to K B (ch)	K takes Q B (best)	4. Kt takes Q (ch)	Kt takes Kt
2. Kt to K B 4th	K Kt P takes P	5. Q Kt mates at Q B 4th	
3. Q R to Q R 4th	Q takes Q P (ch)		

## PROBLEM NO. 419.

This capital little stratagem, as ingenious as it is difficult, is the composition of Mr. W. Mitcheson.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in five moves.

## CHESS IN THE METROPOLIS.

Fine game, in which Mr. Anderssen gives the odds of Q Kt to Mr. Craske. (Evans Gambit.)

(Remove Black's Q Kt from the board.)

BLACK (Mr. A.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	24. P to K 4th	K B to Q 7th
2. Kt to K B 3d	Kt to Q B 3d	25. Q R to Q sq	Q Kt takes K P (c)
3. B to Q B 4th	B to Q B 4th	26. R takes K B	Q Kt to K B 6th
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes Kt P	27. Q R to Q sq	Q Kt takes K R
5. P to Q B 3d	B to Q R 4th	28. Q R takes Q Kt	Kt takes Q R P (d)
6. Castles	Kt to K B 3d		P to Q B 4th
7. K to her B 2d			P to K 4th
8. P to Q 4th	P takes P	29. P to K R 5th	P to K B 5th
9. P to K 5th	P to Q 4th	30. P to K B 5th	K R to K 4th
10. Q B P takes P	Kt to K 5th	31. K B to his sq	Q R to K sq
11. B to R 3d	K B to K Qt 5th	32. B to K 3d	P to Q B 6th
12. B to Q Kt 2d	Q B to K Qt 5th	33. K to R 2d	P to Q B 7th
13. P to QR 3d	B takes Kt	34. R to Kt 2d	P to K B 8th
14. K Kt P takes B	K Kt to Q 7th (a)	35. Q B to his sq	K R to K 8th
15. K B to K 2d	K B to Q 4th	36. K R P takes P	K R to K 8th
16. K P to Q sq	Q to K B 4th (ch)	37. P takes R P	K takes P (double ch)
17. K to R sq	Q to K B 5th	38. P to K B 6th	R takes Q B
18. Q to her 3d	K Kt to Q B 5th	39. R to Kt 7th (ch) K to R 3d	Q takes R B
19. Q B to his sq	Q to K R 5th	40. B to K B 5th	R to K R 8th (ch)
20. K R to K Qt sq	Q takes Q P	41. K takes R	P becomes a Q (ch)
21. Q B to K R 6th	P to K 3d	42. K to Kt 2d	Q to K Kt 4th (ch)
22. P to K B 4th (b)	Q takes Q		and Black surrendered.
23. B takes Q	K R to K sq		

(a) This is all extremely well played by White.

(b) With a piece and two Pawns minus, Black fears to exchange even a Bishop for a Rook.

(c) Mr. C gives up a piece, but with ample assurance of more than indemnifying himself presently.

(d) Having gained four Pawns and "the exchange" for his lost knight.

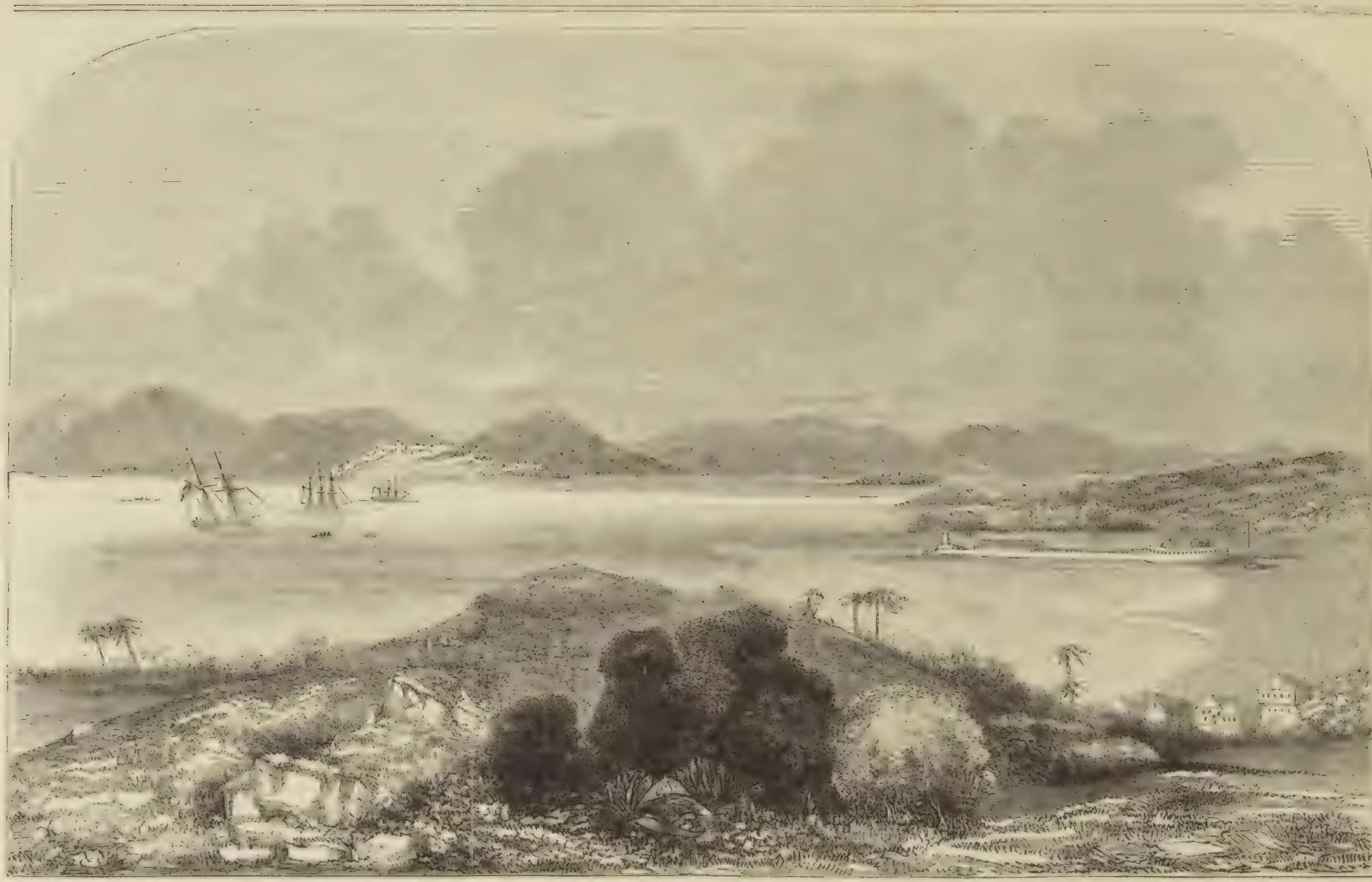
## CHESS ENIGMAS.

No. 712.—*La Régence.*

White: K at K 7th, Q at K B sq, B at K R 5th, Kt at Q B 4th, Ps at K 2d and Q 3d.

Black: K at K B 4th, Q at Q R sq, R at K Qt 4th and K Kt 8th, Bs at K 1st and Q Kt 2d, Ps at K R 6th and K B 5th.

White to play, and mate in five moves.



PORTOBELLO.

## THE UNION OF THE PACIFIC AND THE ATLANTIC.

From the beginning of history, and long, probably, before history was written, the attention of Europe was directed to the rich and golden East, the land whence spices, myrrh, and frankincense were brought to the earliest known progenitors of the European races. With even more than attention, with a fond lingering desire, did the early people of Europe turn towards the East and endeavour to get a share of its wealth and its learning, as if India were, as has been said, the original home of mankind, and that all the children of men were entitled to look on it as a common heritage. Certain it is, that at least as early, if not earlier than ancient Egypt, India was civilised; and its great wealth, the result of art and skill, made it an object of attraction to all who had strength to plunder it, or means to acquire by trade a portion of its treasure. Alexander the Great and Columbus were alike induced to undertake the enterprises that have rendered both immortal, by the splendour that from time immemorial enveloped in the mind of man the gorgeous East. From seeking a short and easy passage to India, Columbus became the discoverer of America; and though that wonderful event, and its consequences, made men forget for a time the desire that led to it, yet was a short cut to India, even after the voyage round the Cape of Good Hope was made, and all its treasures had become easily accessible to the Western World, never wholly lost sight of.

The broad expanse of the continent of North America, and the vast extent to which the other end projected into the southern hemisphere, barred an ocean path to India by the west; but the Pacific Ocean was scarcely reached by the earliest adventurers from Spain, and the narrowness of the neck of land that connects the two parts of the new continent ascertained, before the idea germinated of finding there a means of realising the long-cherished desire of reaching India by a short westerly route. Ever since the Darien expedition, in 1659 (wrote a correspondent of the *Athenaeum* from Panama in May last), has the project of connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans been urged on the world, and especially on England: even long before that, as early at least as 1551, when Gomara wrote, according to Mr. Squiers,<sup>\*</sup> was this an object of speculation. The land was surveyed; but neither the speculations of the early adventurers in that part of America, nor the enterprise of even our own countrymen in 1659, nor any of the subsequent attempts, though the subject appears never to have been long allowed to sleep in oblivion,

went beyond schemes and speculation. The time had not come till our own age—till the mines of California were discovered, and the population of Europe and of the western coast of America hastened to the eastern coast, impelled by the same desire as drove their ancestors three centuries before in crowds to America: till then the time had not come for realising an idea that has long haunted the mind of man, and for establishing, by continuing the perpetual progress to the West, a short road to the East. For upwards of three hundred years have some vague projects been entertained by Spaniards, English, French, or Americans of making a canal across the Isthmus, but it is only now, and only in consequence of many modern discoveries and improvements, that such a project has become at all feasible. The old notion has been, in fact, for some time vividly revived, and a short practicable communication between the two oceans, though not in the best manner, has been actually carried out.

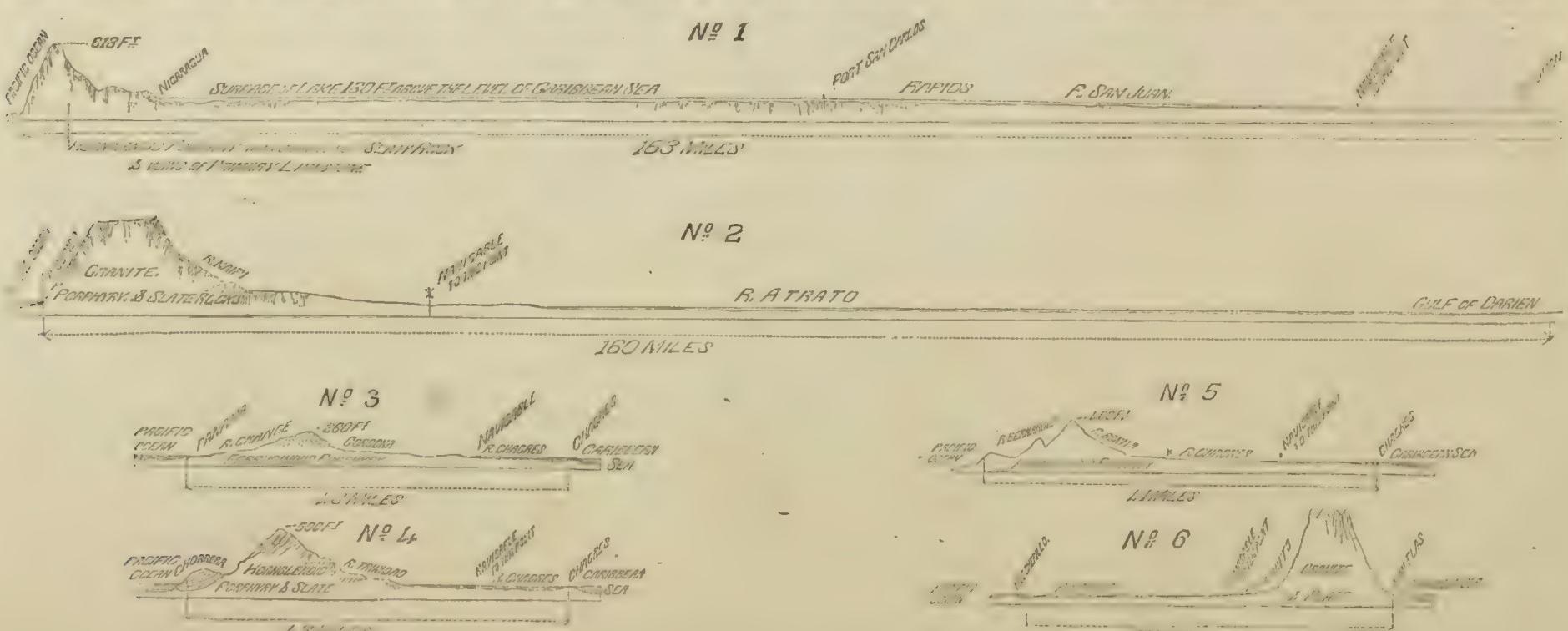
Steam-vessels now go regularly both from the United States and from England to Chagres, at the mouth of a river of that name, not far from the old town of Portobello, on the Atlantic; thence passengers ascend the river in canoes for about twenty miles; and from that point, designated in our sections, they go to Panama, on the Pacific, by mules. At present the passage can be made in this manner from sea to sea in seventeen hours, but it more usually requires thirty. A railway, however, is constructing to connect the termination of the river navigation with Panama, which in a short time is expected to be completed. As an American has expressed it, you will then light a cigar on the Atlantic, and before you can smoke it out you will be on the Pacific. Steam-boats already ply regularly from Panama to Valparaiso on the south, and to California on the north. Between California and India a regular trade is established, and ships continually pass to and fro. It is not unlikely that before long screw steamers will be engaged in the trade, and will ply as regularly as the packets between Liverpool and New York. By means of these the inhabitants of the latter place expect to communicate with Calcutta in as short a time as we communicate with India by the Isthmus of Suez. We reach Calcutta in a month, but that is three times as long as will be by and by required when the railroad projected across Mesopotamia shall be carried into effect. Already many Chinese flock to California, and are some of the best labourers of that new community, and already, therefore, is there a continuous and a short communication between the newest community of the Far West and the oldest community of the Far East. Two diverging families of mankind have now spread over the globe, and the newest civilisation of the West and the oldest civilisation of the East, after many ages, meet and mingle, coming from opposite directions, at the original point of departure. The desire so long cherished is realised, though in a manner different from the conceptions of Alexander and Columbus. The mysterious East is fully and freely opened to all the children of the West. Man's emotions or desires—instincts we may perhaps call them—are truer and more permanent than his ideas, and guide him in the end to achieve wonders of which his intellect forms no conception till they are about to be accomplished.

The union of the two oceans of the East and the West, the wish of so many generations, bringing ancient Japan into contiguity with the youngest of England's swarms—the humbled millions of the Old World with the energetic millions of the New—will give a fresh impulse to commerce, and will give it a new direction. There will be everywhere increasing wants to be supplied, and everywhere increasing means of supplying them. The contiguity will tend to unite into one all the different nations of the earth, and enrich all by the common exertions. The geographical position of the United States, the energy of their people, the vast extent and diversity of their territory, and the rapid manner in which they multiply, will ensure them a large share of the new development; but Mr. Squiers takes a narrow view of the great phenomena when he looks only at them as conducing to the political and commercial supremacy of the United States. In fact, a reference to the ordinary trade lists from the different ports of the Isthmus shows that all the nations of the earth, and particularly England, are sharing in the growing traffic across the Isthmus, as well as the States. Only the humblest red-tape philosophy, which has never got beyond the documents it has bound up, can suppose that commercial supremacy is due to policy, or that the possession of Gibraltar (as Mr. Squiers says) makes the cottons of England favourites with the people of Africa and Asia, from the Pillars of Hercules to the Persian Gulf. All commerce resolves itself into an exchange of equivalents, and a nation only obtains commercial supremacy by being in all respects a better customer. It must do more for others, or it must give them more than its competitors. But, discarding Mr. Squiers' politics, which rather deface than adorn his otherwise valuable work, we will cull from it some of the information it contains of the various routes by which it has been proposed to form either railroads or canals between the two oceans.

There is the route by Chagres and Panama, already referred to, and marked No. 3 in the Sketch which accompanies this article. The route at present in use by the river, and muddy ravines, and stony paths, runs through a country full of picturesque beauty not to be surpassed by the most celebrated mountain scenery in Europe. Latterly the frequent passage of gold dust in large quantities has gathered about it a rather questionable population; but, before that, the mixed races of Indians and negroes, and the descendants of Europeans, were harmless, if indolent, simple, but rude, and lived in the enjoyment of existence at a small expense of manual labour. Throughout the whole of Central America the plantain and maize supply the people, who have few wants, with the chief part of their food, and the plantain and maize are everywhere abundant. Beef, too, is plentiful, and costs about 1d. per pound. For half a crown a man may get a mile-load of plantains. Labour has been purchased for 8s. or 10s. a week. There is on the spot both food and labour; and nothing is required but skill to construct a perfect means of transit. Portobello (of which we give an Engraving), no longer so celebrated as formerly, is still a place of note, and is the nearest town to the starting-point from the Atlantic.

Panama (of which we also give a Sketch), at the other end, is situated t

\* Nicaragua: Its People, Scenery, Monuments, and the proposed Inter-Oceanic Canal. With numerous original Maps and Illustrations. By E. G. Squiers, late Chargé d'Affaires of the United States to the Republics of Central America. 2 vols. Longman and Co., 1852.

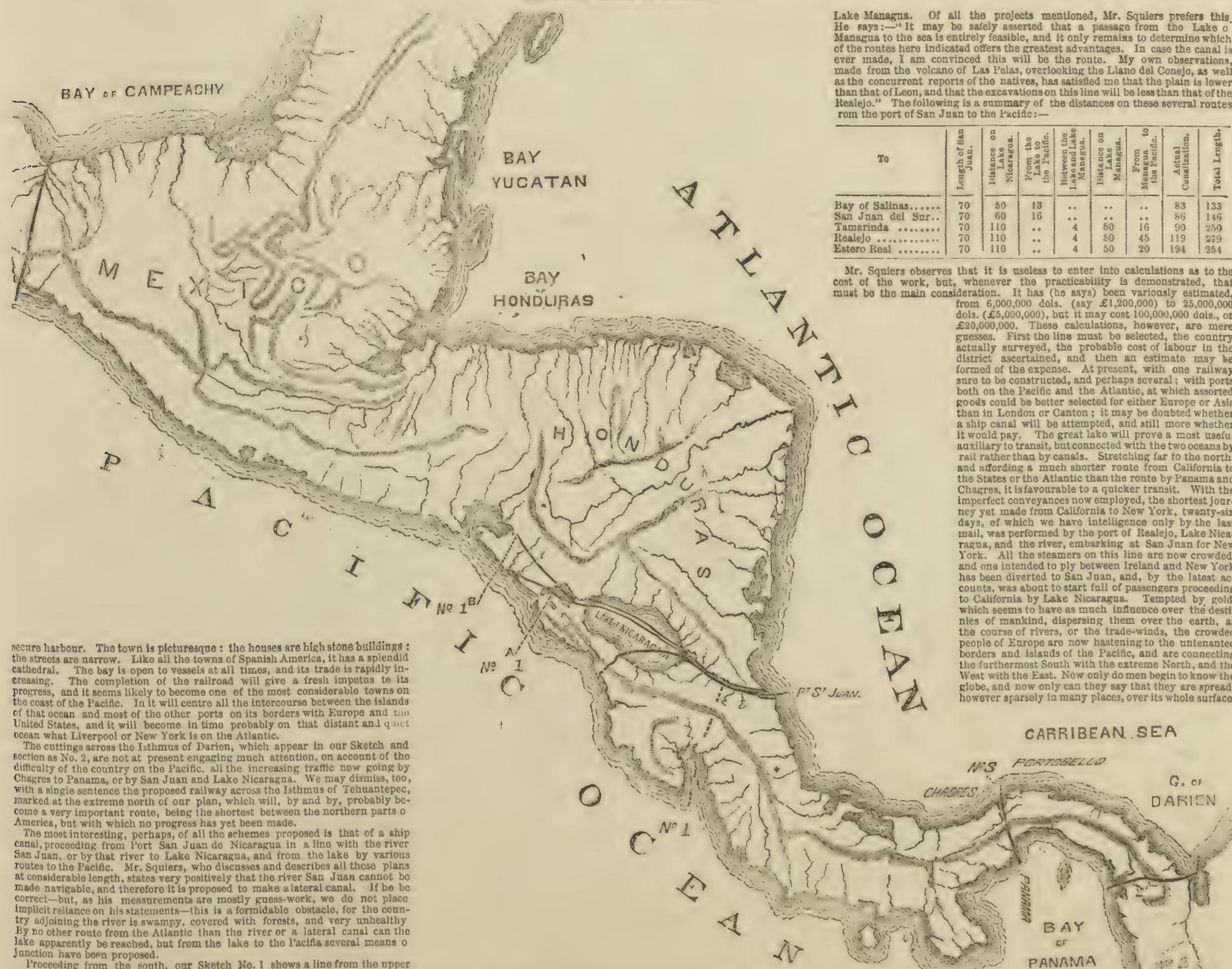


No. 1. Nicaragua Section.—No. 2. Choco Section.—No. 3. Gorgona Section.—No. 4. Chorrera Section.—No. 5. Chorrera Section.—No. 6. Bayano Section.

PROPOSED ROUTES ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.



BAY AND HARBOUR OF PANAMA.

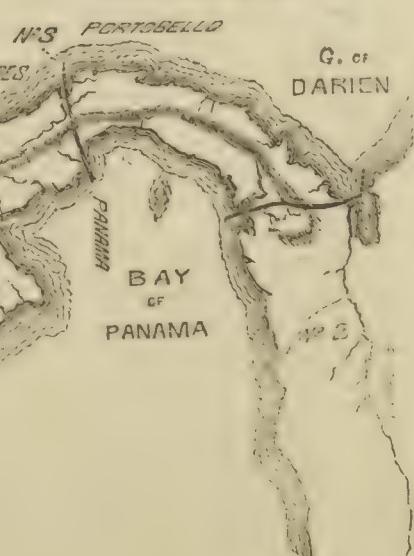


Lake Managua. Of all the projects mentioned, Mr. Squiers prefers this. He says:—"It may be safely asserted that a passage from the Lake o' Managua to the sea is entirely feasible, and it only remains to determine which of the routes here indicated offers the greatest advantages. In case the canal is ever made, I am convinced this will be the route. My own observations, made from the volcano of Las Palas, overlooking the Llano del Conejo, as well as the concurrent reports of the natives, has satisfied me that the plain is lower than that of Leon, and that the excavations on this line will be less than that of the Realejo." The following is a summary of the distances on these several routes from the port of San Juan to the Pacific:

To	Length of Rn. Juan.	Distance on Rn. Juan.	From the Lake to the Pacific.	Between the Lake and Lake Managua.	Distance on Lake Managua.	From Managua to the Pacific.	Actual Canalization.	Total Length.
Bay of Salinas.....	70	50	13	..	..	83	133	
San Juan del Sur..	70	60	16	..	..	86	146	
Tamarinda .....	70	110	..	4	50	16	90	250
Realejo .....	70	110	..	4	50	45	119	279
Esterio Real .....	70	110	..	4	50	20	194	254

Mr. Squiers observes that it is useless to enter into calculations as to the cost of the work, but, whenever the practicability is demonstrated, that must be the main consideration. It has (he says) been variously estimated, from 6,000,000 dols. (say £1,200,000, or 25,000,000 dols. £5,000,000), but it may cost 100,000,000 dols., or £20,000,000. These calculations, however, are mere guesses. First the line must be selected, the country actually surveyed, the probable cost of labour in the district ascertained, and then an estimate may be formed of the expense. At present, with one railway sure to be constructed, and perhaps several; with ports both on the Pacific and the Atlantic, at which assorted goods could be better selected for either Europe or Asia than in London or Canton; it may be doubted whether a ship canal will be attempted, and still more whether it would pay. The great lake will prove a most useful auxiliary to transit, but connected with the two oceans by rail rather than by canals. Stretching far to the north, and affording a much shorter route from California to the States or the Atlantic than the route by Panama and Chagres, it is favourable to a quicker transit. With the imperfect conveyances now employed, the shortest journey yet made from California to New York, twenty-six days, of which we have intelligence only by the last mail, was performed by the port of Realejo, Lake Nicaragua, and the river, embarking at San Juan for New York. All the steamers on this line are now crowded, and one intended to ply between Ireland and New York has been diverted to San Juan, and, by the latest accounts, was about to start full of passengers proceeding to California by Lake Nicaragua. Tempted by gold which seems to have as much influence over the destinies of mankind, dispersing them over the earth, as the course of rivers, or the trade-winds, the crowded people of Europe are now hastening to the unoccupied borders and islands of the Pacific, and are connecting the furthest South with the extreme North, and the West with the East. Now only do men begin to know the globe, and now only can they say that they are spread however sparsely in many places, over its whole surface.

## CARRIBBEAN SEA



secure harbour. The town is picturesque: the houses are high stone buildings; the streets are narrow. Like all the towns of Spanish America, it has a splendid cathedral. The bay is open to vessels at all times, and its trade is rapidly increasing. The completion of the railroad will give a fresh impetus to its progress, and it seems likely to become one of the most considerable towns on the coast of the Pacific. In it will centre all the intercourse between the islands of that ocean and most of the other ports on its borders with Europe and the United States, and it will become in time probably on that distant and quiet ocean what Liverpool or New York is on the Atlantic.

The cuttings across the Isthmus of Darien, which appear in our Sketch, and section as No. 2, are not at present engaging much attention, on account of the difficulty of the country on the Pacific, all the increasing traffic now going by Chagres to Panama, or by San Juan and Lake Nicaragua. We may dismiss, too, with a single sentence the proposed railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, marked at the extreme north of our plan, which will, by and by, probably become a very important route, being the shortest between the northern parts of America, but with which no progress has yet been made.

The most interesting, perhaps, of all the schemes proposed is that of a ship canal, proceeding from Port San Juan de Nicaragua in a line with the river San Juan, or by that river to Lake Nicaragua, and from the lake by various routes to the Pacific. Mr. Squiers, who discusses and describes all these plans at considerable length, states very positively that the river San Juan cannot be made navigable, and therefore it is proposed to make a lateral canal. If he be correct—but, as his measurements are mostly guess-work, we do not place implicit reliance on his statements—this is a formidable obstacle, for the country adjoining the river is swampy, covered with forests, and very unhealthy. By no other route from the Atlantic than the river or a lateral canal can the lake apparently be reached, but from the lake to the Pacific several means of junction have been proposed.

Proceeding from the south, our Sketch No. 1 shows a line from the upper navigable part of the San Juan to the Gulf of Nicoya; but the intervening mountains make that route, it is supposed, wholly impracticable.

The lake itself is navigable: it is, in truth, a large inland sea. Next, then, it is proposed to cut a canal from the south-western part of the lake to the Bay of Salinas, the distance to the Pacific at this point being only 13½ miles; but here again the intervening mountains that run close to the Pacific (the lowest part of which is 258 feet above the sea) are considered by many to be an insurmountable obstacle. A canal in this direction has only lately been suggested.

A few leagues further to the north is the port of San Juan del Sur, and it has long ago been proposed to connect the lake with the Pacific at this point, distance 16 miles. Most of the surveys have been made with a view to this line; but between the lake and the ocean a high unbroken ridge of land intervenes, which precludes the idea at present of constructing a canal in that direction. A railway might answer, but that would not serve the object of sending loaded ships from one ocean to the other.

A further plan is to traverse the lake to its northern part, to pass from there

by a short canal which might be easily made, into Lake Managua, and from this latter to construct a canal to Tamarinda, on the Pacific, only 16 miles. The country is supposed to be practicable: the obstacle is the shallowness of the water of the Managua at the proposed point of exit. A canal must be cut in the lake. The harbour at Tamarinda is said by Mr. Squiers to be small, and not to afford a proper termination for a canal.

Further north, in the republic of Nicaragua, is the port of Realejo, 1 B in our Sketch, which offers, according to the author, very great advantages. The harbour is good, the mountains interrupted, and the canal to Lake Managua, though forty-five miles long, supposed to be practicable. The intervening country is peopled, healthy, and well supplied with provisions, and can be cultivated to any extent.

There is still another project which has been suggested. Far north is the Gulf of Fonseca, into which flows the Rio Esterio. This river is navigable for a considerable length, and a canal could be made from its navigable part to

## METROPOLITAN NEWS.

**CABINET COUNCILS**—A Cabinet Council was held on Saturday at the Foreign Office, Downing-street. The Ministers present were, Lord John Russell, the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Minto, Sir George Grey, Earl Granville, Earl Grey, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Francis Baring, the Earl of Carlisle, the Right Hon. Henry Labouchere, the Right Hon. Fox Maule, and Lord Seymour. The council sat two hours and a half. The absent Ministers were the Marquis of Clariacarde, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Lord Broughton. On Tuesday afternoon another Cabinet Council was held, which was attended by all the Ministers, except Lord Broughton and the Earl of Minto. The council sat two hours and a half. A third Cabinet Council was held on Wednesday, at the Foreign office, which sat for four hours and a half. Every member of the Ministry was present on the occasion.

**INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE**—The first deputation received by the new Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs was on the 23d inst., from the association to obtain postal communication between all nations by means of the lowest practical uniform charge for ship transit of letters and printed papers, formed during the Great Exhibition. Sir J. Boileau, Sir John Burgoine, Mr. Moffatt, M.P., Mr. M. Gibson, Mr. Cole, and Mr. Dilke having pointed out to Earl Granville the advantage and importance of securing the consent of foreign Governments to join in a Postage Congress; having shown that, as regards our colonies, the Minister might induce our Colonial Secretary, Earl Grey, to take some steps; and having proved that, financially, there would be no loss in the extension of the penny postage system, Earl Granville replied that, as vice-president of the Royal Commission of the Great Exhibition, he concurred in the views of the deputation, and that the present was a very happy time for the promotion of their object. He had considered the results of the Exhibition, and believed that they were calculated to strengthen the interests of peace, order, and industry throughout the world. Such objects could be greatly assisted by our foreign policy, if marked by justice and moderation, and if every encouragement that Government could give was afforded, in order to facilitate the intercourse of the inhabitants of other countries with us, so that we might visit each other, and that the mutual communication of knowledge and ideas might be promoted. There was nothing that tended more effectually towards such objects than facilities in the transmission of letters; and he completely went along with the deputation in the principle which they advocated. There were practical details which must be considered in other departments—in those of the Postmaster-General, and of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He believed that both were considering the subject, and doing a great deal to remove the most glaring anomalies that at present existed in the Post-office communication. It was a question whether the object of an international postage should be negotiated at once with other countries, or in detail with individual Governments. He would communicate to his colleagues what had been stated to him on that occasion, and do everything in his power to assist the views of the deputation. He concluded by expressing his sense of the attention and labour which were required as a substitute for the great ability and talent of the remarkable man whom he had succeeded in office.

**SOCIETY OF ARTS**—On Wednesday evening the eighth of the series of lectures on subjects connected with the Great Exhibition was delivered by the Rev. Professor Wiles, F.R.S., the matter treated being, "Machines and Tools for working in Metal, Wood, and other Materials." Mr. Isambard Brunel, C.E., was in the chair. The professor remarked on the imperfect exhibition of the machinery and manufacture of this and foreign countries: it was almost impossible to exhibit all the processes carried forward by mechanical conveniences—noise, dust, chip, an unequal temperature, and a variety of similar causes, interfering with a general exhibition of engineering processes. He urged the necessity of workmen making themselves acquainted with the mechanical operations of other avocations besides those in which they were engaged, and of a more intimate connexion between scientific and working men. Referring to prodigies of art achieved by illiterate and uneducated persons with insufficient tools, and to specimens of good carving with a common penknife, he observed what a fool the man must have been to have done so when he might have used a better implement, the "chisel," the recognised instrument for such works of art. On the other hand, it was quite likely that the mathematician would be unacquainted with the practical operations of machines with the geometrical laws of which he (the mathematician) is so well acquainted. The lecturer showed how machines constructed for the most frivolous purposes, such as the mouse-trap and jack-in-the-box, may combine some of the most complex and elementary principles which rule the most elaborate and complex pieces of mechanism. He dwelt on the importance of adaptation of parts to a specific purpose; as a motion might be excellent, but, from excess of friction or other cause, may prove a failure. The action of the planing-machine, the origin of the lathe, the dividing-machine, the fusee-engine (the invention of which he ascribed to an Englishman), Mr. Brahma's lock, the block-making machine (invented by the chairman's father), came necessarily under notice, but, without the ingenious models, diagrams, and drawings of the learned professor, it is impossible to follow his developments. Lord Monteagle moved, and Dr. Lyon Playfair seconded, a vote of thanks to the lecturer, who, in acknowledging the compliment, stated that his models for illustrating various mechanical actions were quite simple, portable, and inexpensive, so that they might be introduced into the humblest schools.

**ROYAL INSTITUTION**—Professor Faraday on the 23d inst. delivered a lecture on a method of measuring the force of magnetic powers with the greatest precision and certainty. He showed by experiment the common phenomena of attraction and repulsion, as evinced by the action of a magnet on a horizontal needle, and cited the general law that the magnetic action is inversely as the square of the distance, which is only true for certain distances, and not for very small ones. He explained the theory of lines of magnetic power. By passing a horizontal needle about a magnet from one pole to another, he showed that at every point it formed a tangent to the curve, or, what was the same thing, each small particle of iron formed itself a tangent. If iron filings or nails be strewed about a common rectangular or cylindrical magnet, they will assume the form of curved lines abutting on the magnet at each end, and having their greatest distance from it in the production of a line through the equatorial axis. If a metallic wire be laid along in the direction of these lines there will be no electrical action; but if it is laid across these curves, either perpendicularly or obliquely, a current of electricity will pass, which may be measured with the greatest accuracy by the galvanometer. In various interesting experiments the professor showed the existence of measuring magnetic forces. By the mere revolution of a parallelogram of metallic wire, he produced successive movements of the needle of the galvanometer; and, by moving it in the contrary way, and cutting their invisible lines in the opposite direction, caused the needle to move also the other way. He considered the earth as one great source of magnetism, and assumed that the magnetic lines of 62° enter her and make a complete circuit the direction of them being shown by the vertical dip of the needle; and argued that if this were the case, by intersecting these lines an electrical current ought to be formed, as he had already shown with smaller magnets. This, in his concluding experiments, he most successfully demonstrated, as we have stated above.

**GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY**—At Monday's meeting—Sir R. Murchison in the chair—Captain Syng, R.N., read the second part of his paper on communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, via British North America, by taking advantage of the St. Lawrence and the great Canadian lakes. Westward of Lake Superior there exist numerous lakes and rivers, the waters of which, though separated, it would be easy to connect, and to reach the Pacific by the Lake of the Woods and the rivers Assinoboya and Saskatchewan. Sir R. Murchison approved of the proposal, comparing it in importance to the connecting the Black Sea with the Baltic, achieved by Peter the Great of Russia. Major Carmichael Smyth was in his favour, as he disliked the monopoly of the Hindson's Bay Company. Captain Syng, in answer to some objections from Mr. Crawford, explained that he wished to see an electric-telegraphed railway established, through his views were directed in the first place to water communication. Sir R. Murchison announced, before the society adjourned, that the subscriptions in aid of Captain Beaton's expedition in search of Sir John Franklin were proceeding favourably, and the Russian authorities had promised to render every facility and assistance.

**INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS**—At Tuesday's meeting—Mr. J. M. Bendall, president, in the chair—the discussion was resumed "On the Artificial Formations and the Local Changes of the South-East Coast of England," by Mr. J. B. Redman, M. Inst. C. E., and many of the views stated by the author in the paper were still further argued. The paper read was a "Description of a Cast-iron Viaduct erected at Manchester, forming part of the Joint Station of the London and North-Western, and Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railways," by Mr. A. S. Gee, M. Inst. C. E. The object of this structure was to obtain increased accommodation for the goods station of the two companies, which was formed on brick arches, at a level of about 30 feet above the adjacent streets, the arches themselves being used as goods warehouses, and the communication between the two levels being effected by means of hoists. This extension was 700 feet long and 36 feet wide. Messrs. Robinson and Russell were the contractors, and they had most satisfactorily performed the work, the total cost of which, including 21 turn-tables, was under £14,000, or about £20 per linear foot.

**ELEMENTARY DRAWING AND MODEL SCHOOLS FOR ARTISANS**—A meeting of the committee—the Earl of Carlisle in the chair—was held on Wednesday, at the house of the Society of Arts, for the purpose of making arrangements for a deputation to visit Bradford and the West Riding generally, on Monday next. The committee were unanimous that, in order to provide means for establishing these schools on a permanent footing, it is desirable that the power of raising local rates at present enjoyed by museums and other institutions should be extended to schools of design.

**LONDON ORPHAN ASYLUM**—On Monday the annual meeting took place at the London Tavern; Mr. James Capel in the chair. The report stated that at the present time, with the thirty elected on Monday, the entire number under the protection of the institution would be 419, making the total number who have received the benefit of the charity 1972. The legacies received were as follows.—£50 from Mrs. Susanna Shepherd, £100 from Mrs. Charlotte Haynes, and £200 from John Thackeray, Esq. The examiners had borne testimony to the satisfactory state of the schools, and it appeared that many of the girls who had entered educational establishments had shown considerable talent. The number of children admitted every year amounted to sixty by election, and the entire number in the institution was nearly 400. The asylum was now becoming inconveniently full, and the only satisfactory mode of meeting the difficulty would be by an enlargement of the building. The annual subscriptions had increased to the amount of £400 over those of the preceding year. The accounts showed that the receipts were £9491 16s. Id., and the expenditure £9311 17s. 7d., leaving a balance of £189 18s. 6d.

**ROYAL DISPENSARY FOR DISEASES OF THE EAR, DEAN-STREET, SOHO-SQUARE**—The half-yearly meeting of this most useful institution was held on Wednesday; Mr. Richard John Cole in the chair. The secretary read the report and the amount of subscriptions received during the last six months, from which it appeared that the institution had benefited by additional donations and subscriptions. The able report of Mr. Harvey, surgeon to the institution, showed that the numbers admitted of the various diseases of the ear, and some complicated affections of the head, during the last six months, amounted to 506; cured 196, remaining in weekly attendance upwards of 300. The well-known ability and success of Mr. Harvey in treating difficult cases in aural surgery renders this institution one of the most popular of the charities of the metropolis, and accounts for the continued improvement in its resources.

**ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL**—On Tuesday the twenty-fourth annual general meeting was held in the board-room of the hospital, Gray's-Inn-road; Mr. Pritchard, Esq., High Bailiff of Southwark, in the chair. The report stated that there had been a decided improvement in the resources of the charity. The committee had received several large legacies, which had enabled them to pay off £2000 of the mortgage. The annual subscriptions had increased, but the donations had fallen short of the amount received during the previous year. The receipts were, by legacies, donations, and annual subscriptions, £7185 16s. 4d.; the expenditure showed that £2000 of the mortgage, as well as £1941 17s. 10d. of old debts, had been paid off. The remainder was paid for current expenses; there, however, still remained an encumbrance of arrears, owing to the great demand upon the hospital, occasioned by nearly 3000 patients more during the past than in the previous year. The numbers were 30,930 out-patients, and 889 in-patients, making a total of 39,929 received during the year 1851. The committee expressed an earnest hope of being able very shortly to re-open a ward containing forty additional beds.

**ROYAL ORTHOPEDIC HOSPITAL, BLOOMSBURY-SQUARE**—The Ear of Shaftesbury, president of the above charity, has intimated his willingness to preside over the ensuing anniversary of the hospital, at the Albion Tavern. During the year just ended the peculiar and valuable benefits of the charity have been dispensed to an increased number of patients. The funds have also increased, although greatly proportionate to the claims of the afflicted, and confident hopes are entertained that the efforts of the committee under the present favourable auspices will greatly advance the benevolent cause.

**DISPENSARY FOR CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST**—The annual meeting was held on Monday, at the dispensary, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square; Dr. Hastings in the chair. From the report it appears that 332 new cases had been registered since the last meeting, making a total from the commencement of 3139 patients, and 384 patients were then attending the dispensary. The income amounted during the past year to £394 7s. 7d., and the disbursements to £349 10s. 4d.; and the liabilities unpaid amounted to £38 17s. 1d. Thomas Stevenson, Esq., moved a resolution that the meeting adjourn to the 1st of March, in order that the committee may in the meanwhile concert measures for raising further funds to pay off the debt, or, in case of failure, to close the charity.

**THE ROYAL JENNERIAN AND LONDON VACCINE INSTITUTION**—The annual meeting was held on Friday week, at the Freemasons' Tavern; Mr. W. H. Ashurst in the chair. The report stated, that during the past year 7800 persons had been vaccinated by the officers of the institution, which was an increase of 400 over the preceding year, making a total of 241,614 persons who had been vaccinated since the foundation of the institution. The expenses of the last year were £310, to which the public had only contributed £286. The total receipts for the year were £327.

**ROYAL GENERAL ANNUITY SOCIETY**—At the annual meeting, last Monday—Mr. Pownall in the chair—it was stated in the report that during the past year thirteen additional persons had been elected on the funds of the society. Out of a list of 123 candidates, six more were elected at the meeting. During the past year five of the annuitants had died, two of whom were 87, and the youngest 72. The amount paid to the pensioners in 1851 was £1188 10s., the largest for nineteen years; but the subscriptions and donations had fallen off. Mr. B. B. Cabell, M.P., will preside at the anniversary festival on the 11th of February. A great reduction had taken place in the expenditure. The society relieves decayed merchants, bankers, professional men, master manufacturers, tradesmen, clerks, their widows, and single females the daughters of these classes, who have seen better days.

**BUILDERS' BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION**—On Tuesday, a meeting was held at the offices of the institution, New Oxford-street. From the report it appears that the society was founded in the year 1847, for granting pensions and giving relief to the decayed members of the various branches of the building profession, and that they had now on the funds eight males and three females. Owing to the great success which attended the ball last year, the committee had determined to hold another at Willis's Rooms, on the 19th proximo, under the patronage of the president, Thomas Cubitt, M.P., Sir B. Hall, M.P., Lord Dudley Stuart, and other members of the nobility and gentry. The amount received from all sources for the past year was £1278 17s. 2d. A resolution was moved empowering the directors to elect committees for the various country districts; as also one appointing, to the large number of applicants, an election of annuitants in May next.

**RELIANCE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY**—On Tuesday the half-yearly meeting took place at the offices in King William-street, City; Mr. T. Prinsep in the chair. The secretary read the report of the directors, which stated that "the accounts of the society exhibited results highly satisfactory, and afforded continued evidence of the prudential course observed in the management. The directors, under the existing state of Continental affairs, had deemed it advisable rather to press for the extension of home business than to seek addition to their Continental risks, and they trusted that members would heartily co-operate with them in developing the principles of the society."

**RENT GUARANTEE SOCIETY**—On Saturday the proprietors dined at the London Tavern; C. W. Johnson, Esq., in the chair. The chairman and other gentlemen delivered addresses, in the course of which they afforded explanations respecting the object's sought to be carried out by the company, and the mode in which they are accomplished. All the speakers concurred in representing the progress of the institution up to the present period as being most satisfactory.

**NEWSVENDERS' BENEVOLENT AND PROVIDENT INSTITUTION**—The second public dinner in aid of this institution, established in 1839, for granting temporary relief and permanent assistance to masters and servants engaged as vendors of newspapers, who, from age, infirmity, or distress, may require the aid of the benevolent, took place at the Albion, on Tuesday; Mr. John Forster in the chair, supported by Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. John Leech, Mr. C. Knight, Mr. Peter Cunningham, Mr. Whiting, Mr. Harmer, Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. Bradbury, Mr. Evans &c. The funded capital of the society is £1250, and there are two pensioners, one a female and the other a male, receiving respectively £10 and £16 each. Mr. Terry, one of the managers, Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Whiting, Mr. Harmer, Mr. Knight, &c., addressed the company. The subscriptions amounted to £160.

**INCORPORATION OF FINSBURY**—A meeting of the members of the Finsbury Incorporation Association was held on Wednesday night, at 17, Southampton-buildings; William Sandland, Esq., of Hutton-garden, in the chair. It was resolved that the committee appointed to prepare a statement of the constitution and functions of the municipal corporations as laid down in the several Municipal Corporation Acts, together with a statement of the expense which would be incurred in obtaining a charter, be requested to report at the next meeting.

**THE ENGINEERS' STRIKE**—A very numerous meeting of the workers in the various branches of the iron trade was held in St. Martin's Hall, last Monday; Mr. Musto in the chair. Lord Goderich, Messrs. Vansittart, Hughes, and M. Chevalier were on the platform. Mr. Usher moved, and Mr. Brown seconded, the following resolution:—"The employers of operative engineers having closed their establishments, and refused all mediation in the settlement of the dispute between them and their workmen, and having further asserted their determination to treat with men individually only, and not as a society, this meeting is of opinion that all trades are interested in the issue of the contest, and that all should support it to the best of their ability." Mr. Newton addressed the meeting at great length, and, in reply to the threats of the masters to procure workmen from abroad, menaced them with the expatriation of the most skilled artisans. Despotism and tyranny, he stated, would produce discontent, the loss of cherished institutions, anarchy, and spoliation. As Englishmen they did not wish this; but, if the employers did continue to oppress and tyrannise over them, there was no doubt but that discontent would be the consequence, and there was no answering for the result. On Wednesday night there was an aggregate meeting of labourers at the National Hall, Holborn, at which resolutions were passed calling for the support of the benevolent public, as they had been, and still intended to continue, neutral upon the subject of the strike, although they had been entirely deprived of the means of support by it, and suggesting that a petition should be presented to the Employers' Association, showing the position and prospects of the labourers, and asking for any sum the association may think fit to advance. To prevent mistake, it is requested that any subscription may be stated to be for the "Labourers' List." Mr. Gooch, the superintendent of the locomotive department of the Eastern Counties Railway, gave notice on the part of the directors to the engineering workmen at Stratford, last Wednesday, that every man contributing a day's pay per week towards the Amalgamated Society would be in future discharged. It appears that the society men have been paid an additional allowance of 5s. per man, and the non-society men of 3s. per man, making up respectively, for the past week, 15s. and 10s., as voted by the executive council last Monday, in consequence of the receipt of large remittances. The labourers, of whom about 1000 are out of work, are very badly off; the council awarded 4s. 6d. to each labourer this week, which, with 3s. given last week, makes a total of 4s. 6d. for the sole means of support on which the majority had to rely. When they were in work they were unable, like the skilled artisans, to save, their earnings being so much lower. About 800 of the society men in London received 15s., and about 70, 10s. The council gave £17 towards the support of the discharged boiler-makers. In Manchester and Oldham the number of men receiving relief amounted to 1968.

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**BANQUETS AT THE MANSION HOUSE**—On Wednesday evening the Court of Aldermen, the Recorder, the Sheriffs, and their ladies, were entertained at the Mansion House. Covers were laid in the Long Parlour for seventy; but, owing to indisposition, the Lady Mayoress was unable to be present. Yesterday the Lord Mayor, according to ancient custom, received at dinner the Master, Wardens, and Court of Assistants of the Fruterers' Company, together with the deputy and Common Council of Coleman-street (his Lordship's) ward.

**COURT OF COMMON COUNCIL**—In the course of the election of officers annually appointed by the Court, last Tuesday, a strong disposition was evinced to effect a reform in the sale of offices under the corporation, and to do away with the exactions of officials in the shifting or metage of corn and fruit. The report of the Improvements Committee was presented. The claims have amounted to £113,090 10s., which have been settled for £85,538 10s. Amongst many improvements in the streets and public ways, mention is made of the disposal of £42,469 3s. for improved dwellings and lodging-houses for the poor. The Lord Mayor acknowledged the receipt from the Royal Commissioners of the Exhibition medals for the corporation. Votes of 100 guineas each, in aid of the life-boat fund of the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Royal Benevolent Society, and the Guardian Society Female Penitentiary, were passed.

**LONDON AND GREENWICH RAILWAY**—The half-yearly meeting of this company was held on Tuesday at the offices in Coleman-street. W. Shadwell, Esq., took the chair. The accounts were read, and from them it appeared that the amount available for a dividend was £9242 14s. 10d. The dividend of 4s. 3d. per share was agreed to.

**CONSOLIDATED COPPER-MINES OF CORFE**—The half-yearly meeting was held on Tuesday, at the offices, Austin-friars, City; Mr. Russell Ellice in the chair. The report stated that owing to the very heavy rains and other causes there had been a deficiency in the quantity of produce since their last meeting. The state of their affairs enabled the directors to pay a dividend of £2 per share.

**AFFAIRS OF FRANCE**—At a meeting on Tuesday, at the large hall, Cowper-street, City-road, strong resolutions were passed against the system of "lawless despotism now reigning supreme throughout Europe," and expressing sympathy for the cause of liberty abroad. General Hauss, who it was stated had fought for freedom at Vienna and Rome, was one of the speakers.

**EXPEDITION TO CENTRAL AFRICA**—The friends of this expedition will be glad to learn that supplies have been sent out to enable the travellers to undertake the important part of the journey from Bornou to the shores of the Indian Ocean. Lord Palmerston had liberally granted a further sum of £800 for the mission, after having received the interesting accounts of Dr. Barth's Journey to Adamawa, and of Dr. Overweg's exploration of Lake Tsad and the Bidduma Islands. Instructions have been forwarded, too, by the Foreign-office to Captain Homerton, the British agent at Zanzibar, to supply all the wants of the traveller as soon as they shall make their appearance on the coast. Furthermore, a request of Dr. Overweg for a supply of certain English goods has been complied with, and a sum of £65 assigned for that purpose by the Foreign-office. The goods have already been carefully purchased, in accordance with the specific lists sent home by Dr. Overweg, and are now on their way to Africa.

**THE WATER QUESTION**—On Tuesday evening the standing orders were declared to be complied with in the case of the several bills of the New River, the East London, the Chelsea, the Grand Junction, the Southwark and Vauxhall, the Lea River, the London and Watford, and the Wandsworth Companies. The objects of these bills are those of obtaining increased powers so as to make the water supply to the metropolis more efficient.

## NAVAL AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

**THE KAFFIR WAR.**—General Cathcart, accompanied by his staff, will take his passage for the Cape from Portsmouth in a few days in her Majesty's steam sloop of war *Hydra*, Commander Belgrave, which is about to proceed to the colony and to remain on that station. The new Minie rifles ordered for the Cape are not to be confined to the 43d Regiment, as stated, but will be distributed amongst the best marksmen of the different regiments engaged. First Lieutenant Arthur Charles Greville, of the 60th Rifles, serving at the Cape, is appointed second aide-de-camp to the Governor, General Cathcart. Three wagons loaded with ball cartridges, with 1 mounted sergeant, 1 trumpeter, 6 gunners and drivers, with 12 horses, and one non-commissioned officer, and 10 dismounted gunners as escort, left the Royal Arsenal on Saturday last, under the command of Lieutenant Barry, of the B field-battery, for the Bricklayers' Arms railway terminus, for conveyance by special train to Portsmouth, where they will be shipped on board the *Hydra* steam-sloop for the Cape of Good Hope. Major-General the Hon. George Cathcart arrived in town on Tuesday morning from Windsor Castle. The General had an interview with Earl Grey in the afternoon, at the Colonial-office.

**THE DEFENCES OF THE COUNTRY.**—Several gentlemen of the Stock Exchange have agreed to form a rifle club, to meet for practice at Woolwich, where the authorities have placed at their disposal proper space for firing. The subscription of members will be £2 2s per annum, of which £1 1s. is to be appropriated to prizes for the best shots, and £1 1s. for general expenses. Each member is to provide himself with a rifle, and to pay for such ammunition as he may use. The committee will engage an eminent rifle-maker to supply efficient rifles at a moderate cost, and competent instructors in rifle-shooting will be on the ground when required. None but members or subscribers will be allowed to be present at the ordinary practice, but meetings will be fixed when members' friends may attend. The club to be managed by a committee selected by the members.

**AUGMENTATION OF THE ARMY.**—It is now certain that an augmentation of the army will take place. We understand that within the last few days orders have been issued to raise recruits in anticipation of this augmentation. This increase, it is now settled, will be in the infantry, and will, we hear, be effected by raising all regiments at home from 750 to 1000 rank and file each. Some other changes are to be made, but we understand that the entire augmentation will be about 10,000 men—no officers are, it is said, to be added. The measure in detail will be shortly published.—*Daily News*.

**THE ENGLISH FLEET.**—Orders are said to have been sent out recalling to England three of the principal ships composing the squadron now lying in the Tagus; and as many of the vessels which contribute to form our fleet in the Mediterranean.—*Daily News*.

A commission, consisting of Major-General Carden, of the Royal Engineers; Colonel Colquhoun, of the Royal Artillery; and Sir R. Belcher, R.N., has been appointed to examine and report on the state of the defences in the Channel Islands.

**RUOMRED ARMING OF THE RURAL POLICE.**—A rumour has obtained currency amongst the rural constabulary, within the last few days, that the Government have it in contemplation to arm the various bodies of the county police in this kingdom with guns and bayonets, after the manner of the Irish constabulary, and that the constables will in future be enlisted for a period of seven years.—*Manchester Courier*.

**THE FRENCH ARMY.**—The *United Service Gazette* has the following:—"It is rumoured in well-informed quarters that, in the budget to be presented to the French Legislature upon its assembling, a proposal will be made, emanating from the highest authority in the Republic, for the reduction of the French army. This, taken in connexion with the pacific tone of the circular to the European powers, ought to disarm apprehension."

**THE 'PRESERVED' MEAT.**—The *Heceta*, arrived on Friday week at Portsmouth from the coast of Africa, has brought home 2477 lb. of Goldner's "preserved meat" to return—529 lb. from Ascension, and 1848 lb. from Sierra Leone. The character given this stuff by those who have been "condemned" to partake of it is worse than any yet ascribed to it.

**NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.—THE SCREW.**—The Admiralty have ordered the *Windsor Castle*, of 124 guns, now building at Pembroke, to be cut in two amidships, in order to introduce about 23 feet of midship body, and also to be lengthened astern to receive the screw and engines of 780-horse power made by Mr. Robert Napier, of Glasgow, originally for the *Sinope*. The *Royal Albert*, 120, building at Woolwich, it is said, is also to be adapted for the screw, to be propelled by the engines of 620-horse power made by Seaward for the *Euphrates*, thus bringing into us some of the engines of large power now lying on hand.

## THE LOSS OF THE "AMAZON."

On Monday an official investigation was commenced at the Privy Council office by the naval department of the Board of Trade (Captains Beechey, Walker, and Henderson), under the act 14th and 15th Vict., cap. 79, which came into force only a few days before the destruction of the *Amazon*. The act provides that, when it is apprehended that a vessel is lost, the owners are to give notice to the board, under a penalty of £50. Inspectors may be appointed to investigate the nature of accidents; and the 23d section enacts that an inspector, or any person being a member of the naval department of the board, in all cases of accident or damage, may make such inquiries, and require answers or returns thereto, as to the nature, circumstance, and causes of the same, as he shall think necessary, and by summons to require the attendance and examine upon oath all parties. Beyond ten miles, persons are to be first paid their expenses. The present investigation will include the seaworthiness of the vessel and the machinery. Capt. Beechey having explained the motive of the inquiry, Capt. Corry, the Admiralty Superintendent of Packets at Southampton, gave evidence as to the duties of inspection. He had to see to the musterings of the crew. From the Admiralty he had received the report that the boilers and machinery were in good order, and from the captain a paper as to the ship's equipment. He went over the *Amazon*, but did not muster the crew, as he was unable to attend on the 31st of December, and had sent another inspector. The *Amazon* seemed to him to have a very good crew, and quite sufficient in numbers. He had merely examined the fitness of the ship to go to sea, and had not inquired into the means provided on board for extinguishing fire. The state of the boilers and the bulkheads did not fall within his duty, nor could he say whether the painting of the woodwork had been finished when the ship left Southampton, or whether she had the proper complement of boats. Her draught of water was, he believed, 21 feet. He gave an unfavourable opinion of the keel cranes used, as in such an emergency the discipline of the naval service could alone prevent disastrous consequences resulting from the employment of them. Those who were in the boats were naturally afraid that others would take their places if they got out in order to clear them from these keel cranes. Captain Corry concluded by stating that he was unable to say whether there was any quantity of coal on deck when the *Amazon* left. He had never heard any evidence of a public impression at Southampton that the ship was unfit for sea when she started. During the remainder of the sitting, Captain Beechey and Captain Walker examined closely Angus M'Innes, engineer's storekeeper; Isaac Roberts, the boiler-maker; William Nutman, Thomas Allwood, Lieutenant Grylls, Mr. Neilson, and Mr. William Angus. They all adhered substantially to their previously published statements, the only point worth mentioning being that the origin of the flames between the starboard fore boiler and the bulkhead was more positively asserted than formerly, and that the cause which could have led to a fire there is involved in greater mystery than ever. The witness A. Wood modified his previous evidence, so as to render it reconcilable with that of M'Innes, Roberts, and Angus. He now says that he first saw the flames coming from the storeroom, but that they might have originated between the boiler and bulkhead beneath.

On Tuesday the inquiry was resumed. Charles Long, T. Dunford, J. Shearing, W. Stears, G. Deal, A. Long, G. Tapscott, and Mr. Vincent were examined, but no new facts were disclosed. Mr. Vincent was closely examined by the board as to his leaving the ship; as to the efforts he had used to save others when in the life boat; and, lastly, as to the steps he had taken when he had reached Plymouth. His replies were, that the captain had ordered the boats to be lowered, as there was no hope of saving the ship; that it was only when the life-boat was in peril that he gave up the attempt to near the ship; and that he conceived it to be his duty to leave Plymouth as quickly as possible, to report the loss of the steamer, leaving Messrs. Fox to look after the survivors, although his own impression, and that of those saved with him, was, that they alone had been saved.

On Wednesday the witnesses examined were Mr. Gennie, a passenger; Webb, Berryman, Pasmore, Brown, and Rogers, seamen; Jacob Alton, who had charge of the engines; and Fox, Stone, and Lammond, employed in the engine-room. Nothing new was elicited; but it appeared that a foreboding existed in nearly every mind, that some calamity would occur. The inquiry was adjourned till next Tuesday.

## STORMS ON THE COAST.—SHIPWRECKS.

During the whole of Saturday and the succeeding night, and again on Monday and Tuesday, the Channel, and also the Yorkshire and Lancashire coasts, were swept by tempests which sometimes approached the violence of a hurricane, and were attended with fatal results both to life and property.

The gale of Saturday night was especially violent in the Channel. The new West India steamer *Orinoco*, on its passage from London to Southampton, experienced its full fury. The gale came on just as the *Orinoco* passed Dover. The sea washed over her funnels, and for three hours, although her engines were going at full speed, she was enabled to make but little way ahead. She took eight hours in running the twenty miles from the Foreland to Dungeness. Not a person on board ventured to retire to rest during the whole night. She proved a splendid sea boat, or she could not have lived out the gale. She came up Southampton-water on Sunday afternoon after her fierce encounter with the hurricane of the preceding night in splendid style. (We shall engrave this fine vessel next week.) At Southampton it blew with tremendous fury the whole of Saturday night, so much so that the French mail boat from that port was unable to put to sea until the next morning. Serious disasters are reported as having occurred during the storm at different points of the coast. Between Cromer and Yarmouth, a fine brig, called the *Globe*, [Mr. Russell master, belonging to Stockton, on a voyage to the Thames from Hartlepool], encountered the formidable gale. She sprang a leak, and the most vigorous working of the crew failed to stop the pumps. The crew, however, kept breaking over her, sweeping the decks, and car-

rying away everything moveable. As the evening advanced she lost her steerage, and, catching a heavy blast of wind, went over on her beam-ends, and instantly foundered in some eight or ten fathoms of water. The crew had not the least means of preserving themselves, and, with the exception of the master, every soul on board perished. Mr. Russell contrived to make his way up the rigging as the vessel was going down. He secured himself in the crosstrees, and after being in that position upwards of twelve hours he was taken off by the *Inconstant*, of Blyth, and landed near Yarmouth. When rescued he was in a most exhausted condition. Early on the morning of Saturday another deplorable catastrophe occurred on the same coast. The *Elizabeth*, Mr. Negus master, which was on a voyage from the Tyne to London, came in collision with a bark in ballast, and the bark within five minutes afterwards foundered in deep water with every soul on board. The *Elizabeth* took shelter in Whitby. The Kentish Knock, a formidable shoal some thirty miles from the entrance of the Thames, was the scene of a deplorable wreck. A schooner, named the *Anne* and *Elizabeth*, from Mogador to London, in beating up the Channel, was driven on the Knock, and the violent weather which was prevailing destroyed all chance of getting her off. She speedily became a wreck, and a passenger and the master were lost. The remainder of the crew and a second passenger were preserved by the *Alpha*, of Barking, which stood for Harwich, and landed them. During the gale the crew of the *Earl of Errol*, bound to Boulogne, which had sprung a leak and had founders, sought refuge on the Kentish Knock light-vessel, and were subsequently conveyed to Deal. In the upper part of the Swin several sunken wrecks have been observed, but the fate of the crews has not transpired.

The accounts from the Welsh coast speak of the gale having been very destructive. The *Leeds* Dublin steam-ship was abandoned on Saturday, between Liverpool and Dublin, waterlogged, the crew and passengers having been taken off and brought to Liverpool by an American ship. She was sighted on Sunday morning about 25 miles N. by W. from the light-ship, not having then founders.

The gale of Monday and Tuesday spent its fury chiefly on the Yorkshire coast, where there was a lamentable loss of valuable life also. At ten o'clock on Tuesday morning, a boat, manned by six beachmen, put off from Scarborough to the assistance of a ship in distress in the offing, and had scarcely passed the pier-head when she was capsized, and the whole of the crew perished. They have all left wives and families to deplore their loss. Not far from the same port, the *Joseph Fenton*, of Whitby, went down during the gale, but the crew succeeded in getting away in their boat, and were picked up several hours afterwards by a brig. In the neighbourhood of Orfordness a brig was lost; fate of the crew uncertain. Between the Ness and Aldborough, on the same morning, about two o'clock, the crew of the *Friendsbury*, Mr. Smith, bound to London from Inverkeithing, wa. with difficulty saved from the wreck. On Monday night, the *Frederick*, bound to Boulogne, took the ground near Thorp Ness, and became a wreck. The crew contrived to preserve themselves. Higher up, towards the northern coast, the *Grove*, from Sunderland, encountered the full fury of the storm some thirty or forty miles from Flamborough Head, and the crew had scarcely got away from the vessel in the boat ere she went down. Many other casualties are reported to have occurred in the vicinity of the northern ports.

Notwithstanding the protection from the weather usually found in the Downs, the gales seemed to have caused much damage to the shipping riding in that anchorage. Several large-sized vessels, foreign bound, slipped their anchors and chains, and, coming in contact with each other, sustained considerable damage. The ship *Ramilles*, for the Cape of Good Hope, was obliged to run back from the Dungeness Roads. Lower down the Channel the gale appears to have continued with uninterrupted severity. A large fleet took refuge in the Port and Roads, windbound.

## ORIGINAL RECORD OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY COLUMBUS, FOUND AT SEA.

The following statement, quoted in the *Times* of Thursday week, from a Savanna (United States) journal, has called forth the interesting corroborative testimony as to the genuineness of the relic which is appended to the statement itself, as given by the Savanna paper:—

Captain D'Auberville, of the bark *Chieftain*, of Boston, writes to the editor of the *Louisville Varieties*, that he put into Gibraltar on the 27th of August last to repair some damages, his vessel had sustained, and, while waiting, himself and two of his passengers crossed the straits to Mount Abylus on the African coast, to shoot, and pick up geological specimens. Before returning the breeze had freshened so much as to render it necessary to put more ballast into the boat, and one of the crew lifted what he supposed to be a piece of rock, but from its extreme lightness and singular shape was induced to call the attention of the captain to it, who first took it for a piece of pumicestone, but so completely covered with barnacles and other marine animacules as to deny that supposition. On further examination he found it to be a cedar keg. On opening it he found a cocoanut, enveloped in a kind of gum or resinous substance; this he also opened, and found a parchment covered with Gothic characters, nearly illegible, and which neither he nor any one on board was able to decipher. He, however, found on shore an Armenian book-merchant, who was said to be the most learned man in Spain, to whom he took it, who, after learning the circumstances of its discovery, offered 300 dollars for it, which offer Captain D'Auberville declined. He then, says the letter, read word for word, and translated it into French as he read each sentence: "It was a short but concise account of the discovery of Cathay, or further India, &c." He then showed it to Ferdinand and Isabella of Castile and Aragon, saying the ships could not possibly survive the tempest another day; that they were between the Western Isles and Spain; that two like narratives were written and thrown into the sea, in case the *Caravel* should go to the bottom, that some mariner might pick up one or the other of them. The strange document was signed by Christopher Columbus in a bold and dashing hand. It also bore the date of 1493, and consequently had been floating over the Atlantic 35 years. The letter closes with an assurance from the writer that he would guard his treasure safe until his return to the United States, which would be in April or May next.

(To the Editor of the *Times*.)

Sir,—In your paper of Thursday a paragraph was inserted, extracted from a Savanna (United States) journal, stating that an American captain had picked up on the African coast, near Mount Abylus, a singular relic—it being no less than a cedar keg, containing a parchment, upon which was found to be a short but concise account of the discovery of Cathay, or further India, &c. to Ferdinand and Isabella of Castile and Aragon, saying the ships could not possibly survive the tempest another day; that they were between the Western Isles and Spain; that two like narratives were written and thrown into the sea, in case the *Caravel* should go to the bottom, that some mariner might pick up one or the other of them. The strange document was signed by Christopher Columbus in a bold and dashing hand. It also bore the date of 1493, and consequently had been floating over the Atlantic 35 years. The letter closes with an assurance from the writer that he would guard his treasure safe until his return to the United States, which would be in April or May next.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

D. MORIUS EVANS.

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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY JANUARY 31, 1852.

[GRATIS.

## DESTINY:

OR, THE DREAM OF DEATH.

BY MAHMOUZ EFFENDI.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in thy philosophy."—HAMLET.

"Dreams are toys; yet for this once, yea  
Superstitiously, I will be squared by this."—WINTER'S TALE.  
"How now? even so quickly may one catch the plague!"

TWELFTH NIGHT.

ABOUT fifteen years ago the plague raged intensely in the Levant. Among other places, the city of Smyrna suffered much from this scourge, which is known to the natives of Anadoli by the name of the Youmourjak. But heavy as the visitation undoubtedly was, Smyrna may still be considered as, perhaps, somewhat

favoured by Destiny, since, looking to certain Consular Bills of Mortality, the Angel of Death seems at the time in question to have passed in a rather more merciful mood over the meandering banks of the Meles than along the Nile in the south, or the Golden Horn in the north. Yet, as we have already declared, Smyrna suffered much, very much.

The wild and extensive flat, and low open ground—situate to the eastward of Windmill Point—and scarcely indeed above the level of the waters of the little bay which here, in military phrase, "turns the flank" of the north and extreme end of the sea-front of the city, became very soon after the first outburst of "La Peste" studded with the tattered and unhappy tents of the "compromised;" and, moreover, the city hospitals, especially that of St. Roque, rapidly filled to overflowing.

The Franks, ever strict believers, as a body, in the efficacy of Quarantine, shut up their trembling families in Bujah and Bour nabat, and even hurriedly formed a *cordon sanitaire* round the

former of these villages; while within the town of Smyrna itself, in its wide-spread network of narrow streets, almost every European merchant donned for his daily rounds an anti-contagious oilskin overcoat; and bore also in his hand a trusty and persuasive iron-shod bludgeon, to "fend off" therewith not only the dangerous approach of the reckless loose-robed Sons of the Turban, but, by St. George, to keep even the tight Sons of the Hat, even the dearest kinsmen and friends and acquaintance, at the very respectful distance of arm's length. "Touch me not" was the charitable order of the day; and "the plague is contagious," a phrase in all Christian mouths, except, perhaps, the medicos, who were of course most widely divided in their professional opinions on the subject. Dr. Bulard, a gallant Frenchman, carried the doctrine of non-contagion to such an extent as bravely to immunise himself altogether with the patients in one of the Plague Hospitals, many of whom he had the ineffable satisfaction of rescuing from the very jaws of death. In Smyrna he for



"I THANK YOU, O MURAD! BUT BY THE BEARD OF THE PROPHET, AZRAEL HAS BEEN HERE THIS NIGHT."—DRAWN BY G. THOMAS.

some time dauntlessly stood his ground unharmed, and subsequently, on receiving *pratique*, proceeded with a like benevolent purpose to Constantinople—the city of the Sultan—where we unfortunately lost sight of him.

There is one quarter of Smyrna that is tolerably well known to travellers in the East by the name of TURK TOWN. Here the contradictory systems and medicinal precautions of the Franks and their *Hellines* were, at the period of our story, openly held in contempt and disregarded. Here everything seemed left unreservedly to Fate, to *Takdir* or to *Kismet*. Hero the Muslims, even

in the Rag Bazaar, bought and sold, and ate and drank, and prayed and slept, and then prayed and bought and sold again, day after day, and week after week, as if the plague were altogether a fiction, and Death had no dominion over mortal man. If any of the shops in the *tcharshees* became vacant, from their tenant being, as predestined, taken away by the terminator of delights and the separator of companions, some Alee or Omar resignedly and at once took to the very carpet, or, to be more correct perhaps, stepped into the very shoes of the dead Mustapha or Mehemet; and thus, till all trades were more than

decimated, business of any kind was scarcely for a single day interrupted. Numerous fresh graves were, meanwhile, constantly being dug in the cypress-shaded cemeteries, and the hired reciters of the Koran seemed, to most observers, more than usually active, as well as hoarse and husky in their vocation; yet, notwithstanding these speaking signs, and the frequent loss of many familiar faces in every public haunt and favourite resort, there was still no panic, save, as we have already said, among the Franks.

To use a common English phrase, no one, looking merely at the

conduct of the Turks, would have dreamt that the plague was at work within the city of Smyrna. Dreamt, do we say?

Aye; we are dreamers all in some sense; still few have yet dreamt as Selim of Smyrna is recorded to have done at this sad period of the plague. Listen! BISMILLAH! Selim, the slipper-seller, tenanted a shop or *dukian* in the Papoudj Bazaar, and possessed a private residence in Turk Town, at the top of the steep hill in the vicinity of the Jews' cemetery.

When seated one morning in the bazaar, with his tempting wares around him, his immediate neighbour, Murad, observed that his friend's countenance was, contrary to its usual appearance for years past, excessively sad, and his heart evidently contracted. He remembered also, at the same moment, that for some days Selim had been frequently absent from his *dukian*, and had, before going away, unaccountably neglected more than once to throw the protective net over his unwatched goods. And his stock of red, white, yellow, blue, and black *papoudjes* was by no means the least valuable in the bazaar, one indeed offering great temptation to the dishonest. So, shifting his own position a little more to the front, and there comfortably recrossing his legs, Murad slowly turned his turbaned head far enough to bring his single grey eye—for Murad had lost the other by ophthalmia—to bear full upon the countenance and uncombed beard of Selim.

"Bana-bak! look here," cried Murad; upon which Selim raised his head, and ceased counting the beads of the *tesbih* or rosary he happened at the moment to be passing through his feverish fingers.

"Trade is bad this morning, O Selim; these unsainted Franks are becoming either poor or miserly. They buy not slippers as they were wont to do. May the soles of their feet be blistered, and—"

"Yavash, yavash!" interrupted Selim. "Be mild, O Murad! The sons of the Franks are not misers; they are at times good customers, but now their livers are all dried up with fear, as mine own is with sorrow."

"Allah Kerim! God is compassionate!" cried Murad. "Why should the infidels fear?"

"Fear you not God? Allahden Korkmazisen? Yes, yes, Murad, I know you fear Allah. And the Franks—"

"The Franks," said Murad, "fear death. They desert our bazaars. They fly to their villages. They say leather is 'susceptible.' Can the plague, then, be hid in a slipper? Bosh! What foolish word is this now so often on their tongues—'Oulashma, oulashma.' Contagion, contagion. Allah Kerim! God is compassionate. And the Franks, I repeat, are becoming either cowardly or miserly."

Selim shook his head, for he had many friends among the Franks.

"The plague is among us," resumed Murad; "but God is great! You are alive, and I am alive, and, by the Beard of the Prophet, in the whole bazaar, even in two moons, not a dozen *papoudjes* have departed for the Garden of Paradise."

"The next *papoudje*, O Murad," said Selim, impressively, "will certainly be the friend who now addresses you."

"What words are these?" cried the astonished Murad; "why should you die? And how can the decree of Fate be known to you?"

"I feel that I shall very soon die," rejoined Selim; "and I will presently convey to you the grounds of my presentiment. But I fear not death."

"As the Franks do," murmured Murad.

"Some of them may fear it much; certainly, many of their livers are dried up with apprehension; but is there not a cause? Perhaps they fear death here, since their sons and their daughters and their wives are distant, even a thousand leagues from their own nation and their early home."

"Never mind the Franks," ejaculated Murad, "I like them not, for they slew my two brothers at Navarin. But tell me, O Selim, why you should be the next to ascend to the odours of Paradise? What thing is this? What thoughts are these? Is your head a *Karpouz*, a brainless water-melon? Shadbash! cheer up! why should you die?"

"It is my destiny," answered Selim, "and I bow to fate: I have had a *doush*, a dream."

"From the decree of destiny there is no escape," replied Murad, "and the Prophet has declared that dreams are true omens."

"And my dream I will now relate to you," returned Selim.

The single grey eye of Murad twinkled in its socket, but his tongue remained silent.

"You have heard," resumed Selim, "that the *Khanum*, (thus he referred to his wife), "together with her infant, died last week of the Plague—Allah's will be done.—Well, my whole household, the *Khanum* and myself included, consisted but of seven souls. Some thirteen nights ago, I dreamt that AZRAEL came to my abode, and that exactly seven dead bodies were carried out of my house, each covered with a red pall, and I suddenly awoke in terror and tribulation. There were as I have said, but just seven souls under my roof."

"Of whom you have lost two," interrupted Murad. "God is compassionate, and the rest may be spared to you."

"No," continued Selim, mournfully, "the dream is already almost literally fulfilled. Six, six, have already been taken by the Plague. I am the seventh!"

Murad's face lengthened with astonishment, and great was his anxiety for his friend.

"I related my dream this morning to Aziz, our opposite neighbour, who is now angrily addressing that ill-looking Arab, seemingly half asleep on the *mastabah* before the shop, and obstructing the approach of customers. I have now told you, O Murad, and—"

Murad was about to make some observation, but Selim interrupted him.

"With your permission," continued he, "let me first finish my narration. I thought at one time, yesterday, of purchasing a black slave or two at the market just behind this *tcharchee*; so that by thus adding to the number of my household, the seventh death might perchance fall upon a slave, and not upon myself."

"Destiny is not to be defeated by a dodge," exclaimed Murad; "but still, the dream may not be literally fulfilled. You may yet escape. You may have, indeed, mistaken the number; seven for six. Remember, O Selim! it once pleased Allah to try Eyoub. The blow that has fallen upon you is heavy. But you are yet alive, God is all-powerful. Like Eyoub you may flourish again. Shadbash, cheer up!"

"I expect nothing but speedy death," replied Selim; "I have locked up my house, and strolling down to the bazaar, thro' the force of habit, I find myself here, I know not how or why, for my heart is indeed contracted, and I have no desire to buy or sell."

Murad rejoined not, but allowed his friend to proceed undisturbed.

"I feel, that to buy a slave," resumed Selim, after a pause, "is wrong and cruel, and I yield not to the temptation."

"Are you *alone* in your house?" inquired Murad.

"I am," answered Selim; "and shall remain so, trusting in Allah, whether I am to live or expire. But if, O Murad, I am to die, I feel I may do so even this very night. And I know that beyond a day or two there is no escape for me."

"Bakkaloum!" ejaculated Murad. "We shall see. What is written, is written."

"Therefore, I conjure you, by Allah," continued Selim, "that

you, and Aziz, and Atib, the little tailor, visit my house about the time of the first prayer to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow?" interrupted Murad, inquiringly.

"Yes, to-morrow," repeated Selim. "And the next morning, and the following morning also, if necessary. Rattle the door-ring once or twice, and, if I answer not, break your way in, that it may be discovered whether I be then alive or dead. If the latter, then, O Murad, you must see that I am properly washed and buried; for Oh, my friend, I am now alone—alone—alone. I have no household to perform the last offices."

Here, notwithstanding that resignation to the decree of Providence, for which the Osmanlees are, with justice, so celebrated, a few burning tears coursed down the cheeks of Selim. At this moment, Aziz, winding up a few hearty curses with the insulting word "Pezavenk," drove away the Arab from his *mastabah*, as one of his well-known customers, a portly *Bin-bashee*, or infantry colonel, was pompously approaching, apparently to make a purchase; and then Murad, after throwing a casual glance at the retreating, yawning son of Ishmael, spake the following words of comfort to Selim:

"I will not fail, O my friend, to render you the service you require, and I will take care that Atib and Aziz accompany me."

"Such duty will ensure recompense in heaven!" said Selim.

"My duty to a fellow Muslim, and especially to one of my own *esnaf*, must not be neglected," replied Murad. "The reward is with Allah."

"I have bought my grave-clothes," continued Selim; "you will find them in a box in the wardrobe of the room in which I sleep."

Some further conversation occurred between the two friends, and then Selim rose and said, "I must now speak to Aziz, as the *Bin-bashee* has left him; and call also on Atib, the tailor. By the holy mantle of Mouhammad, Atib is the only man in the city to whom—even for a *para*—I am a *bordjlu*, a debtor."

"Then fortunate is your star," exclaimed Murad.

"I must pay Atib to-day," resumed Selim, "that no reflection may be cast on my memory. Atib is an honest man, and with him I shall also deposit my *vasiyyet*, my will, which, but for the blood-relationship between us, I should have confided to thee, O Murad."

And here, Selim, taking leave, fastened up his shop and departed. Murad remained in the bazaar, but, for this day, the Franks certainly deserved the bad character given to them by the one-eyed papoudjee. They bought no slippers.

A few hours passed away, and about sunset Selim attended prayers at an adjacent mosque, and then entered his now solitary abode in Turk Town. No cheering sound greeted his approach, the *Khanum* and her prattling children were now alike in the cold grave, and the poor Osmanlee's heart, though nearly bursting, still prompted him to bow, without repining, to the will of Allah.

Slowly he passed on to his chamber, where, taking a mattress from the cupboard or *youth* in which it was kept, he spread it on the floor, carefully placed thereon the necessary bed-clothes, and then sank down, not to sleep, but to meet his apparently inevitable fate.

The night wore on—the agitated mind of Selim instinctively surveyed his past life—the follies in the warm blood of inexperienced youth committed—the opportunities for charity even recently neglected—the hasty words of anger from time to time addressed to his slaves—the lukewarm zeal with which he had occasionally befriended the stranger—the now clearly-apparent selfishness that often unwittingly had actuated his motives—all, all passed before "the mind's eye" of Selim rapidly, distinctly, and forcibly; heart and head and memory seemed to acquire supernatural powers of recollection—and many, therefore, were the prayers for pardon that now passed the lips of the self-accusing Mussulman.

And yet, Selim—compared with his fellows—was not a bad man. Let us proceed.

At midnight the young moon threw but a faint light upon the city, and indefinable shadows played along the walls of Selim's *oda*. The poor fellow had for hours momentarily expected his dissolution, that "sudden wrench from all we know." At last he happened to turn his eyes towards the door-curtain, and near to this he fancied he perceived a tall figure, sternly regarding him! It was so. This horrid reality froze his very life-blood.

In a few moments the figure glided nearer to the bed. Selim started up in an agony of terror. "Who art thou?" were the only words he could utter, and a cold sweat burst forth on his brow.

"Be silent!" slowly exclaimed a hollow voice. "I AM AZRAEL, THE ANGEL OF DEATH!"

"My destiny is then fulfilled!" murmured Selim, his knees knocking together, and his teeth chattering. Yet, in this dreadful moment the lessons of the Moullah did not depart from him. He religiously pronounced the Muslim profession of faith: "I testify there is no Deity but Allah; and that Mouhammad is God's Apostle. To God we belong, and to God we must return." Having made this profession, Selim sunk into a swoon.

On partially recovering his senses, and now feeling certain he was about to die, he hastily pulled the wadded quilt over his head, expecting every moment to be his last, and every echo of the wind to be the footstep of Azrael.

Some time elapsed, yet Selim still lived, though all his strength had long passed away. Why did Azrael hesitate to give the fatal blow? A thought struck Selim. Had the Angel of Death mercifully departed? But he removed not the quilt from his face, fearful to meet the gaze of the fell destroyer. Had Azrael passed on to the Hebrew *makalle*, to slay a predestined number of heartless usurers? Had he altogether, or only for a while left Selim? And when would he return? Oh, the agony of suspense! the indescribable horror of that dread pause in the tide of life, when at its very height of glorious flood, the sparkling stream delays for a short space that fatal turn which marks the commencing ebb, the downward, slow but certain, ever-increasing current rushing to the Sea of Death! Selim swooned again. Is he dead?

The night passed away; the day dawned; the call to the first prayers resounded from the minarets; and—but who are these?

Several persons entered the apartment. They saw spread on the floor a bed, whereon appeared the form of a human body, motionless as a corpse, and covered with a quilt. The first was Murad, now come to redeem his promise made in the bazaar.

"The dream is indeed fulfilled," thought Murad to himself, "yet bakkaloum, yet let us see; we are early, 'tis scarcely day, it is possible life may not be extinct, and if I come but in time to close my poor friend's eyes, the Frankish fear of contagion shall find no imitator in Murad, the Papoudjee. Inshallah! Selim shall not be quite deserted in the hour of death!"

Atib, the little tailor, and Aziz now came forward, while Murad stooped down, and in a voice trembling with emotion, slowly uttered the simple word "Selim!"

"O Azrael! O thou Angel of Death!" cried a faint voice immediately from the bed, "at length thou art returned! I, Selim, a true and faithful Muslim, am thoroughly resigned to my fate. Keep me no longer in suspense, but do thine office quickly. O Azrael, Azrael, as my last words, I testify there is no Deity but Allah. And I testify that Mouhammad is God's Apostle."

"Azrael!" shouted Murad in astonishment, and jerking the

quilt away from Selim's countenance, "Azrael!" Why should you address me as Azrael? What am I but Murad, your friend Murad, the one-eyed Papoudjee, thanks to that cursed remed; Mashallah! 'tis now daybreak, open your eyes, and look up, none are around you but friends."

"I thank you, O Murad," replied Selim, gradually recognising his friend's voice, "but by the Beard of the Prophet, AZRAEL HAS BEEN HERE THIS NIGHT."

"You have had but another dream," suggested Murad.

"No," replied Selim, now opening his eyes; "again let me acquaint you, Azrael has been here, Azrael has pronounced the dread summons, and I expect his immediate return."

Atib the little tailor, or *terzy*, hero evinced considerable uneasiness, became fidgety, and threw a furtive glance at the door-curtain, as if expecting Azrael to make his appearance forthwith from behind it.

"Selim's brain is wandering," whispered Murad to Aziz, "if Azrael has been here, how could Selim be yet alive?"

The little tailor here returned to the bed, and moving his tongue with some difficulty, owing to the fearful dryness of his mouth, ventured to ask Selim (who had again opened his eyes, but still remained prostrate), "Who else had paid him a visit during the night, or who had attended upon him?"

"Kimsè guelmedi!" exclaimed Selim; "no one at all. And how could they, for the door of my house was fastened? I gave you permission to break in, as you doubtless have done, for if you rattled the door-ring, I heard you not."

"The door fastened!" exclaimed the little tailor; "Break in! why, we found the door open! We rattled no door-ring."

"To Azrael," replied Selim, "doors, perhaps, are no obstruction. Bolts and bars are but flimsy cobwebs to the Angel of Death. The door may have opened at his approach."

"The Moullahs know more about that than I do," continued the persevering tailor; "but pray, then, as you say no one has been up here, who is the man we saw down in the court-yard just now? Is he a new Kapoudjee, a new doorkeeper?"

"I am alone in my house, I have no Kapoudjee," cried Selim; "but Azrael, at this early dawn, may have made himself visible to you as well as to me. O you good Muslims, I know of no man in the court; and if my door was unlatched when you entered, Azrael must himself have opened it when he this night visited me."

On hearing these words the little tailor rushed from the room.

But Selim, confident that the inevitable Azrael was about to return, resumed his prayers aloud, in which his two friends joined.

Suddenly they were startled by the return of the tailor. "By the Beard of the Prophet," exclaimed he, on rushing into the room; "the man I saw in the court, and thought to be your Kapoudjee, and asleep on the ground, when we passed in, is a corpse, a corpse!"

"A corpse!" echoed Murad and Aziz in a breath.

"Yes, a corpse," repeated the tailor; "and on turning him over, I found beneath his cloak, several things, besides this money, this bag of beshlikhs, and this dead fellow!"

"Dead! a corpse!" exclaimed the hitherto sinking and bewildered Selim. "A man dead in the court-yard!" cried he, springing upright in the bed.

"As dead as Soliman the Magnificent!" cried the sleazy little tailor, "As defunct as Hajji Bektash."

"Then God be praised!" shouted Selim, leaping into the middle of the floor. "God be praised! as the fellow is dead, whoever he is, He makes the seventh of my dream, and not I. Azrael has taken him, and not me."

But here an almost electric change came over Selim's countenance, and he, in a tremor, exclaimed: "Yet, Azrael did address me! How is this? Seven dead, and I alive. And the dream—"

In another instant Selim rushed as rapidly down to the court-yard as the little tailor had done. His three friends followed him, astounded at the strength and activity of a man but a few minutes before verging on dissolution. They found him gazing sternly at the corpse.

"The Pezavenk!" exclaimed Selim. "I can unriddle it all. This fellow is a thief; the bag of beshlikhs, these other monies are mine. He has, this night, been plundering my house."

"I know the Pezavenk's ugly countenance," exclaimed Aziz. "This is the very Arab who was dozing on my *mastabah* in the bazaar yesterday, when the *Bin-bashee* arrived."

"Ah!" added Murad; "and he must then have been feigning sleep, and thus overheard Selim relate his dream to me."

"And, worse than all," rejoined Selim; "This son of a dog, (may his father be burnt!) must have entered my chamber for plunder, and, seeing my state, have passed himself off as AZRAEL, THE ANGEL OF DEATH! What a brain I must have not to have discovered the trick!"

Now, of course, so very incongruous a union as that between a hawk and a partridge could hardly be anticipated. The raptorial partner in such a conjunction, were it temporarily effected, would soon devour the creature it was bound to cherish. But when there was a general agreement on the subject of diet, and other matters of taste and family arrangement, and no great disparity in dimensions and structure, he did not see why the old male of one species should not, rather than exist in a state of melancholy celibacy, (for he would say that the state of celibacy was melancholy,) pair with the lone female of another. If he were a goose—which, he hoped, was not the case—he should have no objection to a swan, however his hand—he should have said his wing—might be scorned by the bird of loftier lineage. He did not see why a blackbird, unable to find a helmate of his own hue, should turn up his nose—that was to say, his beak—at a pretty thrush, with elegant plumage and a good voice; they were both musical, and entertained the same views on the subject of hawberries, cherries, earthworms, and snails. He could quite understand why a kingfisher and a nut-thatch could never agree,—there would be perpetual bickerings between them with respect to dinner,—controversies such as sometimes occur between other couples; but why, where every sympathy, on this and every other important point prevailed, the mere difference of tribe should be so nearly an insuperable bar to union, he could not conceive. Such, however, was the fact; and chaffinch and greenfinch, siskin and linnet, stood aloof like Guelph and Ghibelline, or Capulet and Montague. Yet sometimes, though once in the course of ages, a plumed Romeo would, abandoning the traditions of his paternal house—or nest—seek the pinion of an equally exceptional Juliet. And more happy than the lovers whose sad story was commemorated by the Swan—as an ornithologist, he delighted in applying the title—the Swan of Avon,—the nuptials of the eccentric pair were blessed with offspring, by which, in fact, alone, the circumstance of the marriage was revealed. The parents lived again, both of them, in their progeny, which combined, in its own person, the plumage and physiognomy of each.

An exemplification of this rare fact they witnessed in the specimen before him, for the admirable mounting of which he had employed an eminent taxidermist. He would presently send round this most interesting curiosity, and those present could then have an opportunity of forming their own opinions as to its origin, of which the precise nature seemed dubious. Some regarded it as a breed between the *Fringilla viridis*, or greenfinch, and the *Motacilla flava* or yellow wagtail: but such a combination as that of a seed-eating grosbeak, with an individual of the insectivorous, thin-billed *inssores*, was an impossible anomaly. For his own part, guided by careful reference to plumage, and by consideration of probability in supposing affinities, he concluded that the bird had derived its parentage from an alliance of the common bunting with the yellow-hammer. The length of the individual was about five inches: the head was surmounted with a brownish tuft; the wing coverts and tertials were marked with the same colour; the neck, breast, belly, sides, and flanks were of a yellowish green; the under tail coverts whitish; beak and legs of a whitish flesh colour; eyes black. His opinion as to its origin was deduced partly from considering the peculiarities of its tertials and primaries,—partly from a careful admeasurement of the length of the carpal-joint to the end of the wing. It was not, he trusted, with undue pride, that he contemplated the mighty advance of science, which had enabled a Cuvier to construct an entire animal of the pre-Adamite world from the fragment of a bone, and by the aid of which he himself had, in like manner, as he conceived, demonstrated the pedigree of this little unknown. Knowledge was power, and, together with the steam-engine and the electric telegraph, the science of ornithology, pursued in a philosophical spirit, would alter the destinies of the world. The learned lecturer concluded amid great applause by handing round the bird for inspection, observing that he was indebted for its acquisition to a lad, who had knocked it down with a stone on Clapham Common.

The wonder of ornithology had scarcely gone a quarter round the company, when a lady, uttering a scream, suddenly let it drop on the floor. Immediately several persons ran to her assistance, under the impression that she had been taken ill; but declining their proffered aid, she stated that her feelings had been overcome by the sight of the supposed hybrid, which turned out to be no other than a lost favourite, sought in vain, by the following advertisement, in the "Times" of Dec. 30:

FLOWN AWAY, from —, Cheapside, a TAME CANARY-BIRD.

This unexpected circumstance appeared slightly to confound Dr. Podder, who declared he certainly had felt perfectly confident that the bird in question was a mule.

An old gentleman present remarked that he had always understood that the notion of a mule involves the idea of a donkey.

The scientific discussion then terminated, and that of tea and coffee concluded the proceedings.

#### A FEW WORDS ABOUT MEDIEVAL MONSTERS.

##### ON "COLLEGE MONSTERS."

As there is no doubt that terrifying people a little is sometimes good for them, we have often admired the singular success which our mediæval architects, sculptors, artists, emblazoners, and monumental brass manufacturers attained in this respect. Instead of roasting, frying, or broiling a heretic by a slow fire; instead of burning him to charcoal by a quick one, they took things quietly; and when a heretic said he didn't believe something which he ought, or did believe something that he didn't ought, they simply set a waterspout to grin at him, or told a monumental brass to stare at him till he went home, had a fit of nightmare, went to his confessor at half-past six in the morning, and faithfully promised never again to believe or disbelieve anything without his permission.

Such, we suppose, was the charitable intention that led to decorating our churches with griffins, dragons, sea-horses, ghoules, gnomes, Pucks, Fends, and other semi-fabulous monsters. But if so, the intention failed most lamentably. If pulling-horses' mouths would have kept a people religious; if sardonic-looking waterspouts would have regulated their consciences, and prevented their eating beef when parched peats were in season, there would have been no occasion for the burnings in Smithfield; and a few wry faces, by way of gentle remonstrance, would have saved not a few wry necks in the pillory, and not a few wry legs, arms, and faces, on the rack.

What, then, can have been their use? Were they intended to entertain people; and, in the hope of finding something equally funny inside, to induce them to enter church? Not long ago, passing one of Mr. Pugin's newest, newest, and most mediæval churches, we heard one street-boy tell another to "look at them Guys up there"—an irreverent observation, which his mate made worse, by expressing a wish to "have a shiv" at the sail Guy. From the appearance of some of the "Guys" in question, outside our old churches, the custom of "taking shives" appears to be of ancient date.

The great Durandus says that the ghastly, grinning, cholera-

wincing images which people the outsides of churches, are intended to represent the evil spirits driven by the force of prayer from the inside to the outside. This is a beautiful idea: but if the "histrionics" (we don't mean the Amateur Club who performed *Not so Bad as we Seem*, for a good purpose, but the genuflexionists and mummerists) persist in driving away the people who want to pray in a simple and unaffected manner; if they persist in reviving the twaddle, and furbishing the rubbish of middle-aged superstition, we shall expect to find the water-spouts, with all the griffins, dragons, devils, horses' mouths, sea-horses, and monsters in general, again taking shelter inside, and staring and grinning us out of our own pew.

No; this cannot have been the use. If it had been, people would always go to the churches where the water-spouts and gargoyle are most terrific, and would cut the nasty brick buildings, where there isn't a horrid face to be seen. But people do not. These bogie-looking visages have lost their power; matter-of-fact people only believe that water-spouts are intended to carry off the rain and prevent it coming through the roof; and people of taste only think that the gargoyle might as well be ornamented in a different manner.

Is it possible that these grim figures represent people driven mad by the insincerity and want of charity of those within the Church? Are they the ghosts of people who lived bad lives, and when they could no longer enjoy their money, left it to build churches? Did the trustees who got the money, put up these grim images as characteristic of the lives the donors had led? Did they think that those who had made their money and gained their worldly ends without much regard to the means, and who had died with their consciences in a sadly dirty condition, might as well have become instrumental to a little cleanliness after their death? Alas! who knows whether many a water-spout could not tell a sad story of some knight, baron, or esquire, perhaps of some saint, whose virtues, strange to say, were never found out till after his death?

It is of no use to attempt conjectures upon these matters, especially as imagination furnishes much more entertaining particulars concerning these symbols than any history. But the monsters are not confined to mere purposes of utility. Door-handles and hinges, water-spouts, brackets, and knockers, are tolerably rich in this peculiar hobgoblin mythology; but there is a liberal allowance of heraldic, monastic, and scholastic monsters, who are less well known, and who, as we literally know nothing about them, will give finer and freer play to the imagination. It is of this half-forgotten class that we would briefly treat.

"At ye College of St. Agnus Dei de Bonaventura Bullferry," saith an ancient chronicle,\* "there bee certayne ryte goode ynd usefull, yet cunning devices, by ye wyche is ryte well sett forth ye dutie of ye fellowes, clerkis, and others of ye samen house, ye one to ye other." Proceeding upon this information, when we were last at Bullferry, we made an inquiry into the existence of these "devices," and were much pleased at finding that they could not only be seen, but seen for nothing—a rare circumstance in the collegiate city of Bullferry.

We cannot give many particulars of these interesting monsters; but a few of them will speak for themselves. We were especially struck with a pathetic symbol, inculcating, as we are told, "how ye fellow of ye colledge should train and demean himself towards ye younger members of that society." It represented a river-horse, with an elaborate tail, and of a generally grotesque appearance, affectionately supporting a young, and—metaphorically speaking—unfedged river-horse upon its shoulders. Thereupon we fell a wondering how it was that the College of St. Agnus Dei de Bonaventura had so few undergraduates; and that, except those that were hereafter themselves to be fellows, youth were so little cared for in the said college. And we did wonder why the poor bible clerks and chaplains did get so little, and the large river-horses—we mean the senior fellows—so much. And then we thought it would be well if all the fellows of that same college had shoulders as broad as the river-horse, for they have enough blame to bear for their neglect and laziness.

With our natural love of the antique, and our fixed determination literally to leave no stones unturned that were likely to turn up anything like useful information, we resolved to cull a few more golden maxims and lessons from the elaborate and semi-intelligible monsters surrounding the purlius of St. Agnus Dei de Bonaventura College, Bullferry.

Passing under the windows of the Very Reverend the Warden's lodgings, our eyes rested upon a lion, slightly fantastic in anatomy and in attitude—but still a lion. His claws were evidently ready for action; but whether prompted by a desire of his dinner, or for vengeance upon a foe, was less evident. His mane was singularly orderly and respectable, and apparently trimmed by the friseur who daily attends the Ninevah sculptures in the British Museum, it being arranged in a compact series of small and regular curls peculiar to mediæval lions, and seldom witnessed at menageries. Even his tail had been made subservient to ornamental detail, being neatly twisted into a band, and curled round his body. His claws were also rather like those of a weather-cock dragon, and his ears were of an ornamental rather than a zoological pattern. All our conventional notions as to the position of the lion while *couchant* for his prey, or while lashing his tail in "making up" for a roar, vanished at once, and we felt that, if there was faith in sculpture, the lion had been lamentably misrepresented at the Zoological Gardens.

Our friend Oakes, of Tipton College, Bullferry, did direct our attention to the legend of the said lion; and we tried to rub away the dust from our eyes and our Latin; and we read—

FORTITUDO  
VIGILANTIA;

Which two substantives, standing alone without copulative conjunction, do nevertheless signify that the fellows, warden, and other collegiate officiates

ought to unite valour with watchfulness, and ought to be alert to discover, and valiant to repel, any foe to the prosperity, learning, and goodness of the College of St. Agnus Dei de Bonaventura.

Then did we begin to ponder what was the watchfulness shown by the said warden and fellows. Did it appertain unto the "ryte and newe methode of brewerie, settynge forth howe yt ye beere did oughte to be brewed 3 times over, ye wych is called PritOOFEE; for yt it proveth a man lys capacite for drynkinge."\* Surely not; for "albeit beer doth make men valiant, it little helpeth cautiousness," saith Erasmus Barciensis. Can it be the keeping of the College money? No. Did not the founder, Sir Guy Sherrywine, leave his money for the support of poor scholars? But if the fellows keep the money—and friend Oakes (who is a clerk only, and therefore hath reason to know) says they do keep it—verily the lion doth misrepresent the will of the founder, and hath only the watchfulness of the dragon—over dead men's treasure.

And for his bravery, we know not whether it be much better. To be sure, Tom Swagson—who didn't take a first class in *literis humanioribus*, after being stroke in the St. Agnus De Bonaventura eight—did pommele a policeman, and did get pommeled in a row with the "town," for that he had pinned a cracker to the hat of a "cad." Yet did his brother, for that he had been fellow, make him fellow, too, albeit he was obliged to give up smoking a clay pipe down Broad-street, in consequence. But Tom Swagson lived very happily on his fellowship, and didn't miss his fighting or his pipe.

But our friend Oakes, who knoweth everything, from the dissecting of grasshoppers up to the ornaments at the summit of the unfinished spire of Cologne Cathedral, did rebuke us for our ignorance, and did straightway put into our hands a tract, entitled, "Poor Scholars, or a Few Hints on University Extension, with a View to the more perfect carrying out of Founders' Intentions according to their spirit."

We went home, and we began to read; and quickly did we see what the valour, boldness, or courage of the warden and fellows must be. When we had read it, we thought that a lion of brass would have conveyed the lesson even more forcibly than a lion of stone.

From the aforesaid pamphlet it did appear that Sir Guy Sherrywine had left certain monies to found certain fellowships, scholarships, clerkships, and other offices dedicated to the advancement of sound and useful learning. In process of time, land brought more money, and the fellows and other heads got more; but the clerks got less. It did further appear, that whilst other smaller and poorer colleges admitted plenty of commoners, and gave them a fair chance of getting anything they had ability to deserve, the fellows of St. Agnus Dei did manfully resist all such intrusions, and did give away all the good things to their own relations and private acquaintances, and did throw open the clerkships, which were worth nothing, to public competition.

We were right. The St. Agnus Dei lion was no lion at all. Perhaps the angry ghost of the founder appeared to him one night, after the fellows had gone to bed, oppressed with the "gaudy day" dinner, and frightened all his nobler features into a mediæval burlesque.

Three cheers, then, for the brave fellows of St. Agnus Dei de Bonaventura; and three small ones for their brothers, sons, nephews, and cousins, who will be fellows in their turn. May they never want covetousness to deserve rebuke, nor intrepidity to turn a deaf ear to it!

Our dearly beloved young friend, Araminta Motacilla Fitzgerald, who loveth everything mediæval, and who, despite the drawing-lessons she hath received from Dilk Compass, Esq., R.A., doth still incline to represent the background in the foreground, with divers other such whimsicalities. Araminta, we say—she of the lovely locks over the lovely shoulders—did ask me the other day why there were no dear, lovely monsters in the Middle Ages, as well as frightful ones? Hereupon we went home, and did painfully ponder upon this question. What did Araminta mean by a "dear, lovely monster?" Could it be something like her cousin, Reginald Fitz-Dragon, in the Guards, with whom the *Toilet-Table Post* did say there was something on the *tapis*? Surely not; for the said Reginald was a love of a waltzer, and never swore, except at a Blackwall *tête-à-tête* dinner, with Herr Baron Stoppyswitz. We thought, and we reflected, and we pondered, and we turned to books of reference, and we looked out of the window, and we wrote our name on the blotting paper, and we poked the fire, and we looked at the ceiling; but nothing would do. We were in despair. Suddenly our door opened, and friend Oakes appeared.

Of course we confided our difficulties to our pantological friend. Seizing a pen, he hastily sketched a curious thing, looking like a duck's neck taken out of a giblet pie, and placed in the middle of the Egyptian wig in the British Museum. He at the same time informed us that it was the Pelican of the Wilderness plucking her own breast to feed her young; that it was a popular stone effigy among the monsters of St. Agnus Dei de Bonaventura; but that, through long neglect, the wig—that is to say, the ivy—had grown over it, till nothing but its neck and one foot remained visible.

With the neatest steel pen, on the most spotless paper, and in the neatest envelope, did we embody this "dear, lovely" monster of the Middle Ages; with our crest did we seal it, and by our friend's scout did we despatch it. Then we fell a-musing again. What had pelicans to do with colleges? In the plenitude of our innocence, we asked Oakes "whether they were good to eat?"

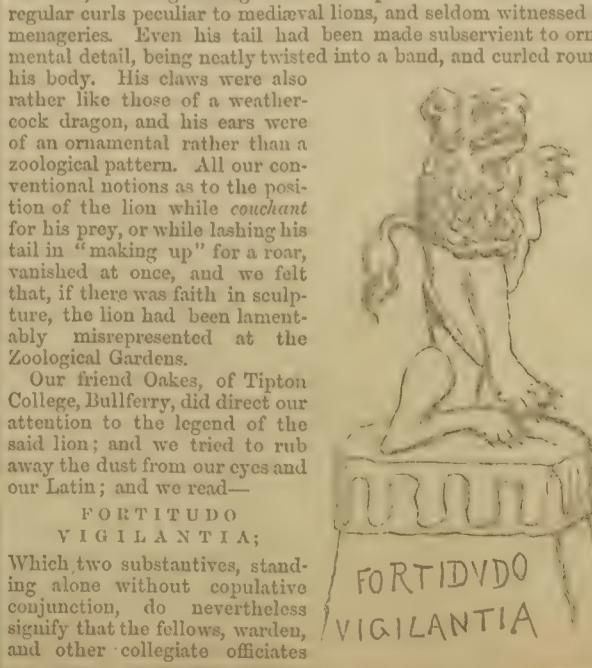
I wish you had seen Oakes (who is sternly scientific), when I asked him that question. Laying down his carefully-coloured German-silver-mounted "cutty," he looked at us, till we felt shrivelled into our boots and our insignificance, at the same time. But he soon began the instructive.

"Pelicans are not good to eat—at least, I never heard that they were; neither do Pelicans feed their young with their own blood, but I have heard that they do."

"Why, then, their emblematical application?"

"Because they were supposed to do so, exactly as, when colleges were founded, it was supposed that wardens and fellows would be capable and willing to do their duty. You might as well infer the one as the other. But," added Oakes, looking at his watch, "I have to meet the Society for the Diffusion of Skeletons and Subjects, and it only wants a quarter to four." With that he left us.

We felt sad at heart. Was there nothing pretty left among the memorials of the Middle Ages? Was everything left for one purpose swallowed up for another? Had human heart's blood as little existence in the University, as pelican's blood in the ingredients of animal sustentation? Were the veins and arteries of collegiate authorities as shrivelled as the corsets of those whose wealth they were enjoying? Were those, whose duty it was to feed the young with the food of life, to animate them by example, and to incite them to rivalry by their own greatness—were they conventional heroes of a fable, like the pelican? Was the food they gave, like hers, apocryphal; and was the ivy that covered the pelican but the sad emblem of the sordid apathy that had rotted the very entrails of St. Agnus Dei de Bonaventura, fed upon the "rich mould of dead men's graves," and grown splendid in its forgetfulness of the living? T. A. B.



\* DUNDES' MUSEUM OF CHURCH AND COLLEGE MONUMENTS, VOL. XXVII, PL. 3, IN REEDLETT'S CHEAP SERIES.

\* "Statuta de Brewendo," I. i. tit. de alicâ 2. 246. 3.

## THE SQUANDERS OF SQUANDER CASTLE.\*

BY WILLIAM CARLETON, Author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," "The Black Prophet," "Miser," &amp;c., &amp;c.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. W. TOPHAM.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

## CHAPTER III.—MASTER TOM—MY PUPILS—JEMMY M'SCUTT'S VERY ORIGINAL SOURCE OF INCOME.

ON finding myself, by such a prosperous gale of good fortune, a resident in the wealthy family of the Squanders, and in so respectable a capacity, I began to observe more closely the economy of the house, and the individual character of its inmates. Of the Squire himself, the reader has already had some intimation. He was one of those good-natured men, whose good-nature consists only in easiness of temper, and a strong habit of self-indulgence, without possessing scarcely a single practical virtue capable of making him a useful or respectable member of society. He was not then a harsh landlord, nor a man who would willingly harass or oppress his tenantry; but he was both negligent and ignorant of his duties as a landlord-proprietor. Indeed, so much so, that he was perfectly unconscious that "Property had its duties as well as its rights." He simply imagined that his tenantry were bound to pay him his rents, and that it was his business only to receive them. But as to the various acts of justice, encouragement, instruction, or forbearance, and a hundred other points involved in the duties of a landlord, he never once dreamt of them. These matters were altogether excluded from the habits and practice of the class to which he belonged, and, in his ignorance and neglect of them, he was in no degree singular. To look into the state and circumstances of his property—to observe modes of cultivation—to make himself acquainted with the habits and character of his tenantry, or the nature of the soil, never for a moment came within the spirit of his creed. The system by which he acted was that which predominated, almost

age of six years, to be formally dressed for dinner; and it was not until her sons grew too big, and, I may add, too dissolute to regard this ceremony, that they were allowed to leave it off, and run into the opposite extreme—which they did.

The Squire had a brother in the house, whom I cannot overlook in this description of his family. He was a quiet man, who came down to breakfast and dinner every day in the week without uttering a single word or syllable—unless, indeed, very rarely. The great pleasure of his life was smoking; and, next to that, to take a glass of punch with some of the tenants. The poor, inoffensive man was, besides, all benevolence, and, if he ever did speak, it was always in defence of the absent, of some servant with whom his sister-in-law might have found fault, or of a negligent or needy tenant whom his brother might be abusing. Never, however, was the pipe out of his mouth, unless when asleep or at meals. He was in possession of a small income—about three hundred a year—and the good which he clandestinely effected by it might well serve as an example to those who possess larger and more comprehensive means of serving their fellow-creatures. After breakfast he went up silently to his room—smoking; after dinner, he repeated his visit to the same place—still smoking; sometimes he would go out to the labourers while at work; sometimes to sit in a tenant's house—still smoke—smoke—smoking. Upon the latter occasion, he usually put a flask of whiskey, with a suitable quantity of lump-sugar, into his pocket; and, after a quiet chat, he would pull it out, and, having got the kettle boiled, would mix it with his own hands, and treat the family, taking a glass at the same time himself. He never looked into a newspaper, nor a book; nor was he ever supposed to bestow attention upon any subject that was calculated to awaken his mind from its languid and torpid state. Such, we say, he appeared and was supposed to be. Under this simplicity, however, there existed not merely a capacity for deep feeling, but keen, quiet powers of observation, of which neither the world nor his own friends had the least suspicion.

He was known as Master Tom; for, in Ireland, younger brothers, if unmarried, are frequently so denominated, by the peasantry, to the last day of their lives. Nothing could exceed his popularity in the neighbourhood, nor the love which was borne him by every inmate of his brother's house. Even Mrs. Squander, with all her pride and haughtiness, liked him; for, whenever she and her husband happened to discuss the relative merits of their families, he uniformly took her part. Emily doated on him, because she was more in his secrets than any of the rest, and was better acquainted with the simplicity and truth of his affections, and his furtive benevolence.

Master Tom was the youngest of the family, and, in consequence of the utter indifference to moral or literary training which prevailed at that period among the class to which his father belonged, we need scarcely say that his education had been shamefully neglected. He was, at the time I write of, within forty; a young looking man, with good features—of a pale, placid, and benevolent expression. Such was Master Tom, of whom the reader will hear more, before the conclusion of our narrative.

The furniture of the castle had been rich and fashionable, and might be still pronounced so; but the convivial habits of the Squire, the carelessness of the servants, and the orgies which took place there so frequently, had, in the course of time, impressed upon every thing in the house a rakish, and, if we may be permitted to apply the term, a licentious character. The beautiful tables were dinged and stained; the sofas, although well-looking to the eye, felt crazy when you sat upon them. The carpets bore similar marks of intemperance; and there was scarcely a sober chair in the dining-room.

Having thus given a slight sketch of the family, I shall now proceed to detail the history of the progress which my pupils made under my management.

In order to my greater success, I drew up a set of rules for their adoption. In this programme I appointed the hours for study, and for their attendance in the school-room. I then examined them—or, rather, attempted to do so—in order to ascertain the extent of the acquirements already made, that I might know from what point to start. The school-room in which this experiment took place was a large, comfortable apartment, with a bagatelle-table in one end, on which lay a large back-gammon-box, closed. On looking into this, I discovered two or three packs of cards; and, on examining the other appurtenances of this precious seminary, I observed several fowling-pieces, powder-flasks, shot-belts, wash ram-rods; together with landing-nets, fishing-rods, stuffed-birds, hunting-horns, and—though last, not least—no less than three cases of duelling pistols; one for each pupil—purchased for them by their affectionate father.

It is due to myself to confess here, that I approached my task with two distinct impressions. In the first place, I felt anxious, not only to do my duty, but to do it in such a manner as might produce beneficial results to my wild and headlong pupils; and, in the next, I was fully conscious of the almost insuperable difficulties that lay in my way. The eldest, Master Dick, was a good-looking stout boy, in or about seventeen. He was hasty, rather selfish, but not ill-natured, muscular, active, and remarkably well-made. Even at that age, however, there were visible, as well in his features as in his whole manner and bearing, the traces of early dissipation and a reckless life, as well as of a heart untamed and already corrupted by the premature propensities of unrestrained passion and indulgence. He was his father's favourite, and he knew it. From his birth, until the moment he came under my charge, a moral check, or a religious restraint had never been placed upon him. In every whim, and caprice, and desire, he had been allowed his own way, and the consequence was, that this system of indulgence added such force to the impetuous impulse of his will and passions, that any attempt even to moderate them was resented with a burst of indignation and rage that, in one so young, was frightful. The truth was, that not only his father, but his mother, sister, the servants, labourers, and tenants, all dreaded him, and made a point never to come in his way, or, at least, with one exception, to leave it as soon as possible whilst these furious outbursts of temper were upon him. When in this state he used to cuff and kick the unfortunate servants and dependents as if they were so many dogs, whilst they, poor devils, were obliged to put up with his violence and bear his outrages with patience, under the alternative of being dismissed without a character. It is true, that, as soon as his good temper returned, he would certainly apologise, tell them

he was sorry, that he did it in a passion, and, having said as much, would throw them a handful of loose silver, by way of compensation.

In the last sentence but one, we mentioned an exception. This was the cunning old huntsman, Jemmy M'Scutt, who always made it a point to throw himself in his way in the most outrageous moments of his passion, certain, at the time, that he was to come in for a thrashing; but as the hardened, weather-beaten old sinner was impenetrable to blows, his policy was to secure the compensation which he knew would follow. I have reason to believe that the shrewd old knave did not derive less than a pound a week from this extraordinary source of income.

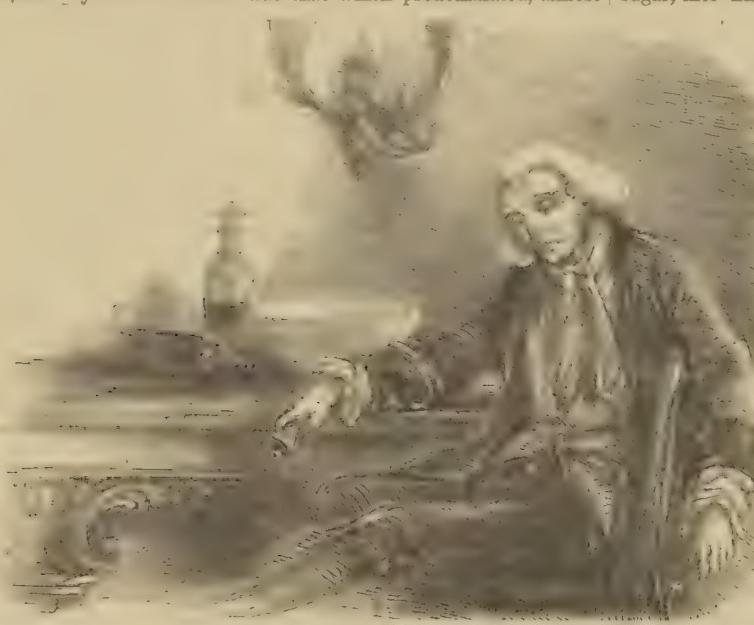
The next was Master Harry, who, in point of disposition and character bore a considerable resemblance to his brother. He had, however, a greater command over his temper, and a much greater power of concealing what he felt. His resentments, too, were deeper, though less obvious, and, to a close observer, it was evident, that, though calmer than the other, he was much more implacable and vindictive, and retained his resentments until gratified by the infliction of some secret act of vengeance. His manner, though much more plausile, was also darker and more sullen than that of Dick. The latter, notwithstanding his wild, but transient, ebullitions of temper, was rather popular, and even well liked; whilst Harry, notwithstanding his greater habit of self-command, was no favourite at home and decidedly unpopular abroad.

The third, and youngest, was James. And here I cannot help dwelling upon a fact, connected with domestic character, which almost every person must have observed. Whether the members of a family be sons or daughters, or both, it is an indisputable truth that there will be always found one individual among them beyond comparison more kind, more amiable, more truthful, more virtuous, and, in general, by far more gifted than the rest. Young James was, indeed, an appropriate proof of this. Though injured considerably by the example of his brothers, by moral and religious neglect, and the licentious habits of his father, yet was the material of his character essentially amiable, generous, and good. Seldom have I seen a young lad surrounded by such disadvantages, so extremely candid and unselfish. He scorned falsehood, abhorred hypocrisy, and never, under any circumstances, or through any temptation, could be induced to lend himself to deceit or fraud. His susceptibility of sympathy and compassion was in keeping with the generosity of his disposition; and, whilst his manners were mild and unassuming, his character was one of singular firmness, courage, and resolution. By his brothers he was looked upon with something approaching to contempt, and the usual term by which his father recognised him was "the Ninny."

"Poor James will never be good for anything," he would say. "He will grow up a ninny, like his Uncle Tom."

This was one of the few observations which usually made Tom speak. On such occasions he would look his brother in the face, take the eternal pipe out of his mouth, and turning the thumb of his left hand over his shoulder, ask, pointing to the two eldest, "And what will they be good for, brother?"

It is not my intention here to enter into any details of the difficulties and struggles which I had to encounter in attempting to educate the two eldest of these blessed youths. It is enough to say that whatever good I accomplished, and it was not much, was by a system of compromise. In the course of a short time I became necessary, nay, indispensable to them; for, in consequence of the lives they had led from their infancy up, and the criminal indulgence they had received at the hands of their parents, they were utterly deficient in the virtue of self-reliance. They could pursue no sport or diversion without me. When out with the fox-hounds, or harriers, if I were not there to witness their feats and to direct them, the sport was dull. Without me



DOCTOR M'CLARET.

without exception, among the landlords of Ireland. It is true he would have fought a duel for one of his tenantry, if he imagined, for instance, that he had received "unfavourable law" from a neighbouring magistrate; but he would not scruple to horsewhip the same tenant on the following day. In fact, he has been known to fight for one of them. On a certain occasion, a farmer of his was summoned before a justice of peace, who lived only a few miles from him, and who was, besides, landlord to the plaintiff. The worthy magistrate having decided in favour of his own tenant, was waited upon next day by Mr. Squander, to whom, as his legitimate protector, the defeated man complained. Squander immediately took fire, paid a visit to the justice, horsewhipped him soundly, and, the next morning, after an exchange of three shots, put a bullet into his hip, which lamed him for life. Hunting, shooting, steeple-chasing, wagering, and convivial debauchery, were the habits of his life. It is true, every Christmas and Easter he whistled the Hundredth Psalm, for he said that no man ought to pass through life without letting his family and dependants see that he was not insensible to religion. Poor Dr. M'Claret fell an easy victim to his profuse and impetuous hospitality. On being appointed by Trinity College to the rich living of that parish, he undertook, from the best and purest motives, to work some beneficial change in the licentious habits of the Squire,—a task for which his gentleness and flexibility of character badly qualified him. Instead of reforming Mr. Squander, the latter seduced him into a love of claret, and, ultimately, into the character of an amiable, harmless, but confirmed sot. He also boasted of his intrigues and seductions in presence of his sons, and would conclude by asking them, "Ha! you young dogs, when will any of you ever fellow me that?"

"Wait father," Master Dick would say; "give us time—and never fear but I, for one, will prove myself a chip of the old block." A reply which highly delighted his worthy parent.

Mrs. Squander was the daughter of Lord Mount Gallivant, a rakish nobleman—well known in Ireland—whose character for gallantry was such that no parent anxious for the morals and reputation of his daughters would admit him into his family. Unfortunately, she was proud in matters of small importance, and extravagant in her habits of life, though shamefully negligent of her duties as the mistress of a large and expensive establishment. She was actuated by a ridiculous feeling, that any kind of attention to the affairs of her household was beneath a lady of her high birth, whose husband paid a large retinue of servants for the express purpose of managing them. She brought him no fortune; for the jolly Squire, who was influenced by a ludicrous ambition to become connected with an aristocratic family, had married her from that principle; and, indeed, it was to her pride and extravagance that may be traced, in the first instance, that senseless profusion which ultimately ruined him. His establishment, when he brought her home to preside over it, was, God knows, extravagant enough, and such as was far more than sufficient to sustain his position as a country gentleman. Even this, however, was not to her taste. She must make him feel, and let the world know, that his wife ought to hold such a distinguished position as became her high birth. The establishment was consequently re-modelled and amplified to such a standard that, ere the expiration of twelve months, the worthy Squire found himself living at a rate of nearly double his former expenditure, and considerably beyond his income. In appearance Mrs. Squander was tall, very fair-haired, with good eyes, and rather large mouth. Every day in the week, whether they entertained company or not, she went, with due punctuality, through all the ceremonies of the toilet. Indeed, so exact was she in this respect, that she caused every one of her children, before they had reached the



MASTER TOM VISITING ONE OF HIS TENANTS.

the steeple-chase was insipid. It was the same thing with grouse, partridge, or snipe-shooting; and, in whipping the streams, none but Randy could tie their flies to any purpose. I, however, made my bargain; unless they got, satisfactorily, through a certain portion of school-work, I denied them my society in all their sports. By this means I continued to advance them by degrees, until, having mastered their early difficulties, the labour began to get lighter and less repulsive. Such was my system, and, indeed, it was the only one by which either I or any individual living could win them even into reluctant and desultory habits of application. With James I had comparatively little trouble, because his natural talents were good, and his attention indefatigable.

During the first six months I was in the family, I could observe that although the Squire lived at the same profuse and reckless rate, yet he was frequently subject to occasional fits of the deepest gloom and depression. Sometime before this time, my stepfather, in consequence of the reformation of his conduct towards my

brother and sisters, was promoted to the office of bailiff, which my father had filled. The fellow, aware that I resided in his landlord's house, and conscious that any further violence to his step-children must reach me through my sister, and that from me it would assuredly pass to the landlord himself and his sons, deemed it more prudent to change his tone, and assume the hypocrite. Why this man, who I had reason to believe was no favourite with either the Squire himself or any of his family, should have got such an appointment, was, at that time, a secret to me, and perplexed me very much as to the cause of it. It is true, I was then young and unreflecting, but I came to the knowledge of it afterwards. It was a stretch of policy on the part of Master Dick with regard to my sister, and I have no doubt but a similar motive was at the bottom of my own engagement.

I could observe now that the Squire felt great reluctance in sending to the Post-office for his letters; and that when the lad who was in the habit of going for them had returned, and placed them on the breakfast-table—for, owing to the influence of my worthy pupils, I was now allowed to breakfast and dine with the family, unless when they had company—he took them up one by one, and, throwing some of them aside with a peevish air, opened and read such only as he thought were not disagreeable. These unpleasant missives continued to increase both in number and frequency—until, at length, he exclaimed, as if forgetting himself, "Confound me, but I shall soon be a prisoner in my own house!" An expression which startled me very much; but seemed to have no effect whatsoever upon either Dick or Harry.

## CHAPTER IV.

A GAUGER OUTWITTED—JAMES SQUANDER'S DEPARTURE FOR COLLEGE.

I HAVE already mentioned the huntsman, Jemmy M'Scutt, as a dry, cunning old knave; and I must add, here, that there was a sinister expression in his small, keen eye, which could not be mistaken. If any man possessed an extraordinary fertility of invention in everything requiring iniquity and fraud, Jemmy was that man. It was impossible to look at him for a moment without passing at once to the idea of deceit and treachery. There was a perpetual sneer, or what is termed, a white laugh, upon his hard features, which completely dissociated him from everything like candour and truth. He had, in fact, that obvious character of feature which at once tells you that it is utterly impossible even to guess at the process of thought or calculation which is going on within him. Yet was he the most confidential servant in the whole establishment. The truth is, he was looked upon as an oddity, and enjoyed a license both of language and action that was permitted to no other domestic in the castle. Jemmy had acted for many years in the capacity of huntsman and trainer to the Squire, and, in the early part of his engagement, rode many of his master's most important races. From this task, however, he was removed, not because the Squire ever doubted his integrity, but because he was not considered lucky. Jemmy, however, imputed the want of luck to his master, and relinquished the office of jockey with great apparent alacrity; saying, that it would ruin the character of any jock to ride for a man that is always opposed by Fortune. Be this as it may, for several years before I became an inmate in this family, his master had been losing heavily on the turf; yet, such was his infatuation, that he always guided himself by Jemmy's advice, and clung to the sport with an energy that must have been prompted by some powerful feeling. What that feeling was will appear. There was, however, one individual in the family who did not relish a bone in Jemmy's body, and that was Master Tom. Whether this prejudice on the part of Master Tom resulted from the honest instinct of his truthful heart it is difficult to decide. One thing we knew to be equally clear on the part of Jemmy, which was that he entertained as strong a prejudice against Master Tom as the latter did against him; so that, as the proverb says, "there was no love lost between them."

I will here mention an exploit of Jemmy's, which, as the conception was original, and as it could occur nowhere but in Ireland, will satisfy the reader that I don't, in the least, overrate his invention. And while on this point I am bound to say, that, in any matter where straightforward honesty and that sagacious integrity which so eminently characterises the great body of commercial life in England, were necessary, there was not a greater blockhead in Europe than our redoubtable huntsman. In order to draw out his talents there must be fraud, over-reaching, and dishonesty. In other words the only morality with which he was imbued, or of which he had any notion, was the morality of the turf.

The reader may remember that Master Dick told me, on the evening I went to pass my examination with the Doctor, that his father had three hogsheads of poteen whiskey at one end of the dining-room, to give them what he called, "a seasoning." Now it so happened that the gauger of the district—a mellow lad himself, and a frequent guest at the Squire's table—had, for good reasons, been removed to a different district, and a stranger put in his place. At all events, the Squire had a few friends—that is to say, about a score—to dine with him, whilst the three large casks aforesaid were still in the same position—exposed to the eye of every one who entered the room. As the party were seated at dinner, one of the servants made his appearance in a state of great alarm and agitation, exclaiming, "Thunder and turf, sir, what's to be done?—the new gauger and the military, your honour, are within two or three perches of the hall-door, and we'll be disgraced in the country for lettin' them bate us. Holy St. Countryman, what will we do—and three hogsheads of it there, lyin' before their eyes? What's to be done, sir?"

"Take your time, Lanty," said his master; "take your time; is Jemmy here?"

"He's 'ithin', sir, in the kitchen below."

"Send him up."

Jemmy, who had been helping himself to something good in the kitchen, entered the dining-room with his usual grave, but significant aspect; and, having gathered the palm of his hand, he wiped his thin, hard lips, which seemed a little greasy.

"Jemmy," said his master, "we're in a mess. There, as you know, are three hogsheads of poteen; and, on the other hand, this cursed new gauger, whom I don't know, assisted by a military officer and a strong guard of soldiers, are at the door. By my honour, there's their knock."

Jemmy looked at the whiskey, and then at the assembled dinner-party, with his usual sardonic grin; after which, he hitched up his old buckskins, and gave a short cough; which, from whatever cause, set most of them a laughing. In the meantime another knock was given, and his master desired him to be quick.

"What's to be done, you old scoundrel?"

"Contrive, sir, to keep them to-night, or as long as you can, at all events," replied Jemmy, "and I will see what can be done."

In the mean time the gauger entered, and was shown into the front-parlour, where the Squire joined him. On entering, the gauger bowed; and, being politely asked his business—

"I am an Excise officer, sir," he replied; "and have replaced Mr. Bernard Fogarty, within the last few days. I am very sorry, sir, for giving you this trouble; but I act in consequence of information."

"Of course, sir," replied the Squire, "you are bound to do your duty."

"I have had secret intelligence given to me," proceeded the other, "that there are three hogsheads, or casks of illicit spirits in your dining-room."

"Pray step in, sir," replied the Squire, "and you shall see the three casks you speak of."

The other accordingly did so, and felt somewhat surprised at finding a large dinner-party seated at table; but, what was far more agreeable, the three large casks were there, exactly in accordance with his information.

"You are aware, sir," he observed, "that my informant has been quite correct."

"So it seems," replied the Squire. "Gentlemen this is—by the way, sir," he added, "I am not able to introduce you—not having the pleasure of knowing your name."

"My name is Corbet, sir," replied the other.

"This, gentlemen, is Mr. Corbet, who has been appointed to succeed Mr. Fogarty, the late very respectable Excise officer of this district."

Mr. Corbet bowed to the company; but very little notice was taken of a man who came not merely to disturb them at such an hour, but to deprive them of many a jolly beverage of the same excellent liquor.

"By the way, Mr. Corbet, you must dine with us," said the Squire; "your predecessor was a frequent guest of mine; and I trust that you will find the three casks before us no bar to my hospitality, or check upon good-will between us; but, I think that you said that you are accompanied by a military officer and a party of soldiers?"

"I am, sir," replied the Exciseman; "but, as this kind of duty is not very palatable to the military in general, he declined to come in, until he should be called upon officially by me."

"Here, Mr. Corbet," said the Squire, "take a seat, you will have time enough to remove the casks; but, in the meantime, the gentleman must come in and join us; I shall have your horses put up and taken care of, and the men refreshed."

Accordingly the officer, a fine, dashing young fellow, joined them; and a very seasonable act of hospitality both he and the gauger found it, for the day was both cold and bitter in the extreme.

About forty, or even thirty years ago, it was an easy matter to get into an Irish gentleman's dining-room, but not quite so easy to get out of it, especially in the west. It is sufficient to say here that a very agreeable evening passed, and that the gauger was forced, whether he would or not, to keep it up to the hour at which they went. In the course of the evening the huntsman sent word to his master that he wished to speak to him. On going to the hall, Jemmy addressed him: "Keep your guests, sir," said he, "until about two o'clock; and have as much uproar, and noise, and singing, as you can—lave the rest to me."

This was about ten o'clock, and the gauger, whilst the Squire was out of the room, with a keen eye to business, went to the casks to ascertain that they were full, and finding this to be the case, he resumed his seat and seemed satisfied. He was a little scoundrel, with a sour, dissatisfied, ill-tempered face, all the disagreeable points of which were brought out by liquor.

"All right," said he; "all right; but zounds, I care about no Squire, whatever Fogarty may have done. I'm a man that will always do my duty. I tell you, gentlemen, I am no greenhorn, but have my wits about me night, noon, and morning. I am not just the man to be done, gentlemen; although you pride yourselves here, in the west, for doing the gauger. However, let them

lation it is that compels me and my brave fellows to follow this fellow's beck."

"I shall report you, sir, for the use of these expressions," said the gauger.

"You be hanged," returned the officer. "You are ungrateful, sir, or you wouldn't treat a gentleman with incivility and insolence, at whose hands you have received nothing but kindness and hospitality."

"Hospitality, sir," replied the other, "shall never bribe me from doing my duty."

The Squire again interfered, and peace was restored, but during this little tiff between the officer and the gauger, he contrived to let his friends know Jemmy's wish,—to wit, that they should make as much noise and uproar as possible. And so it was done, until the hour of two o'clock had arrived, at which time a knock came to the door, with an intimation to the gauger that the carts which he had sent for to carry off the spirits had just come, and were now ready.

"All right," he exclaimed. "Gentlemen, you must excuse me; duty is sacred. Lieutenant Bennet, I will trouble you to order in a party of your men to remove these casks. It is your duty, sir."

The gallant young fellow looked with a perplexed face at his entertainer, as much as to say, "You see, sir, I have no alternative." The Squire also felt perplexed, and was about to reply, when Jemmy entered, and with a grin of more than usual bitterness and triumph, said, "Gentlemen, the carts is come; I think, wid submission, it's better that these useless casks should be removed at once."

"Well now," thought his master, "what the devil can this old scoundrel be at? He surely would not be mad enough to raise the tenantry and attempt to rescue them, by which means many lives must be necessarily lost."

"I must go, sir," said the soldier rising; "but I protest to Heaven it is the most painful and disagreeable duty I was ever called on to perform."

He accordingly went out, and almost immediately returned with a dozen men into the room.

"Now, sir," said he, "there are the men for you, give them their orders."

"Here, men," said the gauger, bloated now with liquor and a consciousness of authority. "Remove these three casks,—one at a time, you will find them heavy."

The soldiers who, by the way, had been supplied with abundant refreshments in one of the outhouses, approached the casks, and, to their utter surprise, as well as to that of all present, found every one of them empty.

"These casks are all empty, sir," said the men; "there is nothing in them," and they rolled them about with their feet in order to satisfy him of the fact.

"Your men are drunk, sir," said Corbet, addressing himself to their commander.

"Certainly not, sir," replied the other coolly. "I wish you were as sober."

All that now remained for the discomfited still-hound was to ascertain the fact for himself; but, alas the day! or, rather, alas the night! it was a melancholy truth. The three casks, instead of being filled with stout mellow poteen, as they had been three or four hours before, contained nothing now but thin air. To describe the disconsolate visage and chagrin of the gauger would be impossible.

"Zounds! I am done, at last," he exclaimed; "done before my



THE PARTY.

do me that can, that's all I say; I have never been done yet, and I'll take good care that I never shall be. Any man that can, I will shake hands with him, and say he knows a thing or two, that's all. There they are," he added, pointing to the casks, "and I'll have them, that's the chat."

"Perfectly right, my friend," replied the Squire; "but, in the meantime, gentlemen, let us enjoy ourselves. I can only be fined. Well, I am able to pay the fine, that is one comfort; but come, let us stick to our liquor, and make a night of it. I suppose, Mr. Corbet, you won't disturb us by removing these casks to-night; it will be time enough in the morning."

"By Jasus," said the Coroner, "if he'd attempt to disturb the present company by removing them, I'd be sitting on his beggarly carcass in less than a week, and make the jury bring in a verdict of 'Died by a righteous judgment'."

"I care for no man," replied Corbet, peevishly. "I've sent for the carts to remove them, and if they come in time, it must and shall be done."

Here a dozen voices exclaimed, "Throw him out—throw the ungrateful scoundrel out; he is entitled to no forbearance."

"Gentlemen," said the Squire; "remember he is my guest, and that, by all the rules of hospitality, I am bound to protect him. Don't be alarmed, Mr. Corbet," he added. "You shall experience no opposition in removing them."

The young officer felt indignant at the insolent conduct of the gauger. "I assure you, gentlemen," he observed, "there is no duty, to the discharge of which we are called, that presses upon us with such a sense of pain, and disgust, and degradation, as that which forces us to accompany a still-hound like this, upon such cursed expeditions. It is a disgrace to our service, and to an honourable profession, so to employ us. What a cursed regu-

own face; and, what is worse, I shall be dismissed besides. I could take my oath the three casks were full when I first entered this room, and for two hours afterwards."

"And that," observed the Coroner, "is the very fact that will dismiss you. Now, I'll tell you what, my Trojan, had you been civil and agreeable, instead of being thankless and insolent, it might have been overlooked; but, as sure as my name is Jack Finigan, and as sure as your Inspector is my cousin, your date as a Revenue officer will be but short."

At this moment Jemmy entered the room, and, approaching the discomfited gauger, said, as he extended his hard, calloused palm, "Shake hands, sir. I think I heard you say, a while ago, that you would like to do so with anyone that could over-reach you. You're a keen looking little sprissawn; but, be my sowl, you never saw the day you could measure brains wid Jemmy M'Scutt. Gintlemen, give me a glass of something till I drink the codger's health. Here's to you, and don't you look purty, standing there? Here's to you, and may you always be as successful. Faith, your mother may be proud of you." And, so saying, he emptied his glass, amidst the roars of the company, at the unfortunate exciseman, and skulked, with a double grin on him, out of the room.

Owing to the solicitations of the Squire, however, the Coroner represented the matter to his cousin in such a light as occasioned him to be only reduced; but reduced to the very lowest step in the service.

And now the reader will ask how Jemmy contrived to empty the casks without disturbing the company. By the aid of a long augur, he first bored a hole through the boards of the loft, then stuffed a sufficient quantity of paste between the cask and the boards to prevent the whiskey from flowing about the room, after

which he bored another hole in the cask itself, and received the spirits, which gushed down, into different vessels, from which it was immediately transferred into smaller casks, and then carried off to a safe place in a neighbouring bog, where it was buried.\*

One of Jemmy's constant companions was a dwarfish misshapen mannikin, called Bunty Scrag—a creature who passed for a fool; but was, nevertheless, a knave of the first water. He lived in the family of another sporting gentleman, who resided within a couple of miles of Castle Squander, and who was hand and glove with its proprietor. This character, whom we shall designate by the name of O'Canter, was considered, and with truth, not only the shrewdest man on the Irish turf, but also one of the most fortunate. It was well known, indeed, that he was tricking and unscrupulous; but, being too cunning and dexterous in his manoeuvres, he never allowed himself to violate, in any tangible manner, the regulations of the sport. He was cheerful, hospitable, and remarkable for a strong brogue, and meek deportment; yet, in spite of the general suspicions and impressions of his being a thorough black-leg, he was able to maintain his ground

"With you, James," I replied, "I had no difficulty. Your talents are good, and you were assiduous in your studies. Had your brothers been equally so, they might have made a more satisfactory progress—for they are neither of them without a considerable share of intellect, if they would only use it."

"Whatever talents I possess," he replied, with emotion, "I feel that they will constitute my only fortune in life."

"What!" I replied, "and your father in possession of twelve thousand a year!"

"My father," said he, bursting into tears, "is a ruined man. His property is overloaded with mortgages; and, indeed, considering the extravagant rate at which he has lived for years, it could not be otherwise. There is a scandalous race—a senseless—an insane competition among the gentry of the country at large, as to who will surpass the other in show, equipage, hospitality, and that prodigality of expenditure which is considered the exponent of wealth and fortune. Not that I believe my father is worse off than others; for the fact is, that almost every man of his class is, at this moment, in a state of bankruptcy. He may weather it out for some years; but, as for me, I feel

"Don't you know he is. Get up and see him."

"Poor James!" said he; "I'm very fond of James; but I have a severe headache, Randy; tell him so, and I am sure the kind-hearted boy will excuse me. Say I'm ill, which is the fact, otherwise I would go down with pleasure."

"Shall I bring him up to you, then?"

"No, Randy, I would rather not; I might feel too much, and the agitation might aggravate my headache. So might he, poor boy; he is, like myself, possessed of too much sensibility, and I think we ought to spare his feelings, poor lad. Say I'll write to him, and, in the meantime, give him my love."

I need scarcely assure the reader that the indignation which I felt against the two heartless young scoundrels was such as I cannot now clothe in language, especially against Harry, the hypocrite, whom I cursed in my heart. On entering the front parlour, I found his sister Emily in tears, his uncle Tom quite pale with sorrow, his father and his mother, the latter in a temporary dishabille, as she intended to return to bed the moment he was off. I apologised, as well as I could, for his brothers, and when poor James heard me a single tear ran down each cheek, but he cleared his throat and assumed more firmness. His sister Emily had her arm about his neck, as if she could scarcely part with him at all; he had been her favourite.

"Well," said he, rising up, "I must go. Dear mother, farewell—farewell, dearest mamma!" and, as he spoke, he threw his arms about her neck, kissed her, and wept. She removed him from her a little, and putting a hand on each cheek, kissed his forehead, and said, with a cold aristocratic formality, that started my indignation afresh, "Farewell, James; you are going where you will meet young men of high rank and family, and let me beseech you never to forget that you are the grandson of a nobleman." She then kissed him again coldly on the forehead, and went up to bed.

"Ah!" thought I; "it is always better to be born near nature!"

The poor Squire's countenance was charged with sorrow, or rather with an affliction deeper than the mere temporary separation from his son could have produced. There was, besides, a look of compassion and remorse in his features that could not for a moment be mistaken. James, when his mother had gone, turned to him—approached him—and, throwing himself into his arms, wept aloud. His father pressed him to his heart, laid his head upon his breast, and I could perceive the tears rain down from his convulsed cheeks upon the face of his son.

"My darling, my noble boy!" he exclaimed, "I feel my heart smitten by the injustice which I have done you. You have much to forgive me for, dear James; but I am punished by the remorse I feel. Your uncle told me all—and of your magnanimous resolution to relieve me, by your own exertions, from the burthen of your support. Forgive me, dear James, that I did not understand you in time; and now, perhaps, it is too late."

The boy then turned to his sister, who wept upon his bosom, kissed him, and seemed as if she would never let him go. I then interfered; and said that time was pressing, and he might be too late for the coach.

"James," said Emily, "whatever you may remember, don't forget that you are my brother—my best beloved brother—and I trust you will never do anything that will call a blush to your sister's cheek."

"Come," said Master Tom, in a low voice, which he was afraid to trust, "Randy and I will see you to the coach. Richard," said he to his brother, "go to bed. God bless you, dear Richard—God bless you!—and you, too, Emily must go to bed—kiss me, darling."

She kissed him, weeping, and we then departed, leaving the father and daughter, each in deep sorrow, behind us in the hall.

Poor Tom proved himself a hero and a philosopher. He attempted to get jocular—talked with a vivacity and fluency which I had never witnessed before. There was, however, a villainous tremor in his voice, which no hypocrisy of affection could disguise or conceal. On helping James into the coach he slipped a purse into his hand, then squeezed it—the coach drove off; and, after following it with his eye until it turned a corner and got out of sight, he stared at me as if I had been a spectre; then, taking my arm, we returned, in silence, to the castle. As we went along, I felt how necessary my support was to him, his arm, within mine, being tremulous, and his steps feeble. On entering the front drawing-room, he sat down, and I then saw that he was in tears. I did not speak to him, nor make any attempt to interrupt his grief—which was, in consonance with his character, deep and quiet. After some time, however, he said to me—

"Randy, you don't know the value of that boy."

"Perfectly, sir," I replied; "I had a conversation with him last night, in his own room, that confirmed and extended every favourable impression I had previously entertained of him."

"Did he tell you," said he, "that, from this day forth, it is his intention never to be a burthen upon his father?"

"Well, no," I replied; "not exactly that."

"No," replied his uncle; "he would not mention that to anyone but me. Such, however, is his resolution. But he shall not want a friend. However, what pleases me best, is his father—thank God, he now understands him, and knows his value."

Neither Emily nor her uncle returned to bed; and, I need scarcely say, that the breakfast that morning was a melancholy one. His uncle, his sister, and I partook of that meal about ten o'clock—the other members of the family about two.

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

A STORY OF THE GALLows.

'T is a calm and quiet evening, season of peaceful rest,  
When, nestling warm, the infant sleeps upon her mother's breast;  
When homeward hies the father, his daily task all done,  
And with mirth and laugh to greet him his happy children run.

But quiet evening deepens into dark and solemn night;  
In a corner of the sleeping town, sacred to blood and blight,  
Breaking the midnight silence, his task a workman plies  
Where on the morrow's coming morn a human creature dies!

See! in his prison's stone-bound cell, marking the fleeting time,  
Borne down with stupor, crushed with thought, paces the Man  
of Crime;  
From neighbouring church each passing hour strikes through the  
darkling gloom—

And to-morrow, full of life and breath, he meets a felon's doom.

Brothers! look back upon his life:—see him, the child of shame,  
Who, save in oath or savage curse, ne'er heard the Sacred name;  
Whose child-life was all darkness,—who, reared in sin and guile,  
Ne'er knew a father's teaching, ne'er felt a mother's smile!

In a noisome, crowded cellar, his infant breath he drew,  
Want was his tutor, Sin his guide—the only ones he knew;  
Through crooked ways of Vice and Crime his earliest pathway  
ran,

Until the warp'd, untutor'd boy became the desperate man!



THE DEPARTURE.

with great plausibility. Perhaps he would have found this difficult, but being a regular fire-eater, he was ready to make any doubt of, or insinuation against, his honour, a matter of personal insult, to be decided only by a meeting at ten or twelve paces.

Now it was in this man's family, or rather in his stables, that Bunty Scrag lived, for Bunty's delight was to pass his life among horses. The little scoundrel was gifted with such an astonishing memory of everything connected with the turf, that the Stud-book was fallible compared to him. He was master of the pedigree and performances of every horse in the three kingdoms, and had the reputation of being the best judge of a racer in Ireland. In nineteen cases out of twenty he never failed to place the horses, on seeing them brought to the post, or rather long before it, for no private trial ever took place that he did not contrive to witness. In fact, he was a most accomplished touter. Many of these faculties, however, were, by no means generally known; and, in order to give himself, or rather his master, O'Canter, the full advantage of this sagacious instinct, he always took care to make a sufficient number of mistakes to diminish the impression that might be felt as to the correctness of his judgment. All we will say at the present time is, that this dwarfish little knave and the huntsman were on terms of the greatest confidence; Jemmy and his master, O'Canter, being, probably, the only two who were thoroughly aware of his sagacity.

I was now about two years in the family, and, I must confess, that I could not look upon the wasteful and riotous habits which I was forced to witness, without great pain. Among the other propensities of Mr. Squander, as I had long before this discovered, was that of deep play, especially with his neighbour, O'Canter. That he ever could have been successful was impossible, for he drank whilst he played, and was besides utterly deficient in coolness and temper.

Another piece of extravagance to which he was addicted, in common, I must say, with most of the gentry of the West, was a habit of wagering large sums upon the most trivial arguments, especially such as were connected with the turf, play, and other subjects. "I'll bet you five pounds I'm right." "I'll bet you ten pounds—twenty—fifty"—and so on; and all these wagers should be paid.

When I was three years in the family, James, the youngest, insisted on entering college, and asked his father to allow me to enter along with him, adding that I could afford him very great assistance. To this his father at once assented.

"Certainly, James, and he shall have an ample allowance for his support."

This would have gratified me very much, but neither Dick nor Harry would listen to it. The former got into one of his towering passions, and asked, were they about to be deprived of the only companion and friend with whom they ever could agree. He, for one, would not stand that. The thing was, accordingly, given up, and I was forced to remain in what I felt to be a falling house.

On the evening before James's departure for the university, he asked me to sit awhile with him in his room. At this period, I ought to say, that I had been admitted to their dinner-parties, and even to the drawing-room. I accordingly went, and found him by himself, evidently in depressed spirits, which, indeed, was natural, as he had never been a day absent from his family before. There was a decanter of wine upon the table, which was for my use, as the poor boy seldom drank himself.

"Randy," said he, "before I go, I think it my duty to thank you deeply and sincerely for the pains you have taken, and the anxiety you have felt, in advancing my education. I don't think I would be justified in separating from you without giving expression to what I feel to be due to you. You had a very difficult card to play with my brothers, and perhaps no other individual could have managed them as you did. If you have not made scholars of them, you have, at all events, saved them from the disgrace of being absolutely illiterate, and that is as much, perhaps more, than any one else could accomplish. As for me, I feel deeply, as I said, the obligations which I owe you."

\* This is a fact.

that I must depend upon my own energies and talents; and such is my resolution."

I felt the truth of this; but, at the same time, I determined not to appear to go with him in the views he had expressed.

"James," said I, "you are now depressed by a separation from your family, and you, consequently, overdraw the picture."

"No," he replied; "I have my own reasons for what I say; but that which distresses me most, is the reflection of what will become of my dear sister Emily. Poor mamma, too—when the crash comes—how will she sustain it?"

He again shed tears bitterly, and I endeavoured to console him as well as I could; at length he proceeded—

"There is one man in our establishment whom I suspect to be a most treacherous and ungrateful villain."

"Pray who is he?" I asked.

"Jemmy, the huntsman," he replied; "he is a bosom friend of the vile dwarf, Bunty Scrag, who is in the service of that plausible black-leg, O'Canter. Now, my father has lost thousands upon thousands on the turf, and the heaviest of his losses have been always to O'Canter. I feel an impression, which I cannot shake off, that the huntsman has regularly sold him to this swindler, and been one principal cause of his embarrassments. My father is honourable, generous, and without suspicion, and will not hear a word said against old Jemmy; but, as I said, I feel that my impressions with regard to him are right. Besides, I understand that he lived with O'Canter's father before he came to us; and it was this very O'Canter, who, when commencing his career as a sportsman, recommended him to my father—and, as I suspect, for his own purposes. I mention this to you," he proceeded, "because I wish you to keep your eye upon him—upon Bunty Scrag—and, if possible, upon O'Canter also. I do not ask this upon my own account, but perhaps it may prove an act of kindness and friendship to my father."

"It is a curious enough coincidence of opinion, James," I replied; "for, I assure you, I myself have entertained strong suspicions of Jemmy the huntsman's integrity; and you may rest assured that I shall keep a strict eye on him, and, as far as opportunity will enable me, upon the other two, besides."

"My dear Randy," he proceeded, "I have much more cause of sorrow than you can imagine. My poor Uncle Tom—who, if ever a man was without spot or stain, is—he too, I fear, will suffer. His little property, of three hundred a year, will go—for he will refuse my father nothing; and poor Emily, too, to whom her uncle left twelve thousand pounds—absolutely at her own disposal—is too affectionate and generous to see my father degraded in the face of the country; she, too, will be involved in the ruin. Alas!—my dear Randy—I leave home with a heavy and foreboding heart. You are the only person, with the exception of my uncle, to whom I have unbosomed myself; and I appeal to you whether I have not sufficient cause."

I felt my heart warm to this fine boy, and sympathised with him from my very soul, because, as I said before, I had no doubt that his apprehensions were but too well founded. Still I assumed a cheerful aspect, strove to diminish his fears for the future, and, filling my glass, took his hand and drank a brilliant career to him through college;—upon which we parted.

The next morning early I was up to see him off, but, to my surprise, neither Dick nor Harry made their appearance. They had caroused it deeply the night before, and did not feel themselves in a condition to rise at such an hour. I went to their respective bedrooms, and besought them, for the sake of common decency, to get up and see their brother before he went.

"What the devil did you disturb me for?" said Dick; "do you think I'd rise at this hour, for father, or mother, or sister, or brother? Where's the use of it? Can't he take a run to Dublin without me seeing him? He's not going to be hanged, I'm sure, that we should go to take an everlasting farewell of him. Go to blazes—out of this," he said, "and let me sleep!"

I then passed to Harry's bedroom, and awoke him. "Won't you get up," said I, "and see your brother James before he goes?"

"Ah," said he, stretching himself and yawning, "poor James! is he going then?"

The only school he ever knew was in the prison cell,  
His teaching was in sin and wrong—he mark'd his tutors well !  
His wisdom was in cunning, in fraud and lie his truth,  
And the hangman ends the lesson we taught him in his youth !

\* \* \* \* \*

The night has pass'd, the morn has come, beaming with cheerful light,  
To gladden man on busy earth, to aid him in his fight;  
Surely a type of endless life the glorious dawn was given,  
When clouds and darkness pass away,—when comes the light of heaven !

The gallows reads its lesson, once more its tale it tells,  
With words of Christian preacher ! with sound of Christian bells !  
And, in eager haste to read it, gathers fast a heaving crowd,  
With ribald song, and hideous jest, and curses deep and loud.

Brothers ! 'tis time these scenes should end; we judge the full-grown man,  
And leave the boy to fight his way through life as best he can;  
No friend stands by to teach him, no hand is raised to save;  
Untaught, forgotten, ignorant, he fills his felon's grave !

Brothers ! this horrid death-tree—let it no longer stand,  
Shedding its ghastly upas-shade o'er England's Christian land !  
The New Year's waiting at the door, meet time for love and good,  
Brothers, be up and doing,—root out this fiend of blood !

Down with it over all the land ! Where tower'd its crimson head,  
Build school to teach, build church to preach, give men their daily bread !  
With the Old Year dying outward, let this blatant falsehood cease,  
And to all in happier England may the coming year bring Peace !

2

## WHAT IS LIFE?



HE prosiest of men, as well as the most imaginative,—the lonely weaver at his monotonous labour, and the spent dandy in his sickly morning,—the hot-eyed sempstress, and the gorgeous lady,—the dullest book-keeper, and the grandest poet,—have asked themselves, in various moods, one question,—“What is life?” The answers to this universal query would fill volumes. In each reply there is a view of the respondent's life. Let us glance at a few of them.

The first gentleman who undertakes to define life for us is not of the most amiable cast of mind; decidedly not the gentleman we should be inclined to make a voyage round the world with. He begs to inform us that life is a desolate journey, beset at every step by briers. Not at all an encouraging prospect to young people, flushed with hope, who are starting on the voyage,—who are just about to put their first finger upon the treacherous thorns. This gentleman we recognise as of that peculiar class who put mourning upon brides,—reminding them, just by way of damping their present happiness,—that the morrow may find their lover in his grave. Not quite a reasonable course this, in our opinion. We all know that death is inevitable, and not a few of us, let us hope, do something as we proceed in life, to fortify us for the approach of the enemy when he advances upon us. But why be sniffling continually at the door of the charnel-house?

Another individual approaches with a definition. He is a solemn man, not to be lightly approached by any one. He is not to be trifled with on any occasion. We should say he did not smile on his wedding-day. Life, he tells us, is but a journey to the grave; therefore, men are to pucker their faces into the most serious expression, and live near an undertaker. This is a most melancholy gentleman, who wears his sadness as other men wear holiday looks,—who is, in fact, very proud of his solemn aspect. He shines at funerals; and perhaps the proudest moment of his life was when, as chief mourner, he followed his father to the grave, between rows of staring strangers.

And now comes a jovial reckless fellow. He is a little worn, we think, and the brightness of his eye suggests the use of artificial stimulants. He is a thoroughly careless man. Careless of dress, careless as a husband, careless as a father, particularly careless in business,—and careful only to imbibe his proper, or rather improper, quantity of spirits before going to bed. Yet he, with all his *laissez faire* logic, has his definition of life. He brings it out patly enough, ask him when you may,—to him life is a farce. He is, at bottom, a hapless individual, with very little faith in the social virtues; inclined to laugh at heroism and to palliate ruffianism; yet, himself, a thoroughly good-hearted fellow.

A pretty girl now trips towards us with her definition. She is of the sentimental school; we see that at once. She has a white rose in her hair; her cheek is pale, and she sighs frequently. “Life,” she says, “is a flower,—to-day, bright and beautiful, and to-morrow, nipt by the frost.” We thought so; exactly the definition we expected. She is a young lady who, possessing much natural sense, and having one day opened an odd volume of philosophy, conceives that she has an insight not vouchsafed to common mortals,—that she is etherealised, and that all her thoughts must be conveyed to the outer world in metaphors. She is passionately fond of flowers, adores the megatherium, and has much to say (out of an elementary geological work) on the tertiary formation. She informs her partner, in the course of a quadrille, that experience teaches her she exists as a tangible reality, but philosophy tells her that she only exists in her imagination. Many readers have met the young lady. The last we heard of her was, that she had adopted the Bloomer costume, and expected a cornetcy in one of her Majesty's household regiments.

And now we are to observe a very sallow young gentleman, buried in the muslin and gauze of a dozen young ladies, who are listening with open mouths. We remark that the young gentleman's hair is worn extremely long, and parted down the middle of his head. The world is allowed to see much of this young gentleman's neck, we also perceive. A glance at his shirt-collar,—completing the solemn picture—we recognise the unacknowledged poet; the injured individual who haunts the coteries of Islington to while away time, till posterity pronounces a final and triumphant verdict on his poems, entitled, “Sarah Anne, and other Verses.” Here he is, an infinitely condescending Apollo, and the young ladies, not without trepidation, hint that they have blank leaves in their albums. To one he gives an impromptu written on the summit of Mont Blanc; to another favoured lady he presents his lines on the decease of a faithful spaniel; and, to a third, he offers an answer to the great question. Here it is: “Life is a rapid river, flowing into a mysterious sea.” This definition, according to the poet's confidential friend, is true poetry,

for “it leaves plenty to the imagination.” Our poet deals in the vague and mysterious exclusively; and dandles Death through his verses with that sportive activity which, according to himself, only truly great minds can comprehend. He plays at football with the destinies, and terrifies young ladies by the levity with which he alludes to all that is solemn in life, and terrible in death. All this is a great pity; he would have made a capital banker's clerk. But, luckily, one of his circle has the hardihood to rebuke the presumption of his verse; to advise the cutting of his hair, and the danger in which his exposed neck runs. This bold friend is a lady, who, if she have any pride, is proud of the gentleman she “sits under.” She is an uneasy maiden female of five-and-thirty, who thinks that jewellers should be indicted for openly displaying wedding-rings in their shop-windows. Her coffin is continually before her eyes. She has the profoundest conviction of the uncertainty of things, and is known to have rebuked a jovial party for appointing a future picnic, without reflecting that they might all be in their graves before the day arrived. She tells her friends that life is a thread, snapt in an instant. She has lately advertised for a situation as a cheerful companion to a nervous or hypochondriacal person.

And now let us stop another passenger in the great thoroughfare of the world. Care has tattooed his face terribly; lines intersect every inch of his forehead; his eyes lie back from the daylight, under his puckered brow; coarse lines ramble about his mouth;—we linger no longer over the picture: he has fought a great, stern battle with the world, and has lost. The honey of his young nature has turned to gall. He has not a smile left for any of us. Well, not a few of these stern men pace our London streets, with sixty years upon their shoulders, and empty purses in their pockets. They are men who have prospered in the beginning, and failed in the end. And they whisper in the ears of the flushed youths who hasten past them in the great struggle, words of sad import—syllables that slacken the vigour of young blood often. Life, our tattooed friend declares, is a hideous nightmare. Toil, and fret, and woe, encompassing us all, at every step we advance, only bid us farewell when the sexton takes us in hand.

Not by any two of us, in short—not by the bride and bridegroom at God's altar—is the question answerable in the same phrase. We have a letter from an old-fashioned friend of ours, who has adopted an answer to the question under discussion, as his seal. A vessel (whether brig or schooner the engraver has not allowed us to determine) is rolling tremendously upon a red cornelian sea, so that it is evident to the most inexperienced spectator she cannot keep above water, or above cornelian, many minutes. Under this terrible picture are these words—“Such is Life!” Life, to a vast number of persons, is a path of various widths: to the very serious it is the narrowest of paths; to the jocose, it is a broad and pleasant highway; to the young, it is a green lane, hedged with flowers, and arched over with the “crescent-promise” of the rainbow; to the sceptical, it is a maze. To another crowd of individuals, life presents itself in various spaces of time; to thousands it is a brief hour, and, to the particularly philosophic, a second, and no more. An impetuous friend interposes with his definition, and as it represents, in some way, the class of answers we should receive from the numbers who go through life, panting all the way with the speed of their progress, we give it. Life, says our impetuous friend, is a flash of lightning.

The vexed question has, in truth, so many answers, that they might fill thick octavo volumes. Every poet, every statesman, every essayist, every philosopher, has had his epigrammatic reply to our question. Mr. Carlyle starts forward with one—

“What is life? A thawing ice-board  
Or a sea with sunny shore—  
Gay we sail—it melts beneath us,  
We are sunk, and seen no more.”

Generally, to assure us of its rapid extinction, have poets written types of life. According to one poet it is “a sweet delusion,” while another plaintively asks—

“Oh Life! is all thy song  
Endure, and—die?”

Surely, not in any sense can life be so interpreted; for, if it were so, in vain would the poet's song be, and all unnoticed the mid-day lark might make the heavens musical to us. Other poetical friends approach with definitions:

“Our life is an idle boat  
Along a winding river.”

Here a gleam of philosophy lights the burden. Idle the boat is, generally, compared with its capacity for navigation, and little often do we accomplish of the mighty sum of labour that lies in the hands of the weakest of us; but not altogether contemptible are our realisations, and it is hardly for us, with all our weakness of purpose, to cry aloud woe and sadness, and let the boat float errandless and empty out to sea.

We are fairly besieged with definitions now. Life is a boat, an iceberg, a muddy stream, a pellucid river, a game at chess, the toss of a coin; a bubble, a comedy, a tragedy, a burlesque, a poem to the end, a dull passage of prose, an ebbing tide, a sandbank, a dream, a fitful fever, &c., &c., &c. It is interpreted by a thousand images, because it has its thousand phases,—because it is supportable or insupportable, according to the realisations of each individual. It is a dream to those who wander through the world with their hands in their pockets, as Longfellow infers:

“Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream;  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.”

To the heated speculator, busy with the rise and fall of funds, it is the toss of a coin, to the indifferent, it is a comedy; to few, indeed, let us hope, is it a dull passage of prose; and to fewer still may it be a tragedy; but may many say with Longfellow again—

“Life is real—life is earnest,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums are beating,  
Funeral marches to the grave.”

And now we must close our chapter of definitions. Not to doleful music would we give our own particular definition; but rather to a cheerful measure, full of harmony, a touch of tenderness here and there, always a thoroughly correct and earnest accompaniment, and happy light airs treading upon the mournful burdens, to relieve the whole.

## A CHAPTER ON BIOGRAPHY.

(THE WOODCUTS FROM THE NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY EDITION OF “BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON.”)

As MR. DISRAEELI's “Life of Bentinck” is lying on our table, the opportunity seems a favourable one of saying a few words on biography and biographies, *apropos* of it. “While there is Life, there is Hope,” says the proverb; and so long as there is really a brave, genial, or great life led on the earth, so long may we hope to have a good biography of it. But, unfortunately, this hope has hitherto been very little realised. Literature is very deficient in the biographical department. Most biographers, in fact, do with their subjects as Jack Ketch does with his—choke the life out, and dispose of the clothes.

Do you understand the metaphor, gentle reader?—All that was real, human, vivacious about the poor fellow vanishes: there remain only the outside phenomena of his appearance here. The biographer conceives that he has done his duty when he has communicated to you, in a faint way, how his hero looked rather than what he was.

We are not very fond of dividing a subject into various “heads”—having observed that, in these cases, the heads usually prove to be without brains; but we may venture on classifying Biographies, in general, into two great classes. One of these is the personal; the other the historical. One comprises those works to which the name of “Memoirs” is applied; the other those more strictly and properly named “Lives.” One gives the man, personally, humanly, dramatically, as he appeared to the sympathetic writer whose aim is to give the man as a man; the other gives the man's life and story as they appeared to the writer, who studied them as a problem of which he professes to give the solution. Either biography may be excellent, but the requisite for the writer of the first is ingenuousness; of the second, genius. A first-rate one, of the first class, may be written by a man of very ordinary talent; a good one of the second class, only by a great man. Let us add that the good one of the first class will always be the most attractive; and that the bad biographies of the world generally belong to the second. Literature contains a model of each species in its brightest and best development—of the first, in the English “Boswell”; of the second, in the “Agricola” of Tacitus.

So far, the patient reader, we hope, understands and accompanies us; but we tie him down with strictness to no classification. The qualities of each order of works may often be found in the other. For, just as mankind, though divisible broadly into black men and white men, yet run through pretty well all shades of colour—yellowish, coppery, &c., &c.—from white and pink Emrys up to the intense nigritude of Sambo—so do their human and literary qualities blend into one another. The beer of Barclay differs from the beer of Meux—but both liquids are beer! And in a hundred biographies of ordinary character you may see an infinitesimal quantity of the Tacitus and Boswell elements, both. And, immensely as the two said writers differ, Tacitus has something of Boswell; and Boswell something (though little) of Tacitus; not to mention the important point of resemblance, that each is most heartily in earnest in writing about his hero! This brings us to observation A. 1:—viz., that in biography this love of the hero is the very essence of the affair. Why must Dr. McSplutter write the life of a Reformer, Genius, and Saint, when he himself is neither of the three—and is just the man who would have roasted his hero if he had been his contemporary? Why must Hicks write a “Life of Chatterton,” who would have thought him an intolerable bore? Why will Spoonby concoct a biography of Walpole, who would have cut him in Pall Mall, and impaled him on an epigram at Strawberry Hill? The truth is, that what each of these worthies admires in his hero is really his fame and worldly greatness. Biographies are constantly written by men, too, from reasons purely literary, and, indeed, accidental. A life of some poet is wanted, and the author forthwith commences on it, as he would on a brick-wall; that finished, he will be at leisure to begin on a military conqueror; both works selling tolerably, the industrious fellow will take a martyr in hand. Sympathy, similarity of mind are never taken into account; a biography *de convenance* is the result. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ* (as they say in the House of Commons)—hence come the bad biographies of the world, which are as hollow and unaffectionate as the sham, “broken columns” in a new cemetery—though, even in that, the excellent regulation prevails that “no dogs are admitted!” Surely there can be no reason why I should devote my life to the illustration of another life, except that I unaffectedly love it, and am personally really related to it. The “Song of Songs”—is it not the noblest, because the most loving in the world?

So much by way of introduction. Keeping in view our original classification, let us take a glance at some genuine biographies. That antiquity should present such is not wonderful. Theirs was, if we may say so, a biographical life. They lived in public so much; they knew their notable men so well, personally. They were constantly expressing human life in architecture, sculpture—which were biographies in stone. They had their monuments by the highways; and they were thus recalled to biography by them as they passed along. The most famous book, perhaps, in the whole of antiquity is, very naturally, “Plutarch's Lives;” perhaps it is the only book of which we may say that the translation of it has become naturalised. Several authors of antiquity are more read in the original; but “Langhorne's Plutarch” is an English book. Somehow the old gentleman has merged into the modern life almost altogether—as the Norman gentry have become Englishmen. This is, above everything, a proof of the genuineness of the book—as Dryden pronounces that to be true wit which is equally witty in all tongues. It shows how little his charm, at all events, depends on form. For “Horace” in translation suffers infinitely, for example; and the “Agricola” in English would not be the “Agricola” of Tacitus.

In assigning Plutarch to either of our classifications, we must note that the personal charm of his book depends somewhat on his union of the characters of both orders. Himself a “philosopher,” and an instructor of youth, he always, of course, has to pronounce his judgment on his heroes; out come the scales at the close of each “Life,” and Greek and Roman pendulate before the sage's eye. And such an eye! That is no eye for Rhadamanthine judgment! we exclaim. That is a fine, rich, living eye—gleaming from a homely face. The real quality in the man is the warm cordiality with which he loves and honours all that is lovely and honourable. This is far predominant over every literary quality, such as belong to fine intellects, in him. His charm is as a narrator or pure medium of communication. His business is not to reflect, but to transmit properly. He has Boswellian qualities—but then he is the Boswell of all the Johnsons. Not that even “Plutarch's Lives” is equal as a biography to “Boswell!” But Boswell could not have Boswellised the Johnsons of the days of Alfred, had he investigated the history for a hundred years. We apportion then this old Greek—this poetico-pedantical writer—this sublimely parochial spirit, who writes of the conquests of the world so happily in his little native town—this quiet, obscure, retired teacher, whose grandfather had once the honour of receiving a gentleman who had visited Cleopatra's kitchen, and whose memory is a million times dearer to mankind than Mark Antony's—to our first order. His work was, indeed, a work of love. The old heroic light of the ancient times was reflected on him, just at its sunset. Strange, is it not, how one life—like the drop of water in the Eastern fable—happens to fall, luckily, where it best could fall, and so—becomes a pearl! You remember the story?—Plutarch might have lived somewhat earlier, and been killed in battle;—somewhat later, and have been out of his elemental traditions altogether.

The “Agricola,” again, has always been considered—and with great justice—one of the “crack” biographies of literature. It is a classic work—not using that word in the sense in which it is used by bores; but as implying perfection of type. One reverts to the “Agricola” when one thinks of biography, as the mention of Italy suggests sunshine, heat, and beauty. There

is the same difference between it and one of "Plutarch's Lives" as there is between Johnson's "Life of Savage" and a "Life" by Isaac Walton. It is a difference of *genus*. When we say that the "Agricola" heads the class opposite to that to which Plutarch, Walton, and Boswell belong, we are not to be understood as excluding it from the possession of the heart-qualities of these writers. There is no less feeling in a finished and profound lyric by Tennyson, than in one of the simple, heart-free ballads in such collections as Percy's. The "Agricola" is critical, exact, profound, severe, and still gives a human portrait of the subject of it, which has all the touching reality of the homeliness of Plutarch, or the piety of Bunyan. The one writer writes as a judge—stamps himself on what he writes with intellectual superiority, while retaining his proper brotherly sympathy: the other writer has not the faculties of a judge, and is less self-conscious, and makes his own personality more simply apparent in what he does. Both works are works of genius; the former is also, properly, more a work of art. Viewed as a work of art, then, the "Agricola" is noteable for being what the Latins were wont to call *totuſteret atque rotundus*. It is rounded off so wonderfully—round and white as Leda's egg. Within the compass of his forty-six little chapters, in the space of a review article, Tacitus gives us his great father-in-law's life complete—his expedition to Britain—his character—Britain's relation to Rome—the Imperial policy—the age and the man—in short, all exquisitely delineated. So small the compass—so complete the delineation—just as through Lord Ross's telescope you command the examination of the moon. Then there is a perpetual delight in the style which jets out every now and then in wit—true wit—by which you can see! Jesters in modern days have managed to degrade the reputation of wit; people forget what true wit is—that it is found nearly always in the greatest intellects; in Plato, Cicero, Bacon, Tacitus, Montesquieu, Pascal. In Tacitus, for example, the epigrams all come in like little lamps in an illumination—making the way bright and clear.

Now, it is the fact of the immense success of this biography which has led so many moderns to try their hands at a classical one. No one scarcely is content to delineate a human story both simply and naturally; he must delineate his theory about it. He must resemble the pedant in "Moliere," who asks his mistress to come and see the dissection of a very fine woman. The ship having made its voyage, it does not satisfy one of these fellows to say how she looked, what adverse winds she fell in with, how the sky looked overhead—even what they had to eat and drink aboard, which is, at least, a matter of human interest. No:—he must lay down the course, define the latitude and longitude, note the variations of the compass. In plain language, he must become a pedant and a bore.

Hence it is that the real, charming, readable biographies are those which make no such scientific pretence; fellows write them from love, or stupid wonder, or mere eccentricity—consequently, write them *naturally*. If you want, therefore, the pleasure of a genuine biographical reading, you will find it in books far more like the "Children in the Wood" than the "Lives" of Cornelius Nepos—though Catullus has dedicated to him, and his Latin is delicious. We would even say that "Puss in Boots" is a better biography than some noteable ones we could name; for "Puss" is, at all events, a cat, and these ones contain nothing really like a Man!

Among good natural biographies there is a very strange one—one that is really peculiar. It is the "Life of Spinoza," by Jean Coler. But for that little book we should really know nothing of Spinoza, personally. Luckily for the great Jew, however, good Jean Coler, Lutheran minister at the Hague, took lodgings in the house where he had lived; the "chamber in which I study (on the second floor) being the one where he slept," says Jean. In consequence of this, and of Jean's being an open-hearted, true man, we have a distinct image of the philosopher extant at this hour—an olive-Jewish-faced man; bright-eyed, dressed like a "simple bourgeois"—working hard—living on gruel and little messes—addicted to tobacco—coming down stairs to chat with his landlady about "my predecessor's" sermon. And yet Jean feared and hated (or tried to hate) Spinoza's life and work generally, and even alludes to him as "*ce malheureux*," and once kicks at him as "Satan!" The good Jean, however, was better-hearted than he knew. So great is the force of nature in a man! Goldsmith could not look repelling enough to snub a pig-butcher; and Jean Coler wrote a first-rate biography in spite of himself.

Another biography, delightful for the same qualities, is Roper's "Life of Sir Thomas More"—"Son Roper," who married Sir Thomas's daughter. This little book, like your first-rate biographies generally, is a mere pamphlet in size. How different from such huge tomes as "Gifford's Life of Pitt!" How different from Sir James Mackintosh's "Life of Sir Thomas More"—a good biography, too, in a bad way! It is true that Mackintosh must be read; but Roper is loved. He introduces us to the family. He shows us the grave and gentle old man walking with his friends at Chelsea, the wise and homely being that he was—

"My father in his habit as he lived!"

Biographies like these are Freemason Lodges, where men of all ages meet as brothers.

Then there is another such book, more eccentric a great deal, but a very loveable book—one which has received the distinct, genial, and emphatic commendation of Charles Lamb. It is the "Life of the Duke of Newcastle, by his Duchess." The Duke was not a great man, nor his Duchess a great writer.—But the Life of one written by the other is a capital and most interesting biography. We sympathise with the stately, pedantic Cavendish (a kind of Gold Stick of a man) in his dreary Royalist exile; we are interested in knowing how civilly his creditors treated him, supplying him with "all kinds of food and drink" for long years of waiting. We love the good lady whose jewels were forthcoming instantly, should pawning be necessary. And surely the laugh is good-natured which is excited by that curious appendix wherein she collects the various sayings of her lord—not one of which rises above the ordinary intellect of well-dressed mankind. Only once, if we remember right, does he even distantly approach the realms of epigram. On that one occasion he declared "y<sup>e</sup> Spanish horse to be y<sup>e</sup> gentleman among horses"—a curious relic of imbecile Feudalism.

The "Lives" of Isaac Walton—

"Satellites burning in a lucid ring  
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory."

as Wordsworth so beautifully calls them, will always be specially honoured in literary remembrance. Simplicity unalloyed by weakness—that charming genuineness where no pity minglest with the love—only honour—a whiteness, as of grey hairs—distinguish that book. Another biographer who is true! Donne and Hooker live again in his pages. Their images strike

upon you like the figures of knights in an ancient church. Emerson says, somewhere, in his superb, fanciful way, "that it would seem as if the great minerals of the earth occasionally sent up a man made of themselves, to explain them." We might apply the theory to Walton, and declare him the human representative of marble—the stone of purity and record; so clearly, so beautifully his pages tell the story of the dead whose memory they conserve.

These works, in their various ways, are types of the best order of biographies; and they are few. Biographies of the classical school again are abundant as dead leaves. But everything may be well done in its way; and though few people will, now-a-days, rave in praise of Bayle of the *Dictionary*—Bayle, at all events, is readable, and contains immense biographical information. For he,

wrote in the classical tradition; and, in general, you can scarcely feel the beating of his great heart through the thick skin of his systematic style! Hence his biographies do not rank with Plutarch and Walton's. As might be expected, the "Savage" is the best of them. It is one of the very few didactic biographies which one enjoys. Condorcet's "Voltaire" is another.

Mitford's "Life of Gray," a perfectly mediocre performance, ("parfaitement ennuyeux") said Talleyrand, when he heard somebody called "ennuyeux") claims this one distinction—it's form suggested Boswell's form. What he achieved by suggesting that, everybody knows. By right of his heart, Boswell belongs to the immortals. His head alone would carry him the other way. Like the youths in Virgil's Elysian fields, who win their right to the myrtle grove by dying for love, Boswell owes his honour to his affection. He is certainly underrated, however, even as regards his talent. For, consider the selection, disposition, dramatic rendering of all he heard and saw of Johnson, in his book; the exquisite management which becomes clearer to you in proportion as you thoroughly study it! These argue real intellectual qualities. Many a man, by having a worse heart, has come to be falsely taken to have a better understanding. Many a more cautious man has come to be thought an abler man, because he was more cautious. It is easy enough to avoid being caught tripping, by making up your mind only to creep! But it is too late, now-a-days, one hopes, to discuss Boswell's Johnson! Do we like rain in summer? Do we love our country?

We may note here, that when a biography is a *good book*, the subject of it is always a good man, and worthy. Nature abhors the canonisation of scoundrels and fools, though men try it frequently. Wooden monuments rot. The air, the wind, summer and sunshine are against them. Often a ponderous preservation of a bad man is attempted; but the bad odour of him breaks through the lead! How natural that bad men should have dull, dead biographies, as toads get preserved, in stone!

When we come to our own day, which the reader is possibly anxious that we should do, we find in biography, as in other departments, more heart and life,—a desperate effort to break through classical trammels,—a determination to picture people livingly, or to leave them alone. The Giffords, the Listers, the Mallets, the Dixes, are as good as defunct. Human nature revolts at them. The writer who doubts his ability to execute a "Life," modestly publishes his hero's correspondence, and honestly leaves you to make him out for yourself. This, the honest class does, and "Memoirs" abound in the land, and great good is done by the publication of letters. Bad biographers still, of course pursue the old game; catching yearly less and less. Dix's "Life of Chatterton" is even vanishing from the very stalls, and shrinks from the light of the sun. Old documents are ferreted out, that truth may appear. For a long time, we remarked

"—the blind mechanic motions  
That precede the higher life;"

and now, the higher class of minds are aiming to blend into classical forms, and to shape into works of art, materials illuminated by that reviving spirit of love and sympathy with which biography ought to be approached. The romantic woos the classical for its bride, and says, with Herrick,

"When I meet thy silvery feet,  
My soul I'll pour into thee!"

Several writers of our time illustrate these observations, and stand out, in their various forms, fresh and living types of growth in the literary fields. Witness the graceful good-heartedness of Laman Blanchard's "Memoir of L. E. L.," the tender, sympathetic story of Keats's "Life," by one whom we noticed the other day among the "Oriental Travellers"; Mr. Hepworth Dixon's vivid, steel-clear representations of Howard and Penru, shown as in a steel mirror,—brightly, though hardly; the luminous, high-toned vivacity of Forster's "Life of Goldsmith"; and that great book, the "Life of Sterling," by Thomas Carlyle, which is a Plutarchian "Life," and an "Agricola," both in one!

Such books as this last are the hope of biography, and their influence must be felt for ever in it. But, of course, there are biographies without these high pretensions, which, as works of scholarship, industry, good sense, and power, are not to be passed over in an article on biography. No view we may take of the high functions of the biographer should prevent us duly honouring these. The man would deserve to have his life written by Dix who should neglect the clear, gentle conciseness of the little "Life of Luther" by Melancthon; the honest warmth and homely sense in M'Crie's "Life of Knox"; Moore's graphic and brilliant Memoirs of Sheridan and Byron; Lockhart's high-hearted, brightly-written "Life of Scott"; and the vigorous veriosity of Brougham's "Statesmen," which, at all events, moves. It is pleasant, too, to have an opportunity of noticing a well-done thing not well-known. Let us honourably mention the really well-written "Memoir of Chatterton," prefixed to the Cambridge edition of his poems; Southey's "Nelson" and "Kirke White," are familiar to all.

Mr. Disraeli's "Bentinck," as a *political biography*, is, properly, not a biography, in the sense in which we have been using the word, at all; for every politician is, we apprehend, a man, too, and not a mere debater and statistician. But Mr. Disraeli gives us only a parliamentary summary—no life. It is all Hansard. It is a blue-book biography. Fancy Dr. Johnson a literary biography, or Mozart a musical biography. Who could read them but *literati* and musicians? This choice of Mr. Disraeli is the more unfortunate, as, after all, the interest of Lord George's career does not lie in his merely public achievements; his personal character is what interests the country, and we will bet (here is a chance for a speculator) that "Lord George Bentinck, a Sporting Biography,"—giving three years of his best sporting life, when everybody liked him, and honoured him, in his then capacity,—would beat Disraeli's book hollow! It would show his hero as picturesquely as he could be shown; would paint his image on the retina of the country's eye more clearly, far, than that book does. It would be, in truth, a better "biography," if our remarks have at all

shown what a biography ought to be. How strange it is that the author, writing of his friend and comrade, never for an instant invests him with the touching characteristics of one who has been loved and lost! Debate follows debate, laboured sentence follows laboured sentence; we are buried in cotton, and soured into sugar,—keel-hauled under the clumsy vessel of Protection till we are half-drowned, in fact! It is an apologetic epitaph, too long to read, much less to remember.

Shall we not take a lesson from all manner of biographical failures, and write our biographies in a better way? We know why the men who died "before Agamemnon" are forgotten, don't we? Horace, we believe, says it was because they wanted "vate sacro!" Ah! the essence of it lies in the *sacro!* And the source of the sacred is the Heart!

J. H.



BOSWELL AND JOHNSON AT THE MITRE.



THE DEATH OF JOHNSON.

ought, surely, to make biography a much easier business. With the very entrails of the man before him, shall not the biographical augur favour us with luminous remarks? There is Middleton, who wrote the "Life of Cicero," he surely wanted neither materials, nor scholarship, nor admirable talents. No: but he wanted human eyes, and the curse of pedantry was on his brain, and the curse of France was on his style, and it would be less fatiguing to read all his authorities than to read his book! There are Johnson's "Lives,"—we cannot assign them a first-rate place among biographies. We read them, though, we should hope! Johnson's style is at its best, by-the-by, in the said "Lives," much less grandiloquent than in the "Rambler" and "Rasselias,"—more like his conversation. And why is not his style always like his conversation, and immortal? Because the good Doctor lived and